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No. 17 / Winter 1995 / \$5.95 U.S. / \$7.95 Canadian



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PERVERSION (Estupro—Perversao)

1978 color

This movie is sick! Marins plays a millionaire with bizarre sexual habits. In one of his most "inspired" moments, he bites off a girl's nipple only to show it as a trophy to his friends. The original title *Estupro* (Rape) had to be changed due to censorship.



THE END OF MAN (Finis Hominis)

1971 b&w

This is Marins' "serious" movie. He plays Finis Hominis, a preacher with alleged supernatural powers. See Mojica waking up the dead, curing paraplegics and penetrating the psychedelic world of the hippies. A very interesting study on the exploration of faith and mysticism.



THE STRANGE HOSTEL OF NAKED PLEASURES (A Estranha Hosteria dos Prazeres)

1975 color

Produced by Jose' Mojica Marins and directed by his disciple Marcelo Motta, this horror movie shows Mojica as the owner of a haunted hotel where the guests can make their most abnormal dreams come true. The many bizarre scenes invoke the same ambience as his earlier banned film *Awakenings of the Beast* (1968). There's plenty of violence.



THIS NIGHT I WILL POSSESS YOUR CORPSE

(Esta Noite Encarnarei
no Teu Cadaver)

1968 b&w w/color insert

In this sequel to the classic *At Midnight I Will Take Your Soul*, Ze do Caixao (Coffin Joe) continues his search for the perfect woman that will give him a perfect child. This film has some of the most intense horror scenes of Mojica's career. See him crushing people's heads in his horror chamber, torturing innocent women with 50 real tarantulas and finally meeting the incarnated spirits. The movie is in black & white, except for an outstanding sequence in which Coffin Joe is dragged to Hell, where he is forced to watch all kinds of atrocities. The poster for this movie reads: "SEE HELL IN COLOR!"

• • • • •

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PRINTED BY

Davidson Printing, Duluth, MN



SPECIAL THANKS

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Ann Doran, Al Feldstein, Dabbs Greer,
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COVER: I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN (illustration by Mike Parks), REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE (1955), and WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR? (1965)

Scarlet Letters

Thank you so much for the article in *Scarlet Street*. (#16) All those pictures—where did you find them?

I never feel I have arrived. I feel I'm still striving and working and building. But when I read the article in *Scarlet Street*, I realized I had reached goals that I set for myself while I was attending classes at Los Angeles City College Drama Department. I wanted to be a working actor. I have achieved that. It's a nice revelation for me.

What great articles in this issue, I had just finished reading *Interview With the Vampire* and the rest of the *Vampire Chronicles*, so that article was very interesting. Then the articles on Ed Wood and Dwight Frye—what an interesting world, the theatrical. It certainly has made my life fun. The people I've known, and the places I've been sent to work. Great! Great! Thanks again.

Jack Grinnage
Los Angeles, CA
NIGHT STALKER regular Jack Grinnage remembers James Dean and *REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE* on page 59.

Thank you for your continuing interest in *BATMAN: THE ANIMATED SERIES*. Just F. Y. I.: The series name has been changed to *THE ADVENTURES OF BATMAN AND ROBIN*, and it now airs on the Fox Network on Saturday mornings.

There are 20 never-before-seen episodes of the series and they all feature Batman and Robin.

Just thought you and your readers might like to know. Keep up the good work.

Loren Lester
Reseda, CA
Loren Lester (the voice of Dick Grayson) was interviewed in *Scarlet Street* #10. Thanks to Loren for providing the info, which is considerably more than the show's publicist seems willing to do.

Scarlet Street #16 was probably the most outstanding issue you have published to date, and in my opinion, probably the best issue ever of any com-

parable magazine. Very informative articles and pictures on Dwight Frye, *INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE*, ED WOOD, KOLCHAK, and the cast members. Also, *X-FILES* and a review of Henry Mancini's musical contribution to horror/sci-fi. Where else but *Scarlet Street*!

Rather than just reciting known facts about their subjects, your writers seem to find special slants which give *Scarlet Street* that competitive advantage so needed in a crowded, yet under-appreciated market segment. This particular issue, with its comprehensive and entertaining subject matter, stands head and shoulders above any other.

Congratulations!
Tim Raab
Fishers, IN

I enjoyed the look back at *THE NIGHT STALKER* (#16), especially the revealing discussion with Darren McGavin. I was a teenager when



the original telefilm was broadcast in early 1972, and recall the excitement it created. It was the topic of conversation among several of my school peers. *THE NIGHT STALKER* was based on the fiction of Jeff Rice, but Mr. Rice did not author either telefilm. Both *THE NIGHT STALKER* and *THE NIGHT STRANGLER* were penned by Richard Matheson. One of the genre's most enduring talents, Matheson did a sensational scripting job on both TV movies. While the series was hardly up to the same high standards, it was a unique program. The mutual antagonism between Carl Kolchak and Tony Vincenzo provided much levity. "Horror in the Heights" was undoubtedly the series' finest hour.

One small correction regarding the John Fiedler interview. Contrary to Mr. Fiedler's comment, Rod Serling did write *TWILIGHT ZONE*'s "Night of the Meek." Initially broadcast in 1960, "Night of the Meek" is a marvelous holiday tale of salvation. I am always emotionally moved by the humanity and hope of Serling's script and Art Carney's bittersweet performance. Mr. Fiedler also reminisces about his role in *STAR TREK*'s "Wolf in the Fold." It was one of three superb *STAR TREK* segments written by horror icon Robert Bloch. Bloch recently passed away, and leaves a grand literary legacy. His influence is indelibly stamped upon the fantastic genre. Robert Bloch will be missed.

Timothy M. Walters
Muskogee, OK

My most sincere apologies to Tom Cruise, Neil Jordan, and everyone else involved in *INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE* for my derogatory remarks about their choice of casting in a past letter to *Scarlet Street*. Mr. Cruise

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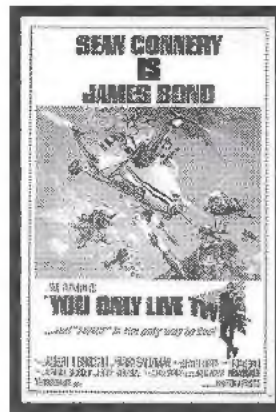
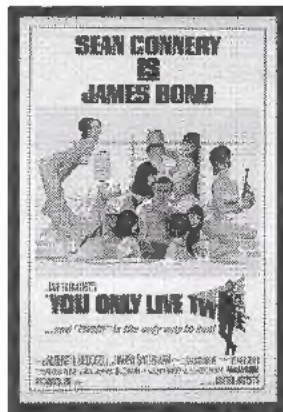


Tommy Kirk

Continued on page 8

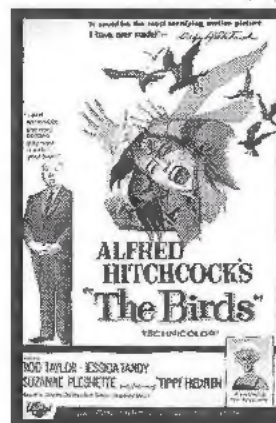
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—Rex Reed

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Scarlet Street is a delight!

—George Baxt

Scarlet Street is an attractive and entertaining magazine . . .

—Ellen Datlow

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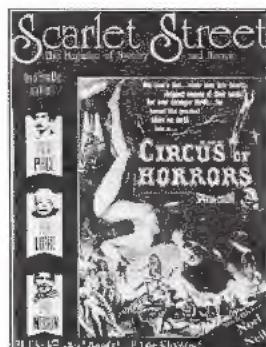
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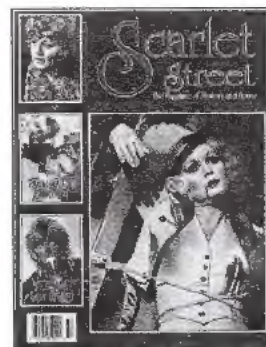
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SCARLET LETTERS

Continued from page 4

may not be the definitive Lestat, but he is a competent and convincing Lestat, which is more than most people expected. (He is not a terribly convincing blonde, but that is beside the point.) Casting doubts on his performance before he had a chance to prove himself was, in retrospect, a really cheesy thing to do. What was I thinking? Once again, sorry everybody!

Linda Merritt
Minneapolis, MN

Once again, *SCARLET LETTERS* is not without Merritt. Don't be too hard on yourself. Hollywood has a long history of miscasting: Keaton as Batman, Reagan as President . . .

☐

Congratulations on your excellent magazine, which I saw for the first time recently when visiting Roy Skeggs' Hammer office at Elstree Studios. Hammer has been based at Elstree since 1968, although they have been making films here since the 1950s.

I have been visiting film sets since a young lad in 1959 and have been the Elstree film historian for 25 years. Six studios have existed here

since 1914, producing such TV series as *THE PRISONER*, *THE AVENGERS*, and *THE SAINT*. Films have ranged from the *INDIANA JONES* and *STAR WARS* trilogies to *QUATERMASS AND THE PIT*, *VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED*, *WHO FRAMED ROGER RABBIT*, and *MOBY DICK*.

As part of the Elstree Film Festival last summer, George Lucas gave me special permission to show all three *STAR WARS* movies together for the first time in the UK for nearly 10 years, with Dave Prowse and others present.

I share your readers' admiration for such stars as Cushing, Lee, Price, and Carradine, all of whom I had the pleasure to meet at Elstree. About 3,000 people lined the funeral route in tribute to Peter Cushing in his home town.

I am currently researching a film made at Elstree in the 1950s starring Dana Andrews, entitled *NIGHT OF THE DEMON* (*CURSE OF THE DEMON* in the US). I have interviewed his costar Peggy Cummins, supporting actors, cameraman, producer, writer, and crew members. I would be very interested in any interviews given by Dana or the director about the film—can anyone help?

As Chairman of the Save Elstree Studios Campaign, trying to prevent the demolition of the studio, with the support of Spielberg, Lucas, Kubrick, and many others, letters of support from readers to the following address would be welcomed.

Paul Welsh
Elstree Town Council
Fairway Hall, Brook Close
Borehamwood
Herts. WD6 5BT
England

☐

In *Scarlet Street* #8 (Fall 1992), you published a very interesting article by David Stuart Davies, about the disappearance (from the BBC Archives) of most of the original tapes of their Sherlock Holmes series, starring the great Peter Cushing.

These episodes were not only seen in the United Kingdom, but in other European countries as well. I lived in Brussels in the years 1969/1970, and I remember seeing on Belgian television *THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES*. The others were scheduled to appear. Unfortunately, I returned to France, so I was unable to watch the subsequent

Continued on page 10

Frankly Scarlet



Happy Fourth! No, no, I don't think it's Independence Day—the frigid winter weather, which I loathe, hasn't generated quite that dramatic a cold snap in my mind. What I mean to say, of course, is Happy Fourth Anniversary to *Scarlet Street: The Magazine of Mystery and Horror!*

That's right; we've been around, now, for four years—28 years if you're reading this and you're a dog—and we plan to be around a good many years more!

With that in mind, you'll notice that we're running a fantastic subscription special this issue, and I urge you to take full advantage of it. A subscription means more of your hard-earned cash comes directly to us hard-working *Scarlet* Staffers—which makes it a little easier for us to bring you exclusive interviews, rare photos, and everything you love about *Scarlet Street*. It also makes it easier for us to pay the rent.

We have a gaggle of surprises planned for this year, and I'm sure you won't want to miss a single gag—so now's the time to sign up. You'll find all the information you need on pages 6 and 7.

As for the ish at hand, we had such great fun back in *Scarlet Street* #11 with several articles on teen terrors (including our hard-hitting exposé of TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE, for which the world was not quite prepared) that we're doing it again. Our inspiration: that Rebel of Rebels, James Dean, who, 40 years after his death, has no less than two biopics in the works and one controversial biography already on the book shelves. We spoke with Israel Horovitz, author of one of those biopic's screenplays, and Paul Alexander, author of said controversial biography, and the results will be found in *THE MYSTERIES OF JAMES DEAN* on page 37. We also interviewed two REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE costars—Ann Doran and Jack Grinnage—and topped it all off with WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR?,

a forgotten flick starring another Dean coplayer: Sal Mineo.

Since I plugged our subscription special up top, I might as well mention that *Scarlet Street* has entered the video business in a big way. The reasons for this are twofold: one, we get a lot of mail from readers wanting to know where they can locate a particular film covered in our pages, and two, rising paper costs have forced us to seek additional revenue.

If you love *Scarlet Street* as we do, if you'd be lost (or at least semi-miserable) without us, you can do far worse than check out the ad on page 20.



Mary and friends

Next Issue Alert: INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE fans will want to grab *Scarlet Street* #18, in which we'll discuss the movie's astonishing success. Why, even *Scarlet* Staffer Drew Sullivan, who was pretty vocal in his displeasure at Tom Cruise's casting, has come 'round—though he still thinks the film's ad line, "Drink from me and live forever," would have been much more effective had it been changed to a simple "Suck on this."

Funny what pops into your mind. The winter weather reminds me of the first episode of THE MARY TYLER MOORE SHOW, in which New Yorker Rhoda Morgenstern confessed that she'd moved to frigid Minneapolis in the hope that she'd keep better.

Truth to tell, just about everything reminds me of THE MARY TYLER

MOORE SHOW. It's a long-held maxim of mine that life's every happenstance can find precedent in at least one episode of MARY. (Hey, anyone who's tried not to laugh during a funeral knows exactly what I mean.) There are a whole mess of messy TV folk telling us how to live our lives—from Limbaugh to Robertson—but as for me, I'll stick with Mary Richards and Company. Of course, I lose a lotta hats that way . . .

Speaking of canines, as we were doing a paragraph or two back, *Scarlet Street* met the one and only, original Shaggy Dog himself—Tommy Kirk—at a recent convention, and shared a delightful dinner of Kibbles with the former Disney star.

Old Yeller's best friend was interviewed (along with his frequent costar, Tim Considine) in *Scarlet Street* #10, which has proven to be one of our most popular issues. At the time, Tommy said that he was through with acting, but we're happy to report that he's reconsidered. (It's just like the time Rhoda said she was moving to New York, then changed her mind at her farewell party.) Turn to page 16 for the glad tidings.

Many thanks from both ye editor, me, and ye publisher, Jessie Lilley, to *Fangoria* editor Tony Timpone, who had some flattering words to say about *Scarlet Street* #16. ("It's your best yet—great articles, info, and interviews. I couldn't put it down!") Tony is one of the good guys in genre publication—sort of a thinner, more sober Lou Grant—and he has skillfully steered *Fango* through the relatively gore-free days of early '90s filmmaking.

He's also managed to keep his sanity, even with that happy homemaker, Tom Weaver, on his staff—which is more than I can say!

It was with considerable interest and delight that I read recently that *Imagi-Movies* publisher Frederick S. Clarke had been named one of the 50 Most Important People in Science-Fiction—in the pages of Frederick S. Clarke's *Imagi-Movies*. Not since Ted Baxter bought himself a Teddy Award . . .

Richard Valley

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SCARLET LETTERS

Continued from page 8

titles (which were not shown in France).

Moreover, these episodes were shown in their original language and subtitled, so if they are still in the archives of Belgium television, you can see and hear Mr. Cushing without the annoyance of French or Dutch dubbing.

Perhaps someone can write or make a telephone call to Belgian television for more information about the possible preservation of these tapes.

Jean-Claude Michel
Saint-Ouen
France

STAR TREK as comparison to Sherlock Holmes and Nero Wolfe? Issue #15's FRANKLY SCARLET talked about unwanted change in series fiction, and there has certainly been that in STAR TREK. But it just doesn't make sense to say that STAR TREK's plethora of adventure-some characters should never be allowed to develop based upon the popularity of a couple of depthless agoraphobic detectives. These are series of radically different genres and formats having nothing in common, and I'm afraid I don't see any

validity in standing them against each other.

A series created in literature can remain blissfully locked in status quo forever, if that is what one wants, because in written fiction one can make one's characters last forever. Robert Parker can write Spenser in healthy middle-age well into the author's golden years. James Bond can continue long after his creator has aged and passed on, through another writer. But STAR TREK does not have that luxury, because its stories are portrayed by real, specific, mortal actors. Contrary to what Mr. Valley says, it does indeed matter that the cast is getting on in years; while Paretski can portray Warshawski as sexy and 30-something unto death's door, Doohan can't play Scotty as anything but overweight and over 70.

Duncan Macbeth
Nutley, NJ

Richard Valley replies: What a delight to hear again from Mr. Macbeth, who manages always to miss the point when he isn't creating one out of whole cloth. (Sherlock Holmes—agoraphobic? Nero Wolfe—depthless? As opposed to whom—Uhura?) Mr. Mac seems to have mislaid a few facts—among them the fact that James Bond, like Captain Kirk, has made a

number of onscreen appearances, and that, when an actor is deemed too old to play a character, he can be replaced by a younger actor. It isn't necessary that the character be put out to pasture. (Haven't a few actors played Holmes post Rathbone?)

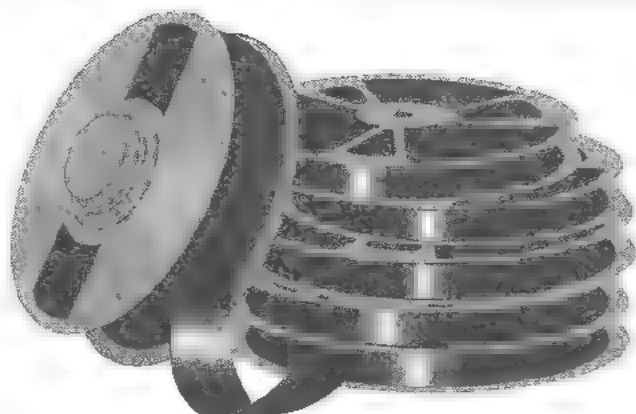
Of course, that wasn't the point I wished to make in FRANKLY SCARLET—I don't really want to see someone other than William Shatner play Kirk—but it's a valid one. No, the point is that, while James Doohan can only play Scotty as overweight and over 70 (which, in the 23th century of STAR TREK, might be little more than middle age), there isn't a reason in the world why Scotty can't be overweight and over 70. He might have to retire in real life, but—and I hope this doesn't come as a shock—STAR TREK isn't real life.

I want to tell you that I enjoy *Scarlet Street* immensely, so much, in fact, that I've lost a great deal of sleep reading it. The quality of writing is excellent. With the sincere but obligatory compliments out of the way, I have a suggestion. (Doesn't everyone?)

You have referred on occasion to the Nero Wolfe mystery novels by Rex Stout. How about an entire article on Wolfe as he's been por-

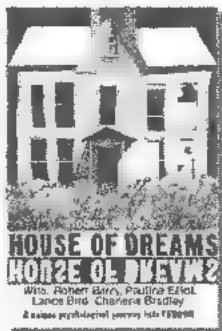
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THE SHOCK (1923) By the Sun's Rays (1914) Lon Chaney. Two Chaney films (both from 16mm prints) for the price of one! In *The Shock*, crippled Wilse Dilling must betray the woman he loves to avoid the vengeance of a crime boss. By the Sun's Rays is the oldest surviving Chaney film that is complete. We have just obtained a new 16mm print which is the best available anywhere. Both for just \$14.95



G.O.L.D. (1934) Brigitte Helm, Hans Albers. German, no subtitles. A rare film made after the heyday of German cinema, but by no means dull.

Albers is a scientist looking for gold. Some outstanding lab scenes rivaling anything from the Universal films. Portions of this were used in Curt Siodmak's *Magnetic Monster* (1953). \$11.95

DESTINY (Der Mude Tod) (1921) Lil Dagover, Bernhard Goetzke. It's a shame that there aren't any better prints of this film, but it's a classic, even though it's a strain to watch. Dagover's lover dies and she pleads with Death (Goetzke) to return her betrothed. He responds with a challenge: if she can save just one of three doomed men from their fate she can have her wish. Now from an improved 16mm print! \$14.95

RICH AND STRANGE (1931) Henry Kendall, Joan Barry. A bizarre sort of comedy, not really typical of Hitchcock's work. The plot takes place on a world cruise being taken by a young couple. They naturally get involved in some adventures. \$11.95

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OLDSIDE THE LAW (1921) Chaney's second association with director Tod Browning is a fascinating film although it is plagued by an entire reel (10 mins) of seriously deteriorated footage. Chaney plays a double role in this one, and actually ends up shooting himself at the end! \$11.95



THE BLUE ANGEL (1930) Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, Hans Albers. Kind of an early version of *My Fair Lady*. One of the first sound German films. Just \$11.95

JAMAICA INN (1939) Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Hara, Robert Newton. A Victorian melodrama of cutthroats and the like. Hitchcock disliked this film immensely, and the public agreed with him, but it is an interesting curiosity today. Produced by Erich Pommer of the old German Deca studios. \$11.95

WARNING SHADOWS (1923) Arthur Robison's film is so incredibly bizarre that it defies description. It has been said that this film is the ultimate expression of the German filmmakers' fascination with shadows, and it is steeped with enchanting images of shadows and strange events. Unfortunately it makes even less sense than *Vampyr* (1932), but this is probably due to the fact that it now runs only 60 min instead of the original 90. \$11.95

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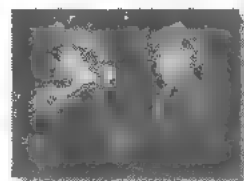
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THE WHITE TIGER (1923) Priscilla Dean, Raymond Griffith, Wallace Beery, Matt Moore. Directed by Tod Browning. This ultra-rare Browning is one of his crime drama films of the early twenties, much like *Oldside the Law*

(1921). We found a nice 16mm print, battered but of good quality. If this isn't an exclusive we'll be surprised. And no one will beat our quality or price of \$14.95



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trayed in movies, television, and radio? I'm aware of two movies made by Columbia in the 30s: MEET NERO WOLFE (1936) and THE LEAGUE OF FRIGHTENED MEN (1937). At least one radio series about this stout (sorry) detective appeared in the 50s. There was also a made-for-TV movie, NERO WOLFE, in 1977, and a short lived TV show in the early 80s

I believe readers who enjoy reading about Sherlock Holmes would find Wolfe of great interest, since some authorities have argued that Nero Wolfe may actually be Holmes' son (or nephew).

By the way, I was particularly excited to read that Ellis Peters' detective, Brother Cadfael, is the subject of a new British mystery series. I hope OUR MAN ON BAKER STREET, one of my favorite columns, will continue to provide details.

David T. Jarvis
Richmond, KY

Wolfe is a great (a *very* great) favorite here at Scarlet Street. Rest assured, we'll get around to him.

☐

As a long-standing Sherlockian who has recently discovered *Scarlet Street*, I applaud your coverage of matters Holmesian. I was especially interested in Richard Valley's

article SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE DREADFUL BUSINESS OF THE NAKED HONEYMOONERS (#15).

I have always been a fan of THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, feeling that the work has been unjustly neglected amongst Billy Wilder's cinematic output. I recently purchased the film on VHS, to replace an extremely edited version from one of our local TV stations, and wondered if someday someone would be able to restore it. I am glad to hear that at least some of the lost footage and sound has been found and returned to its proper place.

Miklos Rozsa's haunting score has its basis in his own "Violin Concerto, Opus 24," which is available on RCA Victor Gold Seal #7963 2 RC. (The CD also contains works by two other film composers, Erich Wolfgang Korngold and Franz Waxman.) It was written for Jascha Heifetz, who recorded the work in March of 1956. In Richard Freed's liner notes, he states: "... Rozsa drew upon this concerto for the basic material of his score for the 1969 film THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES." My own theory is that, since nearly the entire concerto is used in the score of the film, perhaps the score was not released because it was a near

duplication of the Heifetz recording. I have never been able to find an answer; perhaps someone will be able to clear this up.

As a fan of Jeremy Brett's Sherlock Holmes, I was glad to see an article about the newest episodes that have not hit our shores. It saddens me that the series has come to an end, but considering how the quality of the episodes has deteriorated, perhaps it is just as well that they end it before it gets much worse. The last three episodes (THE MASTER BLACKMAILER, THE ELIGIBLE BACHELOR, and THE LAST VAMPIRE) were the weakest in the entire Granada series, and should never have been filmed with such poorly written scripts. Brett's portrayal of Holmes changed in these episodes; he seemed bored. Brett fought hard for fidelity to the Canon, and I believe that it was quite disheartening for him to be involved with episodes as unfaithful as these. Perhaps, somewhere down the road, if a suitable script can be found and Brett can be convinced to return, Granada will film "His Last Bow" to close out the series. Wouldn't that be wonderful?

Laura Kuhn
Allen Park, MI

☐

I would like to congratulate you on a great magazine. Seeing the Vincent Price tribute on that wonderful cover of *Scarlet Street* #13 caught my eye out of all the magazines surrounding it. Mr. Price was, and remains, my favorite eerie actor. When I was a child my father used to take my family to the drive-in to see some of Mr. Price's movies—mostly the Poe films. While reading your wonderful article on him, those memories were brought back to me. But my praise does not stop here—I've read the entire magazine and it is a "keeper." I know that I will buy future as well as back issues. One of the articles that I enjoyed immensely was FIEND WITHOUT A FACE—oh, those smart flying brains!

Douglas N. Hansen
Seattle, WA

Thanks for printing my letter in SS #15! You "forced" me to buy the new issue—which, of course, I enjoyed nearly as much as the last one. Hence—this letter.

The caption on page 33 for WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH was funny. Watch out, though, because this is treading on Forry Ackerman territory!

I've been meaning for some time to rediscover the Quatermass films.

I'm amazed to learn that most of the TV episodes still exist, considering the sad fate of too many of the BBC's classic productions. You failed to note the massive influence the Quatermass films had on DR. WHO, in such stories as THE ARK IN SPACE (which borrowed the theme of a man being transformed into a space creature) and SPEARHEAD FROM SPACE (the opening sequence of which was a direct swipe from QUATERMASS II), not to mention THE DAEMONS (whose entire plot seems derived from QUATERMASS AND THE PIT).

Like many previous articles, the one on Hammett provided me with quite a list of films to track down. I find it interesting that both Ricardo Cortez and Warren William played the Sam Spade role in versions of *The Maltese Falcon* (even if William was called Ted Shayne in his), since both also portrayed Perry Mason back in the 30s. Again, Cortez is considered the superior portrayal, yet I found Williams' four films quite an entertaining run.

The RECORD RACK column fascinated me with its overview of Bernard Herrmann. The stories about the VERTIGO spinoff tunes reminded me of one you may have missed. There's a 45 called "The

Trouble With Harry," which reads "inspired by the Alfred Hitchcock film." The song, about a piano player named Harry who gets on his boss' nerves, was released by "Alfi and Harry"—a pseudonym for Ross Bagdasarian, years before he took on the alias "David Seville."

Henry R. Kujawa
Camden, NJ

Small world, isn't it—since Ross Bagdasarian played James Stewart's piano playing neighbor in Hitchcock's REAR WINDOW!

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BLAKE OF SCOTLAND YARD (1937) Peppie Gyrd, Herbert Fawcett, Joan Barclay, Lloyd Hughes. A young inventor and a famed Scotland Yard detective fight against a cloaked madman with a claw hand known as "The Scorpion." At stake is control of death ray machine. From 16mm. \$185

THE FANTASTIC PUPPET PEOPLE* (1958) John Agar, June Kenney, John Hoyt. A mad doll-maker has a shrinking machine that reduces people to a tenth of their size. He keeps his victims in small glass tubes, taking them out occasionally to ward off his loneliness. They eventually plot their escape. From 16mm. \$187

GORG (1961) Bill Travers, William Sylvester. A classic monster movie about a baby dinosaur that's captured and put on exhibition in London. It's gigantic mother goes on a rampage and practically destroys the city looking for her baby. Great special effects. Beautiful color. From 35mm. \$188

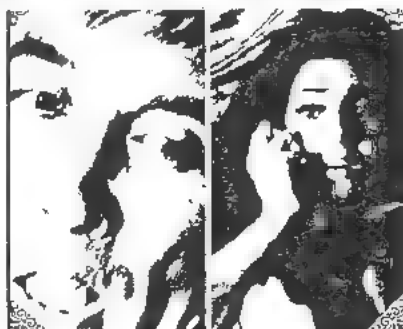
DEATH RAY OF DR. MABUSE (1964) Wolfgang Preiss, Peter Van Eyck, Yvonne Furneaux, Toko York. The mad scientist Dr. Mabuse threatens the world with a death ray. This was the last of the six German Mabuse films from the '60s. From 16mm. \$189

THE DOOMSDAY MACHINE (1967) Grant Williams, Henry Wilcoxon, Denny Miller, Mala Powers. A spaceship streaks toward Venus. Its passengers are stunned to see the destruction of Earth on their telescreen. The Red Chinese have destroyed the planet with a nuclear doomsday device. Color from 16mm. \$190

FUTURE WOMAN (1975) George Sanders, Shirley Eaton, Richard Wyler, directed by Jess Franco. A beautiful woman from "Femina" leads a well-trained (and very attractive) female army in a plot to take over the world. They use the oldest trap in the world as bait: sex. Quite rare and very bizarre. A hoot. Color from 16mm. \$191

THE CRATER LAKE MONSTER (1977) Richard Cardella, Glenn Roberts, Kacey Cobb. A meteor splashes down in Crater Lake awakening a dormant dinosaur in the process. Big fight between the monster and a snowplow. From 35mm. \$192

STAR ODYSSEY (1977) Sharon Baker, Chris Avram. An exciting sci-fi thriller about a horrible alien mastermind who's chosen the Earth for annihilation. The Earth sends a fleet of warships to fight against the super robots from this far-off galaxy. Color, 16mm. \$193



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HORROR

THE DEVIL'S HAND (1942, aka CARNIVAL OF SINNERS) Henri Fresnay, Josceline Gae, Marcelle Mortyl. A fine French fantasy/horror film about an artist who buys a hand which seems to bring him luck. The devil tells the artist to sell the hand for less than he paid for it within 24 hours, or he will be sent to Hell. From 16mm. \$202

HOUSE OF DARKNESS (1946) Laurence Harvey, Leslie Brooks, John Stuart. Very similar in feel to DEAD OF NIGHT. A ghostly narrator presents flashbacks of a man who kills his step brother in a haunted house. The step brother's ghost returns to haunt his murderer. An ultra-rare, creepy British chiller. From 16mm. \$203

FACE OF TERROR (1969) Lee Gayer, Fernando Rey. A scientist develops a serum that can transform a scared face into a thing of beauty again. Unknown to him, his subject turns out to be an escaped lunatic from an asylum. Great fun. From 35mm. \$204

THE ANATOMIST (1961) Alister Sim, George Cole, Michael Ripper, Jill Bennett. Another retelling of the dastardly exploits of the world's most famous body snatcher: Burke and Hare. This female British version takes a more historical overview of the grisly events. From 16mm. \$205

CRYPT OF HORROR (1963) Christopher Lee, Ursula Davis, Jose Campos, Vera Valmont. A witch curses the family of Count Karnstein. The witch herself will someday be reincarnated as one of the Count's offspring. Years later, the Count fears his daughter is the one. A gripping Italian horror film. From 16mm. \$206

WHAT?! (1963) Christopher Lee, Tary Kendal, Dajjah Lavi, Hannele White, directed by Mado Bava. The setting is a 19th century castle. Lee plays a sadistic nobleman who whips the wife of his brother. Lee is later found dead; his ghost haunts the castle. A top-notch Italian horror thriller. This is the uncensored, American theatrical release version. From a technicolor 35mm print. \$207

BLACK TORMENT (1964) Heather Sears, John Turner, Ann Lynn. A British nobleman is suspected of rape, murder and witchcraft. He returns to his castle with a new bride. There, he is haunted by his mad twin brother and the ghost of his first wife. First time on video. From 16mm. \$208

SWEET SOUND OF DEATH (1965) Emil Cape, Henrik Zurekowsky, Victor Kral. A very effective slow chiller about a man who has a premonition of his lover's death. He later finds out she has actually died in a plane crash. Her ghost then returns from the grave and lures him to the haunted castle of her ancestors. Similar to CASTLE OF BLOOD. First time on video. From 16mm. \$209

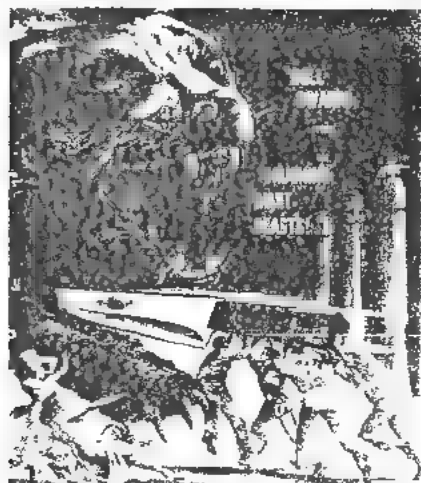
THE EMBALMER* (1966) Maureen Brown, Gin Mart, Luciano Gaspar, Arlie Todisco. One of the most sought after Italian horror films. A horrible fiend poisons beautiful girls down into murky canals of Venice. He kills and "stuffs" them for his grisly collection of mock-classic human statues that adorn the walls of his underground lair. Rare, and first time on video. Recommended. From 35mm. \$210

HATCHET FOR A HONEYMOON (1969) Stephen Forsyth, Dagny Lassander, Laura Bell, directed by Mado Bava. A handsome young groom turns out to have an impotency problem with his wife. He goes totally cuckoo and starts "hacking" up women in brutal gowns. Everytime he kills, he remembers a wife mole of his horrible past. Recommended. Color, from 16mm. \$211

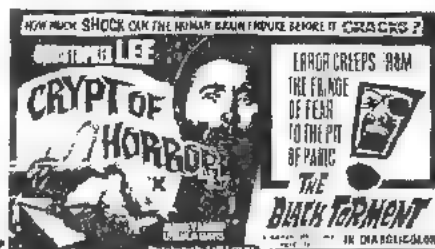
SCREAM OF THE DEMON LOVER (1971) Jeffrey Chase, Jennifer Harvey, Agostino Belli. A hideously scarred murderer terrorizes a remote village while a beautiful woman and a 19th century baron work on an experiment to show that matter can never be destroyed. Uncut and rated "R". Color from 16mm. \$212



THE EMBALMER
MAUREEN BROWN/GIN MART
A EUROPIX CONSOLIDATED RELEASE
CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS (1973)
Jeffrey Giller, Paul Cronin, Roy Engelman. A director and his actor friends go to a remote island where—as a bizarre joke—they dig up a corpse and conduct a strange ritual to raise it from the dead. It works! The corpse—along with the rest of the local dead—rises from their graves. Look out! A great comedy horror film. Rated "R". Color from 35mm. \$213



**FANTASTIC
PUPPET PEOPLE**
JOHN AGAR • JOHN HOYT • JOHN ARNOLD



NIGHT OF THE SORCERERS (1973) Jack Taylor, Simon Andreu, Lorena Tower. A gritty Spanish horror film about a tribe of jungle savages who chop the heads off white women in their sorcery rituals. The victims come back as vampiric witches dressed in leopard-skin bikinis. Color, from 16mm. M214

THE KEEPER (1975) Christopher Lee, Sally Gray, Ross Vazarian. A mad asylum keeper plots to take over the world using hypnosis and murder. One of the rarest Christopher Lee films. Color, from 16mm. M215

SWORD AND SANDAL

ESTHER AND THE KING (1961) Joan Collins, Richard Egan, directed by Rodd Walsh. Lots of action and court intrigue in this wonderful spectacle film about the king of Persia who banishes his unfaithful wife. He then falls in love with a Hebrew girl. Esther, but is plotted against by his evil prime minister. A terrific sword and sandal film. Color, from 16mm. S573

CAESAR THE CONQUEROR (1961) Cameron Mitchell, Rita Bataglia. Colorful tale of the legendary ruler of Rome as he leads his legions into battle. He and his enemies are pitted against the rebel hordes from Gaul. Color, from 16mm. S574

DAVID AND GOLIATH (1961) Orson Welles, No Payet, Eleanor Rossi, Drago, Krenos. The classic retelling of the age-old fable of David and Goliath. Welles is colorful as King Saul. Payet is a very masculine David. Krenos plays Goliath. Color, from 16mm. S575



THE CASTILIAN (1963) Cesar Romero, Frankie Avalon, Broderick Crawford. An adventurous Castilian nobleman leads his people in a series of daring raids. He is counseled by two patron saints, and later falls in love with a beautiful princess. Color 16mm. S576

SON OF HERCULES IN THE LAND OF FIRE (1964) Ed Fury, Claude Rains. The mighty Ulysses faces 5 giants, is caught in an earthquake, lives through imprisonment, and ends up in a spectacular battle as he fights to rescue a king's princess. Color, from 16mm. S578

GOLIATH, KING OF THE SLAVES (1964 aka **BEAST OF BABYLON AGAINST THE SON OF HERCULES**) Gordon Scott, Genevieve Gao, Michael Lane. The rightful heir to the throne of Babylon leads a group of slaves in an attempt to overthrow the evil tyrant who sits on the throne. He is eventually helped by the King of Persia. Another great Scott vehicle. Color from 16mm. S577

EXPLOITATION

MADMOISELLE STRIPTEASE (1959 aka **PLEASE MR. BALZAC**) Bridget Bardot, Daniel Gelin, Robert Hirsch. Bridget writes a scandalous novel which gets her into heap big trouble with her conservative father. She eventually ends up in Paris as a stripper. Well produced and highly enjoyable. From 35mm. X081

ORDERED TO LOVE (1963) Maria Perschy, Joachim Hansen, Maria Mel, Harry Meyen. An unbelievable film, based on actual happenings. During the horrific years of World War II, Hitler instituted "love" camps for furthering the Aryan race. Beautiful young German girls were drafted into these camps and forced to mate with Aryan " studs". Incredible. From 35mm. X082

SLAVE TRADE IN THE WORLD TODAY (1964) Narrated by Allen Swift. An eye-popping mondo movie. Actual scenes of slavery in the world today. See whole tribes sold into bondage, an auction sale for a rich ruler's harem, the brutal practice of slave traders, and much, much more. Shocking and revealing. Color, from 35mm. X083

MALAMONDO (1965) Documentary. That's right, another one of the many amazing mondo movies made during the mid-1960s. This is one of the rarest, showing unusual and shocking scenes from real life. Never before on video. Color from 35mm. X084

CRAZY BABY (1970 aka **BATTLE OF THE MOONS**) Ricky Shayne, Ego Anderson, Joachim Fuchsberger. An imported exploitation quickie about the rock and roll generation—it's hard-core, its music, its frustrations, and its conflict with the establishment. Color and Scope. From 35mm. X085

SILENT THRILLS

THE YONG MAN (1919) Sessue Hayakawa, Marc Robbins, Helen Jerome Eddy. An early long thriller set in Chinatown. The story concerns the Bo Sing Tong, the most powerful and dreaded of Chinatown's secret societies, dealing in blackmail and murder. From 16mm. S734

WHEN THE CLOUDS ROLL BY (1919) Douglas Fairbanks, Albert MacQuarrie, Ralph Lewis. Doug plays a stock broker who unknowingly becomes the victim of a mad scientist's mind altering experiments. Doug's weird nightmare sequence is a knockout. From 16mm. S735

THE CYCLOPE CAVALIER (1925) Reed Howes, Wilfred Lucas, Carmelita Geraghty. A young American adventurer gets in trouble with the law at home. His rich father sends him to Central America on a mission filled with danger and suspense. From 16mm. S740

DANGEROUS TRAFFIC (1926) Francis X. Bushman, Jr., Mildred Harris, Jack Perrin, Hal Walters. An enterprising newspaper sends a young reporter to a coastal town to report on the activities of a ruthless "high-jacking" gang. The reporter helps federal agents bring the gang to justice. From 16mm. S741

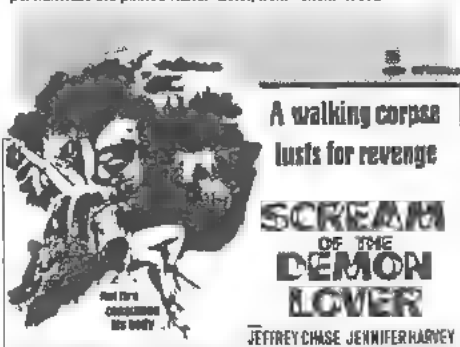
SPAGHETTI AND EURO WESTERNS

SAVADE PAMPA (1966) Robert Taylor, Ty Hardin, Ron Randell, Marc Lawrence. Taylor plays a wagonmaster responsible for delivering a wagon-load of furs to a far-off encampment in the wilds of Argentina. Color, from 16mm. W012

HELLBENDERS (1968) Joseph Cotten, Norma Benguel, Al Mulock. Cotten turns in an outstanding performance as a former Confederate officer gone mad. He and his gang massacre a Union convoy, stealing a million dollar shipment that they hope will resurrect the Confederacy. Color, from 16mm. W013

THE UGLY ONES (1969) Richard Wyler, Tomas Milian, Ellen Martin. A top-notch spaghetti western! A woman is torn between the two men she loves: a bouny hunter, and the fugitive outlaw he is hunting. She commits her affections to the outlaw only to find out what kind of low scoundrel he really is. Recommended. Color from 16mm. W014

COMPANEROS (1970) Jack Palance, Fernando Rey, Franco Nero. A terrific "political" western with a rousing music score and a brilliant cast. A mercenary helps a revolutionary rescue a pacifist professor and his followers. Palance is great as a wooden-headed killer who lost his hand when he was nailed to a cross, and only freed when his pet hawk ate the pinned hand. Color, from 16mm. W015



FANTASY

KING ARTHUR WAS A GENTLEMAN (1942) Arthur Askey, Evelyn Dale, Anne Shelton. This rare British comedy is set in Africa. Askey plays Arthur King, a meek, goofy British soldier who rescues his friends from captivity with a sword he believes to be the magical sword of King Arthur. F020

HALFWAY HOUSE (1944) Mervyn Johns, Tom Wall, Francoise Rosay, Glynis Johns. A pleasant British fantasy about a group of troubled people who gather for the night at a mysterious inn, run by a quiet but all-seeing innkeeper and his daughter. The pair cast no shadows or reflections. Recommended. From 16mm. F021

VICE VERSA (1948) Roger Livesey, Petula (Downtown) Clark, Anthony Newley, directed by Peter Ustinov. A wonderful British fantasy about a magic stone that makes the soul and personality of a pompous British father change places with his schoolboy son. Remade in '88 with Judge Reinhold. From 16mm. F022

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD (1960) Maria Garcia, Jose Moreno. Another mind boggling K. Gordon Murray import from south of the border. A vivid, sometimes absurd, often unintentionally hilarious retelling of the Red Riding Hood legend. Nice color 16mm. F023

PUSS N' BOOTS (1961) Rafael Munoz, Santanton, Humberto Dupuyron. There are ghoulish title creatures running to and fro in this classic fairy tale. Another K. Gordon Murray exercise in dubbed silliness. Hilariously ludicrous. Color from 16mm. F024

SPYS, ESPIONAGE, AND INTRIGUE

A MAN CALLED ROCCA (1961) Jean Paul Belmondo, Christine Kaufman. In this well-paced intrigue thriller Jean Paul's friend ends up in prison. J.P. tracks down the racketeer responsible, via his girlfriend. From 16mm. SP15

THERE'S GONNA BE A PARTY (1961) Eddie Constantine, Barbara Lange, Claude Cerval. Eddie is sent on a top secret mission to rescue a fellow agent who is being held captive. The culprit is an unknown double agent. From 16mm. SP16

STOP TRAIN 349 (1963) Sean Flynn, Jose Ferrer, Nicole Courcel. An outstanding film about an American Army train going from Berlin into the West Zone. On board is an East German stowaway. The Russians stop the train and a standoff ensues. Probably Flynn's best film. From 16mm. SP17

MAKE YOUR BETS LADIES (1964) Eddie Constantine, Nelly Benedetti, Daniel Cecaldi. One of Eddie's better films. He plays a secret agent searching for a missing NATO weapons scientist who has invented a ring that emits a paralysis ray. Very James Bondish, and good fun. From 16mm. SP18

MAIL MARIA (1965) Eddie Constantine, Jack Klugman, Henry Silva. A terrific film Klugman and Silva play mafia hitmen ordered to kill Constantine. Klugman is torn between his orders and the loyalty he feels toward his old friend Eddie. From 16mm. SP19

EDGAR & BRYAN WALLACE

THE GAUNT STRANGER (1936 aka **THE PHANTOM STRIKES**) Sonnie Hale, Wilfred Lawson, Louise Henry. An ultra-rare British Edgar Wallace thriller. The ex-partner of a master criminal is protected by the police. The criminal—a master of disguise—tracks him down and kills him anyway, in spite of the police. EW10

THE TERRIBLE PEOPLE (1960) Karin Dor, Joachim Fuchsberger, Elizabeth Fitchenschild. A creepy German-made Edgar Wallace thriller about the ghost of a hanged man who returns to fulfill his promise. All of his accusers must die! From 16mm. EW11

FELLOWSHIP OF THE FROG (1960) Carl Lange, Joachim Fuchsberger, Siegfried Lowitz. A young American detective becomes involved in a series of ghastly crimes. The only clue to be found is the mysterious seal of the White Frog. Another well done German-made Wallace thriller. From 16mm. EW12

SECRET OF THE RED ORCHID (1962) Christopher Lee, Marisa Mel, Adrian Hower. Chris plays an FBI agent sent in to help Scotland Yard track down a murdering blackmailer and help bust an international crime syndicate. One of the better German Edgar Wallace thrillers. From 16mm. EW13

THE WHITE SPIDER (1963) Karin Dor, Joachim Fuchsberger, Horst Frank. The most sought-after German Edgar Wallace thriller. A mysterious master detective—whose face no one ever sees—tries to stop a massive plot against the free world. From 16mm. EW14

FORGOTTEN HORRORS

PLEASE NOTE: All titles in this section are just \$12.95, plus \$2.05 per title for packaging, handling, and postage.

TERROR BY NIGHT (1931) Una Merkel, William Collier, Jr., Zasu Fims, Nat Pendleton. A rich, philanthropic husband is found horribly murdered in his posh penthouse apartment. At one point, all the lights go out and a suspect is found shot. The police arrest the wrong man. The neighbor below figures out who did it and the trick murder weapon used for the crime. From 16mm. F148

THE MOONSTONE (1934) David Manners, Phyllis Barry, Gustav Von Seyffertitz, Jameson Thomas. A young adventurer and his Hindu servant arrive at a gloomy mansion during a terrific storm to deliver the Moonstone, a famed gem from a lost temple in India. The creepy estate is filled with a cast of sinister looking characters and during the night the gem disappears. A great old-dark-house thriller from Monogram. From 16mm. F149

QUANGA (1935 aka **CRIME OF VOODOO**) Fred Washington, Philip Brandon, Marie Roden. A forgotten, all-black horror film about a voodoo priestess who sends out a "death curse" to the fiancée of the man she lusts for. When that fails, she sends two zombies from their graves to snatch the girl away and bring her to a violent death. A must-see curiosity, in the same vein as WHITE ZOMBIE. F150

MYSTERY-SUSPENSE FILM NOIR

PLEASE NOTE: All titles in this section are just \$12.95, plus \$2.05 per title for packaging, handling, and postage.

PAINTED FACES (1929) Joe E. Brown, Helen Foster, Barton Hepburn, Dorothy Gish. A must-see early talkie. A vaudeville performer is murdered backstage. Another performer is tried for the crime. Brown—in a non-comedy performance, complete with Scandinavian accent—is the lone juror pleading for the man's innocence. An ultra-rare Tiffany production. First time on video. From 16mm. M228

THE PHANTOM BROADCAST (1933) Ralph Forbes, Verna Irene Osborne, Phil Parick, Guinn "Big Boy" Williams. A famous radio singer is brutally murdered. Afterward, it's learned his singing voice had always been dubbed in by a twisted cripple. A nice Monogram production. From 16mm. M229

FLIRTING WITH DANGER (1934) Robert Armstrong, William Cagney, Edgar Kennedy, Maria Alba. Another fine Monogram effort about three devil-may-care powder ribbons who encounter danger when sent to work at a South American dynamite plant. From 16mm. M230

THE BLACK ABBOT (1934) John Stuart, Judy Kelly, Richard Cooper. An extremely rare British crime thriller. A gang of crooks hold a rich man for ransom in his own house. Not to be confused with the Edgar Wallace tale. M231

HOUSE OF THE SPANARD (1936) Brigitte Hornay, Peter Hagdon, Jean Gailand, Allan Jayess. The setting is a creepy, rearbound mansion near Liverpool. Inside its walls is a British businessman who's actually a Spanish revolutionary who runs a counterfeiting ring. A fine British thriller. From 16mm. M232

DUSTY ERNINE (1936, aka **HIDEOUT IN THE ALPS**) Ronald Squire, Jane Baxter, Anthony Bushell. A well-known longer takes the blame when his nephew joins a gang of notorious counterfeiters. The action in this British thriller takes place in Austria. M233

UP IN THE AIR (1940) Frankie Darro, Marjorie Mainland, Marjorie Reynolds, Tris Coffin, Lorna Gray, Gordon Jones. One of the slickest looking Monogram films you'll ever see. A murder is committed at a radio station. Frankie and Marjorie set out to solve the crime. From a gorgeous 16mm print. M234

MIDNIGHT MANHUNT (1945) George Zucco, William Gargan, Anne Savage, Leo Gorcey. A creepy little Paramount mystery that takes place in a forbidding wax museum filled with murderers and gangland figures. Zucco (in his usual fat hat) plays a killer looking for the body of a man he shot and presumed dead. Savage and Gargan play reporters. From a gorgeous 16mm print. M235

CORRIDOR OF MIRRORS (1948) Eric Portman, Edana Romney, Alan Wheeler, Christopher Lee. The story of a strange man in a strange house. Portman plays a wealthy artist who's obsessed with the Renaissance. Romney is the girl who falls under his spell and comes to his mysterious mansion where she winds up strangled. Lee's first film. Visually stunning. From 16mm. M236

THE FLYING SCOT (1957, aka **THE MAILBAG ROBBERY**) Lee Patterson, Kay Callan, Alan Gifford. A trio of thieves work out what appears to be a perfect plan for a train robbery. Then they try to implement it. A nicely done British crime film. M237



GIVEN WATFORD • PATRICK ALLEN • FELIX AYLMER

A HAMMER FILM PRODUCTION • MEGASCOPE • Released by HODINARO 2 WEEK • An OMA Release

NEVER TAKE CANDY FROM A STRANGER (1960) Given Watford, Patrick Allen, Felix Aylmer, Bill Nagy, produced by Anthony Hanks. Possibly the most sought-after Hammer film. In a small Canadian town, a well-respected elderly man is accused of making improper sexual advances to a small girl. The girl's father tries to bring him to task. Outstanding! From a 35mm scope print. M238

THE HARDER THEY COME (1973) Jimmy Cliff, Carl Bradshaw, Janet Barclay. A cult favorite about a young Jamaican who attempts to become a pop star. He fails and eventually turns to a life of crime. Brutal action, underscored by an incredible music score. Highly recommended. Uncut, rated "R". From a nice 16mm print. M239

the NEWS



HOUND

Photo © 1994 Concorde/New Horizons

The Hound is proud to pounce from the pages of this Fourth Scarlet Anniversary issue, menacing you anew with mysterious media news....

Former Disney star Tommy Kirk, who announced in *Scarlet Street* #10 that he was through with acting, recently stepped before the cameras for a cameo role in producer/director Fred Olen Ray's **ATTACK OF THE 60 FT. CENTERFOLD**. Glad Tom's changed his mind. Other guest stars appearing in the Concorde/New Horizons release: Russ Tamblyn, John La Zar (**BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS**), Michelle Bauer, Forrest J Ackerman, and **MY THREE SONS**' Stanley Livingston.

Director Wes Craven isn't snoozing since his **NEW NIGHTMARE** has been released to much acclaim; he's now shooting **VAMPIRE IN BROOKLYN**, starring Eddie "What Happened to My Career" Murphy and Angela Bassett, and will likely proceed to his update of the 1963 MGM classic **THE HAUNTING**... Nearing completion is John Carpenter's remake of the classic **VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED**, which has added Mark Hamill (formerly **BATMAN: THE ANIMATED SERIES**' Joker and now **SPIDER-MAN**'s Hobgoblin) to its cast. More **DAMNED** news in an upcoming *Scarlet Street*... Other planned big-screen remakes include Warner Bros.' **DIABOLIQUE**, starring demure Sharon Stone; **BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE** from **MOONSTRUCK** writer John Patrick Shanley; New Line's **ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU**, which may feature Marlon Brando in the title role (as Moreau, that is, not the island); and Oliver Stone's production of **PLANET OF THE APES**, possibly starring Arnold Schwarzenegger.

The invincible **GODZILLA** might feel the sting of the budget ax: Tri-

Star is rumored to be rethinking the potentially sky-high effects budget for its reptile epic. Maybe director Jan De Bont (**SPEED**) will end up using a guy in a rubber suit. Maybe not... The **FORBIDDEN PLANET** remake has temporarily halted its orbit, but it looks like Universal has resurrected **THE MUMMY** as a project for George Romero (someone who knows a thing or two about the

and new scenes courtesy of creator George Lucas, will be released to theaters in 1997 to coincide with the 20th anniversary of its original release. The following year **THE CLONE WARS**, first of the new trio of Skywalker sagas, is scheduled to hit cinemas... Other planned fantasy sequels include **THE MASK II** starring Jim Carrey, **ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK II** with Kurt Russell (maybe), and the animated feature **FANTASIA CONTINUED**, already underway at Disney.

Clive Barker's chiller **LORD OF ILLUSION**, which stars **QUANTUM LEAP**'s Scott Bakula as detective Harry D'Amour, is due soon from MGM. Barker directed from his own screenplay....

Very Weird Science: geneticist Ben Kingsley creates a frighteningly sexy woman from some alien DNA in **SPECIES**... Sigourney Weaver and Holly Hunter team up to battle crooner/serial killer Harry Connick, Jr. in **COPYCAT**... **NORTHERN EXPOSURE**'s Cynthia Geary discovers horrific happenings at **UNCLE LEO'S HOUSE NEAR THE EDGE OF TOWN**... Pliable plastic plaything **STRETCH ARM-**

STRONG stars in his very own Disney release... Another toy comes dangerously to life in **JUMANJI**: Robin Williams and young Kirsten Dunst of **INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE** get sucked into a jungle adventure board game. Joe Johnston (**THE ROCKETEER**) directs the Tri-Star release.

The European producers of Disney's current live-action release **THE JUNGLE BOOK** plan to start their next feature, **TOM THUMB**, in April. Also due to roll soon are Joe Dante's **THE PHANTOM** for Paramount and **GOLDENEYE**, Pierce Brosnan's premiere James Bond ad-



ATTACK OF THE 60 FT. CENTERFOLD features Russ Tamblyn, Tommy Kirk, Stanley Livingston, and Ross Hagen. Kneeling: producer/director Fred Olen Ray.

walking dead)... More sequels and remakes: **HALLOWEEN VI** began shooting in scary Salt Lake City last October 31st (of course), with Donald Pleasence back in the saddle... **THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE** is circled on director Renny (CLIFF-HANGER) Harlin's production calendar, and a live-action version of **PINOCCHIO** is in the (wood) works at Francis Coppola's Zoetrope Studios. Mr. Coppola's current British production, **HAUNTED**, starring Aidan Quinn, John Gielgud, and Anna Massey, is keeping him solidly in the horror genre. Wes Craven, move over!

STAR WARS: THE SPECIAL EDITION, with enhanced digital effects

Continued on page 18

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The Return of the Hardy Boys

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The Disney channel has recreated the spirit of Saturday afternoon at the movies with DISNEY DRIVE-IN, a retro matinee offering viewers adventure series, a weekly serial, and a classic Disney feature film.

The show kicks off each Saturday at 1:30PM with an episode of ZORRO, starring Guy Williams as Don Diego, a California aristocrat (do they exist?) who dons a black mask and outfit to right wrongs, carve initials, and overall have a grand time playing dress-up.

Following at two is a segment called "Disney's Legends and Heroes" (What's Zorro—chopped liver?), featuring such stalwarts as Texas John Slaughter (Tom Tryon) and Elfgo Baca (Robert Loggia), the latter displaying all nine of his lives.

Next comes what most Disney fans will be waiting for: the serials, culled from THE MICKEY MOUSE CLUB. First up was SPIN AND MARTY, starring Tim Considine and David Stollery, but Scarlet Streeters will want to keep an eye out for mystery in the form of THE HARDY BOYS. Considine (the once and future Spin) takes the role of Frank Hardy, aided and abetted by Tommy Kirk as kid brother Joe.

So sit back with a bag of popcorn and enjoy a blast from the past. DISNEY DRIVE IN is everything you love about a Saturday matinee—except the sticky floors.

—Drew Sullivan

NEWS HOUND

Continued from page 16

venture, for United Artists... Watch for these features coming this summer: futuristic actioner JUDGE DREDD starring Sylvester Stallone, infectious thriller OUTBREAK with Dustin Hoffman, Gothically gripping MARY REILLY starring Julia Roberts, and dynamically damp adventure WATERWORLD starring Kevin Costner. And don't forget BATMAN FOREVER, featuring Val Kilmer as Top Bat and Chris O'Donnell as his Boy Wonder. In addition to The Riddler (Jim Carrey), they'll battle the treacherous Two-Face (Tommy Lee Jones) and his murderous molls Sugar and Spice (Debbie Mazar and Drew Barrymore).

Disturbing developments on the Hollywood horizon: THE TWELVE MONKEYS stars Bruce Willis as a convict sent back in time to save earth from a deadly virus. (These killer bugs get around, don't they?) Brad Pitt and Madeleine Stowe costar; Terry Gilliam directs... After accomplishing MISSION. IMPOS-

SIBLE, Tom Cruise's next production will be NIGHT MAGIC, based on Tom Tryon's novel about an elder magician and his young protege... Sean Connery may (or may not) play a veteran hit man who's in danger of getting whacked by a young rival (not Pierce Brosnan) in director Richard Donner's ASSASSINS... DARKMAN, ARMY OF DARKNESS, and THE EVIL DEAD were kid stuff compared to director Sam Raimi's next Warner Bros. feature: FROSTY THE SNOWMAN! Golly, we're getting chills already.

There is nothing wrong with your television set... THE OUTER LIMITS will return to the small screen, courtesy of Showtime. Most of the new series' 44 episodes will be brand new tales, but some remakes of the classic originals are planned. Notable among these is "I, Robot," with Leonard Nimoy reprising his original starring role under the direction of his son Adam.

Over at HBO, the long-awaited sequel to CAST A DEADLY SPELL has appeared in the form of WITCH

HUNT, with Dennis Hopper taking over from Fred Ward in the role of private eye H. Phillip Lovecraft. Sez Hopper, "It's a satire of the McCarthy hearings, but rather than a Communist hunt it's about looking for magicians, because Congress has decided that magic is un-American."

Other small-screen news: THE WATCHER is currently debuting Tuesday nights on the new United Paramount Network. It's an anthology series concerning strange events in Las Vegas (didn't Kolchak cover this beat?)... CROWFOOT is a new syndicated show set in Hawaii, about a Native American detective with psychic abilities. Sort of a cross between MAGNUM and NANNY & THE PROFESSOR... New nightmares may be in store from Freddy's father in the proposed TV series WES CRAVEN'S AMITYVILLE.

In addition to the latest entries in the Universal Classic Monsters home video series (which include MAN MADE MONSTER and CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN), MCA has just released the double feature DRAC-

ULA'S DAUGHTER and GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN to laserdisc. Other new video releases include the Full Moon/Paramount thriller OBLIVION, and a trio of Dan (DARK SHADOWS) Curtis TV-movie adaptations of classic horror tales: FRANKENSTEIN, THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE, and BRAM STOKER'S DRACULA (the latter two starring Jack Palance). They're available on VHS and laser from MPI—or you can order them directly from *Scarlet Street*, via the ad on pages 20 and 21.

January video releases include THE SHADOW (MCA), TRUE LIES (Fox), THE MASK (Turner), NATURAL BORN KILLERS (Warners), and the Showtime telefeature ROSWELL (Republic), starring Kyle MacLachlan as an investigator of the famed Texas UFO crash of the 1940s... The steamy Wilshire Court/Paramount small-screen thrillers SEDUCED BY EVIL, BITTER VENGEANCE, and THE DARK SIDE OF GENIUS (not the Alfred Hitchcock tell-all biography) are also due in January... PET SEMATARY TWO, HELLRAISER III and ADDAMS FAMILY VALUES

are indeed values at their new price of \$19.95.

Visitors to the Big Apple will not want to miss the exhibit of sinister cinematic memorabilia currently at the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center. The impressive collection of posters, photos, props, and preview trailers, entitled "Screams On Screen: 100 Years of the Horror Film," debuted on Halloween and will be on view through the end of April. And allow the Hound a bit of a celebratory yap: our very own *Scarlet Street* is prominently displayed!

Gone, but not forgotten, are the talented Burt Lancaster, Martha Raye, Robert Bloch, Raul Julia, Pat-

rick O'Neal, Tom Ewell, Noah Berry, Jr., Robert Lansing, Mildred Natwick, Cab Calloway, Lionel Stander, and director Terence Young.



There is nothing wrong with your copy of *Scarlet Street*: THE OUTER LIMITS is back!



Still the Fairest in the Land

Yes, we know. It's not a horror movie, nor is it a mystery—though it is something of a mystery why Hollywood lets so many films languish and deteriorate. Still, the good news is that MY FAIR LADY has been restored to its original, stunning beauty.

Based on the classic Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Lowe Broadway musical, which was based on the classic George Bernard Shaw play PYGMALION, MY FAIR LADY stars Audrey Hepburn as Eliza Doolittle, Rex Harrison as Professor Henry Higgins, Stanley Holloway as Alfred P. Doolittle, Wilfrid Hyde-White as Colonel Pickering, and future World's Greatest Detective Jeremy Brett (pictured with Hepburn) as Freddie Eynsford-Hill.

Brett's participation isn't the only dash of Sherlockiana to the proceedings: The characters of the misogynistic Professor Higgins, for whom work is everything, and his companion, Colonel Pickering, were obviously inspired by a certain duo residing at 221B Baker Street.

MY FAIR LADY's restoration was the work of film archivist Robert A. Harris and James C. Katz, who used state-of-the-art digital techniques and old-fashioned detective work to track down long-missing elements in quake-ravaged studio vaults. Following a limited run in theaters across the country (the first premiere of a Super Panavision 70 print in three decades), the fairer than ever FAIR LADY was recently released on video and laserdisc.

There are no monsters, no murders, but, believe us, it's lovely....

—Drew Sullivan



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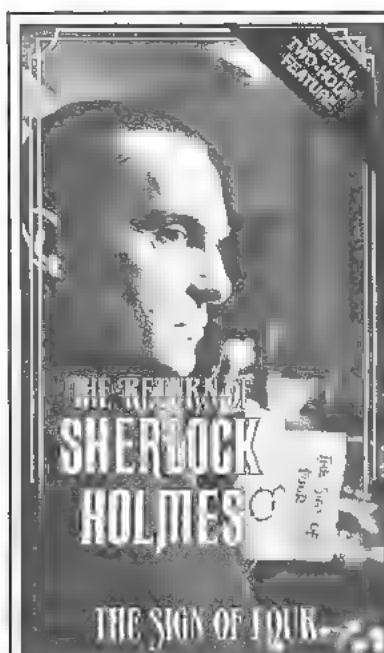
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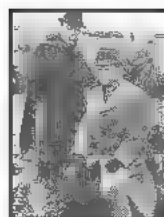


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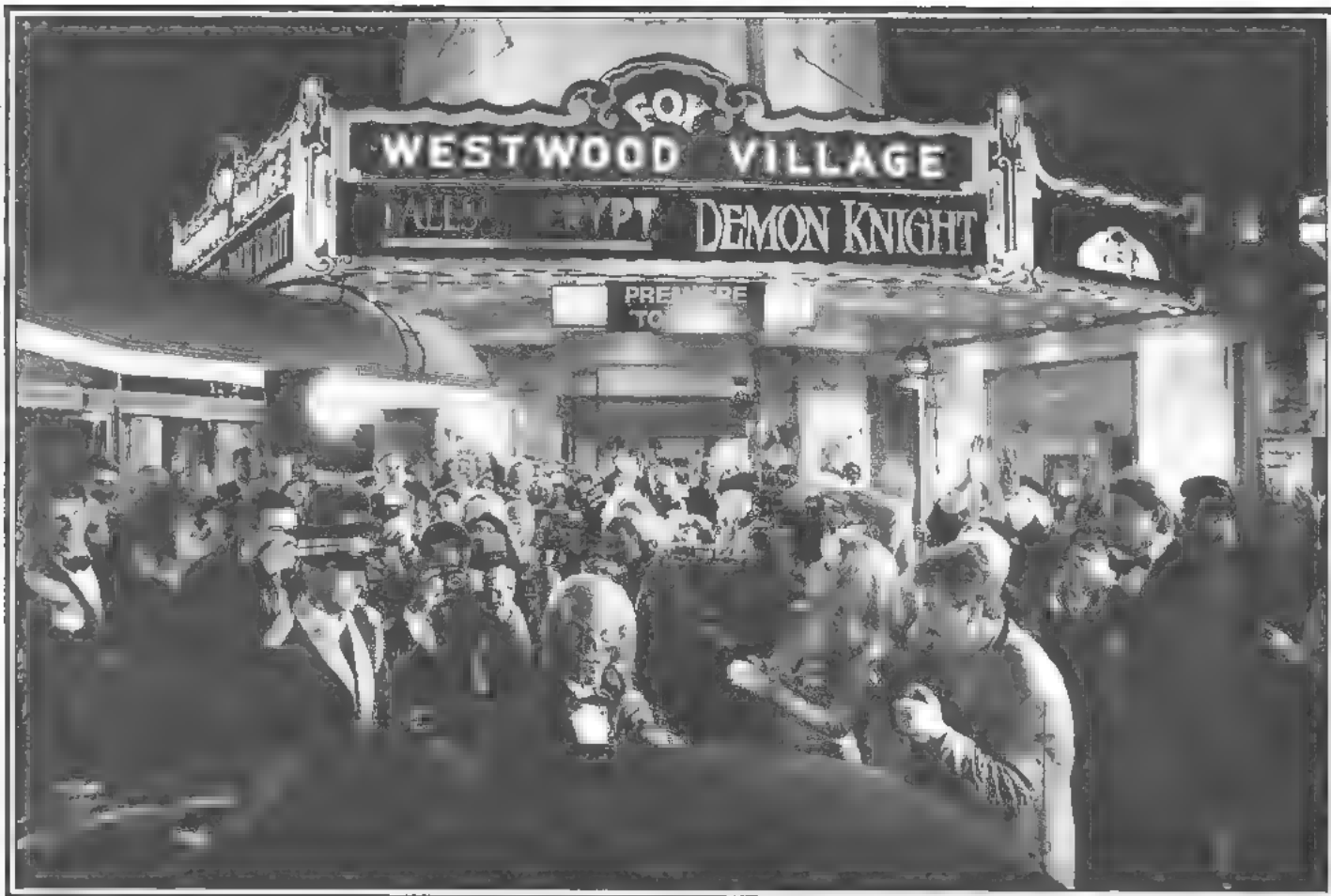
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Beyond the Crypt

On the Set of DEMON KNIGHT

by Michael Mallory

Inside an old abandoned airplane hangar in Van Nuys, California, the battle for the fate of humanity is going on. It's an unlikely place for such a cosmic, supernatural struggle, and an even more unlikely place to shoot a movie. But it is here that the producers of HBO's long-running hit horror series *TALES FROM THE CRYPT* are filming their first theatrical feature, *DEMON KNIGHT*.

It soon becomes obvious that something horrific is going on at the old airport. Amidst the bustle and businesslike atmosphere of the film's production office, a disembodied hand reaches out from under a pile of envelopes. And in the trailer office of producer Gilbert Adler rests a bloody severed head, which the ebullient Adler gleefully introduces as the last journalist who came around looking for a story.

They have definitely caught the proper black-humor tone, though *DEMON KNIGHT* differs from all previous films and TV shows produced under the "Crypt" banner in that it is not based on any of the original E. C. comic-book stories which appeared in such early 1950s magazines as *Tales From the Crypt*, *The Vault of Horror*, *The Haunt of Fear*, and *Shock Suspense Stories*. It is also the first "Crypt" feature to maintain one feature-length story rather than present five short tales.

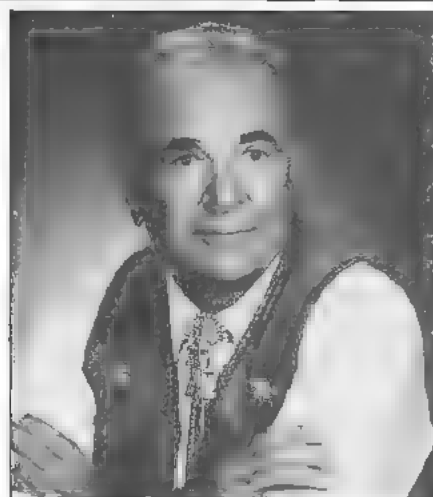
"It's difficult enough to stretch what are really five-minute stories from the comic books into half-hour shows, but I don't think it's possible to stretch any into a 90-minute movie," says producer Alan Katz, who, along with Gil Adler, Ethan Reiff, Cyrus Voris, and Mark

Continued on page 24

Tales From the Real Crypt Keeper

Al Feldstein

Interviewed by Michael Mallory



Al Feldstein

The last thing on young Al Feldstein's mind in the spring of 1950 was that the latest comic book he was shepherding onto the newsstands, *The Crypt of Terror*, would signal the birth of a publishing legend, one that would influence an entire generation of writers, artists, and filmmakers and one that would remain as popular as ever more than 40 years later. "If I knew that, I would have put away some mint-condition copies of everything!" he declares.

The Brooklyn-born writer/editor/artist is perhaps best known for his editorship of *Mad* magazine, a post he left in 1984 because of philosophical differences with long-time friend and *Mad* publisher William M. Gaines. But prior to that Feldstein was the true Cryptkeeper, the man who spun most of the stories for the early E. C. horror comics and frequently drew the covers.

With titles such as *Tales From the Crypt*, *The Vault of Horror*, *The Crypt of Terror*, *Weird Fantasy*, and *Shock Suspense Stories*, E. C. Comics thrived for four

years before being gunned down by the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency, which loudly put the blame for creating rebellious and dangerous youth squarely on the shoulders of the comic book industry. As a result, the Comics Code was born, a self-governing industry authority that danced over the grave of E. C.

Today, Al Feldstein has little contact with the comics industry, except as an honored guest at comic conventions around the country. Ten years ago, he left the bustle of New York to begin a new career as a landscape and wildlife painter, though recently he has returned to the Crypt by creating original oil paintings based on his covers, which are being sold through Sotheby's. Feldstein spoke to *Scarlet Street* from his ranch in Montana . . .

Scarlet Street: Was it your idea to do horror comics, or was it Bill Gaines'?

Al Feldstein: It was a mutual thing. We were doing whatever was selling at the time, and changing various titles to other titles that were selling. For example, we had a Western comic called *Saddle Justice*. Joe Simon and Jack Kirby came out with a romance that started to sell, so we changed it to *Saddle Romance*. But we were following the leader. I had discussions with Bill in which I urged that we no longer follow the leader, that we be leader—let's do our own thing. We chatted about what we loved when we were kids, and I remember sitting on the steps of my home with my brother listening to *LIGHTS OUT* and *THE WITCH'S TALE* on radio, and having gone to see the first *Frankenstein* and *Dracula* movies. I said, "Why don't we do horror?" He said, "Well, let's try it." So he let me do *The Crypt of Terror* and *The Vault of*

Horror and something called *The Witch's Cauldron*.

SS: Where did these appear?

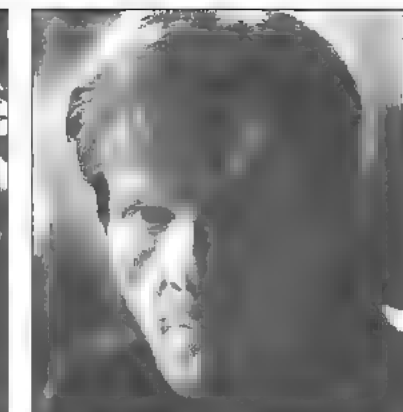
AF: The first was in a *Crime Patrol* magazine. It was announced that we were trying out a new trend, and we did that for two issues. Then the mail started to come in, and the magazine sold better, so we immediately changed *Crime Patrol* to *The Crypt of Terror*, and *War Against Crime*, the other one, into *The Vault of Horror*. And that's how they were born. *The Crypt of Terror* was then changed to *Tales From the Crypt*, and I'll be damned if I remember why!

SS: Did you have any idea of the power of the stories you were creating, or that they were eventually going to incur the wrath of the United States Senate?

AF: No. We were putting out these comic books kind of as an amusement of our own, kind of as an easy way to make a buck. But it was fun. Sure, we stepped over the bounds of good taste once in a while, but that was only out of desperation to get a story, 'cause Bill and I were writing four stories a week. He and I would plot them, and I would write the story directly on the large boards, which would be lettered and turned over to the artist. We were writing what we thought were better stories than had ever appeared in comics before, more adult. We had no idea this [subcommittee] debacle would happen, and when it did we were completely mystified as to what they were trying to do to us—mainly, put us out of business,

Continued on page 109





PAGE 22: It's a scar-studded premiere when the Crypt Keeper himself attends the bloody opening of the first **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** feature film: **DEMON KNIGHT**. The movie highlights a new and improved Crypt Keeper puppet. **LEFT:** In **DEMON KNIGHT**, Billy Zane represents Good—or is it Evil? **CENTER:** Salesman (Billy Zane) dances with demons. **RIGHT:** In **DEMON KNIGHT**, William Sadler represents Evil—or is it Good? **NEXT PAGE:** Cinematographer turned director Ernest Dickerson discusses an upcoming scene with a demon (Kay Kimler). The film's mythology, according to Dickerson, "is definitely Lovecraftian."

DEMON KNIGHT

Continued from page 22

Bishop, also wrote the script for **DEMON KNIGHT**. "We really had to start with something more geared to the feature realm and then make it more 'Cryptian.'"

This does not mean, however, that the picture's comic-book roots are being ignored. For one thing, the Crypt Keeper will be back as usual to tease-and-tag the story, and the producers promise a new and improved giggling ghoul. According to Katz, the goal is to make the audience really believe he is a real, live (sort of) person. Adler elaborates: "The Crypt Keeper, since his television debut, is now capable of walking and doing things that people do. An important part of us moving from the television show to the big screen is that we need to convince everyone that the Crypt Keeper is alive... he's not a puppet run by six people!"

Adler also credits director Ernest Dickerson, best-known as a cinematographer, for maintaining a comics-style look. "In this really strong visual style that Ernest has, there's a comic-book feel to the way he handles the action, which is terrific," he notes.

Those who know Dickerson only as Spike Lee's lighting cameraman or from his previous directorial effort, the 'hood drama **JUICE** (1992), might be surprised to find him helming a supernatural horror film. But the articulate, bearlike director soon proves himself to be a true fan of the genre—and the original E. C. horror comics—with an encyclopedic knowledge of horror fiction and films. "I always wanted to do something in the fantastic genre as a director," Dickerson says. "I had been looking through a bunch of scripts and a lot of them I didn't like. But this one I liked. It had a good, mythic structure and good characters, and I felt it was a chance to make a good, scary movie."

It was the mythos that particularly attracted Dickerson: "We were able to create a mythology that's based on the fact that we don't know everything," he says. "What is good and evil? What is the devil? We don't know. And using that, we were able to take it a little further and create our own sense of the cosmos and what runs it. The idea, the treatment, is definitely Lovecraftian."

The mythology of **DEMON KNIGHT** postulates that something was lurking in the Darkness even before

God created Light, something that has engaged in a war for supremacy ever since. This battle has ultimately been whittled down to a high-stakes standoff between the representatives of Good and Evil, played by Billy Zane and William Sadler—only the trick is you don't initially know which is which. The setting for this titanic conflict is a dilapidated mission-cum-motel out in the middle of the New Mexico desert. Here, an assortment of characters find themselves trapped for the final siege.

"Another thing that attracted me to the script was that it's a very confined setting," says Dickerson. "In this funky place out in the middle of nowhere, a battle is being waged to decide the fate of the world, and there are a bunch of people caught up in it who didn't have to be caught up in it. The classic situation comes from **THE THING** and **PRECINCT 13** and **ALIEN**, and it's always great."

The trapees in this "Cosmic Alamo" (producer Katz's term) include actors CCH Pounder, Jada Pinkett, Brenda Bakke, Charles Fleischer, John Schuck, and horror film veteran Dick Miller.

"I play Uncle Willy," laughed Miller. "kind of an old drunk who becomes a demon and gets his head chopped off. It's not bad, but the head keeps slipping. And the body keeps slipping..."

But not together?

"Yeah, it's kind of like divorce. The ultimate in Hollywood separations!"

With its three-story facade, atrium-like lobby, balcony rooms, and working kitchen, the Mission set is an elaborate and rather awesome creation. It is also the primary reason filming is being done inside a stifling, non-soundproofed airplane hangar instead of on a studio soundstage or in one of the converted warehouses that house the **CRYPT** TV units. No available studio or warehouse was big enough to contain the massive set. As it is, the top of the Mission's bell tower nearly scrapes the ceiling of the hangar. (Okay, sure, it's also considerably cheaper to film here.)

On this day, Dickerson has closed the doors of the Mission to all but necessary crew, in order to shoot a tricky action scene involving Miller, Pounder, and Zane, with special effects and firearms. Klieg "lightning" flashes over the walls of the smoke-filled structure, as

actors' voices rise in carefully rehearsed conflict. In another part of the hangar, a second unit is painstakingly setting up an effects shot in which a magical symbol appears in the palm of a man's hand. (The rune itself will be added later through CGI animation.)

Elsewhere in the cavernous makeshift studio is a strikingly realistic cave/labyrinth set and a disarmingly simple representation of the desert at night, using a black curtain and some sand. As with all movie sets, things are never truly at rest. Off to one side, a stuntman practices a leap on a mini-tramp, in between takes, while a bloody body stops briefly to check out the munchies at the cast-and-crew snack table.

The most spectacular effect of the day is the shooting of a ghastly demon, played by stunt performer Kay Kimler. The script calls for the demon to take two gunshots to the head, accomplished through the standard squib method. What makes the stunt touchy is the proximity of the explosions to the actress' face. Decked out in green-and-yellow body prosthetics that make her look like a camouflaged corpse, Kimler has her eyes covered with tape for protection, rendering her completely blind. "I come from a dance/theater background, so I'm using my feet to mark positions so I can keep coming up to the right spot for the camera," Kimler says. A team of makeup and special effects artists carefully place the wired demon head over Kimler's own, and she is led to her mark. Relying on verbal cues from the second-unit director and her support team, Kimler runs through the action several times, lastly for Dickerson, who has momentarily left his siege at the Mission set to give instructions to his demon. When

all is ready, a clear—and obviously cold food thickener is slothered over Kimler's body, giving the demon a slimy appearance. The assistant director calls for everyone to stand back—there is a very real chance of an onlooker getting hit with a flying piece of demon.

The cameras finally roll; the squibs are fired, the rubber demon head explodes in two places, revealing a green glowing brain, and Kimler perfectly mimes the outrage of the demon through the articulated head. It has gone off without a hitch, and one leaves the set alternately anxious to see the effect on screen and convinced that there has to be an easier way to make a living.

Scheduled for February release, DEMON KNIGHT is just the first of three proposed TALES FROM THE CRYPT features. Gilbert Adler is set to direct the next one, which will feature a script by him and Alan Katz. "That one is a little bit more Gothic, perhaps classical, in the way of ROSEMARY'S BABY or THE OMEN," hints Katz. "It's about a man who is trying to deal with something in his past, and his past is coming back to get him."

Meanwhile, the Crypt Keeper will be kept plenty busy with a new season of TALES FROM THE CRYPT for television, and there is no end in sight to the supply of comics-born stories. "There are 613 comics in the various collections that we deal with," notes Katz, "and we've done 65, so someday maybe we'll get there."

Michael Mallory has written for everything from the Washington Post to Soap Opera Digest. He is the former editor of Animation Magazine.

Photo: Peter Sorel



Inside The Skull

Scarlet Street pays tribute to the late, great Robert Bloch and the film based on his short story, "The Skull of the Marquis de Sade."

by Paul M. Jensen

Robert Bloch's short story "The Skull of the Marquis de Sade" initially appeared in the September 1945 issue of *Weird Tales* magazine. Twenty years later, Amicus Productions turned it into *THE SKULL*, an almost flawless supernatural thriller. Released in 1965, the film stars Peter Cushing as Christopher Maitland, who adds de Sade's skull to his collection of black magic objects and is destroyed by the demonic spirits inhabiting it. Producer Milton Subotsky's screenplay elaborates effectively on Bloch's plot, and director Freddie Francis employs visual style to evoke unseen, nameless powers, using mood and suggestion to escalate the viewer's dread. *THE SKULL*'s subtle, atmospheric images blend completely with the story—indeed, they virtually become the story—to create a truly cinematic whole that taps into our own fears of the unknown.

Bloch's story begins as a shady dealer named Marco arrives at Maitland's house to sell the exotic relic. With the plot instantly set in motion, Bloch has little room for characterization, so Maitland starts out as an irritably impatient man who embodies the "quivering eagerness" of a collector whose obsession already almost controls him. The arrival of the skull merely exaggerates Maitland's prior state. The story takes for granted "the dormant baseness in every man's soul" which responds to "the loathsome lust which poured from the death's-head in waves." Bloch's Maitland is never a sympathetic figure because he has nothing to change from or to lose.

The film adaptation gives Maitland a wife (Jill Bennett) and, as he interacts with her and with others before the skull enters his world, we discover a reasonable, stable researcher convinced of his own rationality and self-control. The dialogue clearly implies this quality, which is reinforced by the presence of Peter Cushing, who so readily conveys inherent decency. The film thus adds subtlety and conflict, turning Maitland into a battlefield, the site of an intense struggle against corrupt, destructive forces that invade and seek to dominate his innately moral nature—a struggle which, despite his ultimate death, Maitland in fact wins.

In the story, Marco mentions that a phrenologist originally exhumed and examined the skull, which then passed into the hands of a Dr. Londe. This prompts the filmmakers to add a prologue depicting the phrenologist's actions, which grabs the viewer's interest and hints at the skull's powers right away. As a result, fearful anticipation permeates the air, even though the skull does not return until several scenes later. Also in the story, Maitland discusses the skull with its previous owner, his friend and fellow collector, Sir Fitzhugh Kissroy. Subotsky renames this man Sir Matthew Phillips and gives him three additional scenes (thereby making the role large enough to accommodate Christopher Lee as a guest star).

THE SKULL's first modern day scene, set at an auction, introduces the three central characters: Maitland, Sir Matthew, and Marco. Francis links these men visually after Sir Matthew examines some books, and the camera follows the volumes to Maitland, while Marco (Patrick Wymark) hovers behind him, keeping a careful watch. When bidding starts on four statuettes of demons, Sir Matthew compulsively offers far more than they are worth. (One of these statuettes will fig-

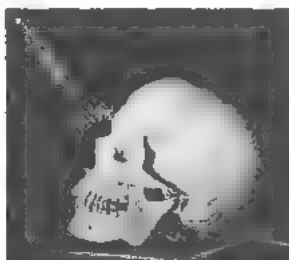
ure prominently in later events, despite not being present in the original story.) Francis' staging emphasizes Sir Matthew by placing him in very tight closeup as he stares intently, oblivious of the others clearly visible in the background. Here, and throughout the film, the director makes thorough use of the wide anamorphic ratio, filling the screen with important figures or objects, setting up relationships within a single composition, leaving no space unused. Francis' adaptability to this sometimes awkward screen shape may explain why *THE SKULL* is not as generally admired as it should be, for the film's virtues are less evident in its panned-and-scanned video version.

Soon after the auction, Marco pays one of his frequent visits to Maitland's study. Maitland's wife, who obviously dislikes Marco, enters the room first to announce his arrival, and the way Francis handles her and Marco's entrances is worth noting. After the wife steps into the room, Francis cuts directly to a long shot of Maitland; the woman then walks into the shot and their conversation begins. This simple, efficient presentation contrasts sharply with Marco's entrance shortly after. When he comes in, the camera moves across the room with him, as statuettes and the contents of a glass display case pass in the foreground. This establishes a new mood and creates a subtle link between the visitor and the black magic paraphernalia that is his stock-in-trade. With these two entrances, Francis visually contrasts the normal, everyday world of Maitland and his wife with the more exotic one associated with Marco.

Subotsky takes Bloch's brief reference to a book bound in human skin, which Maitland has in his collection, and creates a scene in which Marco sells it to Maitland. This gives the film a chance to develop the characters and their situations before plunging ahead with the main plot: We learn about Maitland's researches, about the objects and layout of the room, and about Marco's function. Because the book is a biography of de Sade, Marco offers some needed facts about the man, facts that Bloch had provided in the form of Maitland's thoughts. The scene also places the book in Maitland's hands, for use in the climax.

Only afterward does Marco return with the skull, and the film joins the short story's start. As Marco explains the object's history, we return to the prologue's events, which had been left tantalizingly incomplete: The phrenologist has been found dead, and the executor of his estate, Dr. Londe (George Coulouris), is forced by the skull to stab the man's mistress. At this point, Francis films a shot from the skull's point of view, so that we see the characters through its eye sockets. This is an understandable attempt to give the inert object an aura of awareness, but it feels contrived and obvious. However, Francis then employs the device as a transition by changing what is seen through the sockets from the woman's body and Dr. Londe to Marco and Maitland. This establishes a continuity between past and present and makes viewers feel the undiminished strength of the forces residing within the skull.

Later, when the skull becomes Maitland's antagonist, Francis uses this camera position again. "Because it was my idea and because it was a peculiar personal thing," explained Francis in *Little Shoppe of Horrors* magazine, "I in fact operated the camera on those





LEFT: The notorious Marquis de Sade gives head for the last time when a phrenologist (Maurice Good) digs up the sensualist's noggin in *THE SKULL* (1965). **CENTER:** Two heads aren't always better than one. **RIGHT:** The phrenologist interrupts his mistress (April Olrich) in her bath . . .

shots," using a handheld camera with a large skull mock-up mounted on the front. At times the skull had to follow the characters' movements, so Francis wore roller skates and had himself pushed around. (During the shooting of these scenes, the director's wife gave birth to a daughter, so Francis rushed to the hospital and roller-skated down the corridor to pay a visit!)

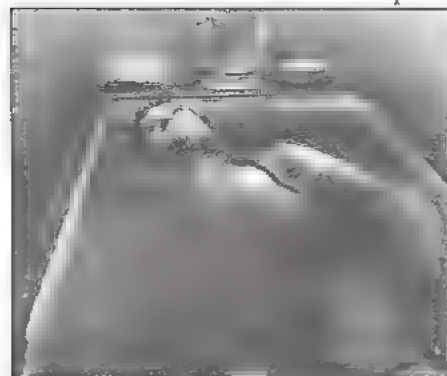
Much of the dialogue during Marco's second visit, including his willingness to lower his price and Maitland's decision not to buy the skull, derives directly from Bloch's story. Bloch then has Maitland suffer a paranoid dream, but the film saves that for later and moves directly to Maitland's conversation with Sir Matthew. Francis begins this scene with a medium long shot of Maitland standing in a room decorated with strange objects. He stares forward intently. The image is bathed in an eerie glare that creates a peculiar, unsettling effect. Maitland appears to be in another reality, one linked with the power of the book and the skull. Still concentrating, he bends forward, and the camera retreats. This shift removes the glare, which we now realize came from some overhanging lamps, and we see that Maitland is merely playing a game of snooker. This shot is much more than a cheap attempt to trick the viewer. It is, in fact, a brilliant way of bypassing explicit external reality to depict the supernatural aura that surrounds the unsuspecting character.

Having Maitland and Sir Matthew play snooker gives the scene some action not present in the story and develops the sense of the men's friendship that we first felt at the auction. (It also influenced Francis' decisions

about camera position and movement, for he had to disguise the fact that neither Cushing nor Lee could play well.) Subotsky made one significant change in the characters' dialogue: Sir Fitzhugh's claim that human members of secret cults had broken into his home to worship the skull becomes Sir Matthew's assertion that "spirits from a strange, evil world" had made use of it. This feeds directly into the film's climax, which emphasizes unseen supernatural forces that combine with the skull's own actions, whereas the story involves no such forces. Without this alteration, the film's visual virtues and its emotional power would be lost. Because the skull and those spirits needed one of the demon statuettes, they had compelled Sir Matthew to buy it at the auction. Sir Matthew had also felt a call to join in the ceremonies. Maitland responds that he wouldn't resist. "Make a good chapter for one of my books," he declares, with glib confidence.

This scene marks the plot's turning point: The exposition is over and the situation established. The rest of the film—fully half of it—follows Maitland's growing entrapment by the Forces of Evil. Only now, in the film but not the short story, does the skull start to take control. While Maitland sits in his study reading the de Sade biography, the spectral forces assert themselves through the objects that fill the room. In a series of splendidly conceived shots, these occult artifacts hover large in the foreground, while Maitland, oblivious, remains a smaller, helpless background figure. Francis isolates him in the precarious security of a tiny pool of light, while masks and blades loom authoritatively in

LEFT: . . . and winds up taking a bath himself. **CENTER:** Dr. Londe (George Coulouris), the executor of the phrenologist's estate, examines the skull of the Marquis de Sade. **RIGHT:** Exercising its evil power, the skull forces Dr. Londe to murder the phrenologist's mistress (April Olrich).



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LEFT: Hammer veterans Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing were reunited for Amicus' *THE SKULL* (1965). RIGHT: Cushing and Lee fake a game of snooker for director Freddie Francis. NEXT PAGE: Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee were forever killing one another on screen. This time, it's Cushing's turn.

the surrounding gloom. Some shots begin with a close view of an object, then shift horizontally or vertically to bring Maitland into view. These compositions and movements, and the overall rhythm as each shot dissolves into the next, impart a throbbing sentience to the inanimate decor, as if the forms were joining in a massed infusion of power.

This scene, with its full-bodied relish of dreamlike images, was something that Francis "thoroughly enjoyed" making, "because it was truly a visual telling of a story." The results, he said in a 1967 interview, were obtained partially by selecting the right person to dress the set, and "then letting him run riot. I always like to have my sets, when I go onto them, mildly overdressed so I can pick out the best prop to use to make a particular point. On this occasion we had somebody who could understand everything there was to know about black magic, and we were inundated with various objects which we were able to use. In fact, I could have gone on creating various scenes within Peter Cushing's study for the rest of my life and enjoying it. It was one of the things that works out just right on a picture!" These shots lead unobtrusively into Maitland's dream, so that we never actually see him fall asleep.

In Bloch's story, the dream involves two masked and black-robed men who whip Maitland, and then place him in an iron maiden; as the torture chamber's lid closes on his face, Maitland realizes that it contains not the usual spikes, but the demonic skull. Revived after this ordeal, he looks in a mirror and sees, reflected back at him, the skull where his own head should be. The film retains the idea of such a dream, but discards all of Bloch's details. Seemingly influenced by Alfred Hitchcock's *THE WRONG MAN* (1957), and possibly Orson Welles' 1963 version of Kafka's *The Trial*, Subotsky and Francis have two trench-coated, taciturn "policemen" invade the security of Maitland's home and whisk him away to a large, bare hall, where a judge makes him play Russian roulette three times. Surviving, he is locked in a small room. Smoke enters, and the walls

start to press together. About to be crushed, Maitland sees the skull float toward him—and awakens standing in the hallway near Marco's room.

This sequence begins with matter-of-fact realism, so one is not at first certain that it is a dream, and it successfully evokes the terror of irrational events. When he wakes, Maitland does not know how he got to Marco's building, a situation not present in Bloch's story and one that adds an eerie, disturbing overtone. Evidently Maitland has been "summoned" by the skull, but the dream events themselves relate vaguely to the rest of the film, embodying in only a general way the fear and guilt aroused by contact with supernatural evil. In fact, the film's dream events seem arbitrary and familiar, whereas Bloch's dream has Maitland merge with the skull, creating an apt image of its powers entering the man.

Maitland returns home. Deciding to buy the skull, he returns, only to find Marco dead. Bloch had given Marco a guard dog, which Maitland shoots and which he assumes killed its master, but the film omits that detail and offers no explanation for the death. Maitland hides the skull in a hall closet. He then notifies the police and, during a short scene with two added characters, an inspector (Nigel Green) and a doctor (Patrick Magee), we learn that Marco's jugular vein (like that of the phrenologist) was "bitten clean through." After another short scene, this one with Sir Matthew, Maitland tries to retrieve the skull. Confronted by the building's caretaker, Bert Travers (Peter Woodthorpe), also an added character, Maitland pushes the man through a railing and he falls to his death. Francis follows this with a closeup of the skull, cinematically implying a connection between it and Maitland's actions. Until now Maitland was only a thief, but in an instant he has entered another level of evil.

When Maitland takes possession of the skull, Bloch's story is almost over. As the character starts to fall asleep, he realizes that Marco's dog had no blood on its muzzle, so it probably hadn't killed its owner. Maitland himself is then killed as the skull rolls along the floor, grasps the bedsheet with its teeth and swings up, and then rolls onto his chest and bites his throat. The film wisely discards Bloch's surprise about the dog not killing Marco, and removes the absurd image of

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the rolling, swinging skull. Instead, it develops Maitland's struggle with the skull's power into a prolonged, highly visual sequence of intense, atmospheric scenes.

As Maitland locks the skull in a glass display case, a closeup of his new possession includes Maitland's own reflection, which indelibly links the two and depicts the man ensnared by the object's power. Still unaware of his own vulnerability, Maitland sits down to observe. The window curtains blow inward. Items on a small table fall to the floor. The key in the display case turns, and the skull floats across the room and onto the table, settling next to the book about de Sade. (The sight of the skull floating through the air is probably too literal. Francis felt compelled by commercial pressures to show it—but it is far less awkward than some of the movements described in the story.)

In a trance, Maitland leaves the room to steal the statuette from Sir Matthew. Interrupted, he kills his friend, using as his weapon the figure of a demon who—in the auctioneer's words—"tempts men to be quarrelsome and contentious and to commit murder." Back in his study, Maitland completes the table setting with the statuette. The skull then impels him to pick up a knife that had once belonged to wife-murderer Gilles de Raix. Still dazed, Maitland enters his wife's bedroom and raises the knife above her sleeping body, presumably to sacrifice her as part of the skull's ritual. Here, Francis dramatizes the struggle within Maitland by intercutting closeups of the skull (in the next room), the woman's face, the cross around her neck, and Maitland himself. Finally, Maitland shakes off the skull's control. Having won the battle, he returns the skull to the case, hangs a cross from the key, and goes to his own bedroom. As he does so, his mirrored reflection shatters, presaging his doom.

The Forces of Evil mass again, and the empty study comes to life. The windows blow open, candles light on their own, the skull crashes out through the glass (this time we do not see it move), and Maitland is drawn back to the room. When he reenters, we see him through the shattered glass of the case; in another of the director's many fine, graphic images, a knife-sharp piece of splintered glass hovers at the top of the frame, then falls. Again Maitland grasps the knife, but again he wins the struggle, thrusting the blade through the eye of the skull and into the table.

The skull now takes complete control of the house and sets about punishing its rebellious victim. As Maitland returns to his bedroom, an hourglass inverts, setting the time of his death. He finds the knife in his pillow; the door refuses to open, trapping him within; the walls begin to vibrate. In terror, Maitland screams and bangs on the door, but outside the room all appears normal and nothing can be heard. As the sand in the hourglass runs out, the skull floats toward him and the scene ends.

The next morning, Maitland's wife discovers his body. In the final scene, the inspector and doctor remark that his throat had been torn out, like Marco's. Could there be a connection, such as witchcraft, one of them wonders. "Not in this day and age," the other replies—in a shot filmed through the skull's eye sockets. This irony may be familiar, but Francis serves it up in a neatly cinematic form, with the image contradicting the dialogue.

In almost all respects, Milton Subotsky's script takes Bloch's brief tale and extends it with skill and integrity; it also transforms Bloch's patented "punch line" finale, which works better on the printed page than it would have on screen, into a progression that is subtler and more meaningful in its relationship to the central character. Still, the script was an unusually short one. Thanks to Francis' ability to convey plot and create atmosphere visually, a 63-page screenplay became an 83-minute feature. (By way of contrast, the screenplay of 1958's 82-minute *HORROR OF DRACULA* was 106 pages long.) "The script needed a good deal of bolstering," Francis recalled in a 1974 interview, "and I put a lot of that material about black magic into it on the set." In the process, he "got terribly involved" in all the atmospheric elements. "I had a tremendous amount of freedom and it gave me something I really love, and that's lots of nice camera moves, because so much of the picture was purely and simply atmosphere." Not surprisingly, *THE SKULL* is one of the films that Francis prefers among his own works.

Strangely, Milton Subotsky has claimed (in John Brosnan's *The Horror People*) that "we really made the picture in the cutting room.... The plot, for some reason, didn't work. So we began to put it together in a different way and the whole last part of it, from the time Cushing gets the skull, is now made up of little bits and pieces of film that were shot for a different reason.... We actually reconstructed the whole last four reels out of teeny trims and bits and pieces of film." Because these four reels constitute nearly half the film, it is hard to imagine where those bits and pieces came from. A careful look at the scenes reveals only two

Continued on page 109



REBEL HIGHWAY

Showtime's rebellious
new series is really
The Wild One

by Vincent Barajas



Black leather and dragstrip racing! Drive-in movies, black leather, and plenty of angst-ridden teenage rebels without causes. Tight angora sweaters, the infancy of rock 'n' roll, and . . . hey, man! Did I mention black leather?

The Showtime cable network, working in conjunction with Drive-In Classics, and aided and abetted by a shady all-star director lineup that includes Joe Dante, Robert Rodriguez, Mary Lambert, William Friedkin, Allan Arkush, and Ralph Bakshi—as well as a certain producer named Arkoff—are bringing back the 1950s (and the glory that was American International Pictures) '90s style.

REBEL HIGHWAY is an original series of Showtime features, set in the Eisenhower era, which give us an exploitative peep into the high-octane days of reckless youth on a fast track to nowhere; when the influence of Fats Domino, Bill Haley, and Chuck Berry was morphing the sweet young teen-somethings of America into "sex hungry, beer drinking, road-racing werewolves."

Producer Lou Arkoff, the son of Sam (AIP founder Samuel, that is), and his associates Debra Hill, David Giler, and Willie Kutner first opened the new highway on a hot summer night last August, and new REBEL films premiered weekly through September thereafter.

The features are all based on actual Drive-In masterworks of the '50s; though in most cases they've taken little save for their titles from their forebears. The series features a mixed bag of drama, action, comedy, and camp, and mostly strives to update its '50s namesakes while retaining their spirit and imbuing them with a more contemporary '90s edge.

Some of the revamped titles include ROAD RACERS; MOTORCYCLE GANG; DRAGSTRIP GIRL; JAILBREAK-

ERS; SHAKE, RATTLE AND ROCK, and RUNAWAY DAUGHTERS. (What? No one bothered to remake Ed Wood Jr.'s THE SINISTER URGE?)

In Joe Dante's terrific take on RUNAWAY DAUGHTERS, we follow along as three teenage suburbanite chicks (played winningly by Julie Bowen, Holly Fields, and Jenny Lewis) take it on the lam. Bored with, angered by, or otherwise fed up with their humdrum lives; they give authority the manicured finger, permanently borrow a car, and head for the California hills on a mission to find a runaway husband-to-be (an amusing performance by Chris Young).

This Thelma and Louises-like romp is also noteworthy for its many surprise cameos. Dante, the director of 1993's William Castle tribute MATINEE (among many other genre films) makes no attempt to hide his passionate love for '50s B movies. This time out, he's provided roles for such cult-cinema veterans as former teen idol Fabian; character actor Dabbs Greer; former head of the Addams Family John Astin; legendary film producer/director Roger Corman and real-life Mrs. Corman, Julie, as a couple of zoned out Ward and June Cleaver clones, who look like they've spent one hour too many inhaling lighter fluid by the barbecue grill; ol' Sam Arkoff himself; and '50s survivor/favorite Dick Miller, who looks pretty much the same as he did when he spilled A BUCKET OF BLOOD on moviegoers 36 years ago.

Also worthy of mention are Mary Lambert's DRAGSTRIP GIRL and Robert Rodriguez's excellent ROAD RACERS. With at least one cable Ace award for excellence on her mantle, Lambert got to "raise some hell" directing Stephen King's PET SEMETARY and its sequel, and has also given cues to the likes of Madonna and Mick Jagger for some classic MTV clips. For DRAGSTRIP GIRL, the director took a big step backwards from the in-your-face music video age, to a simpler time when

Vincent Barajas is a film student and journalist at Austin's University of Texas.

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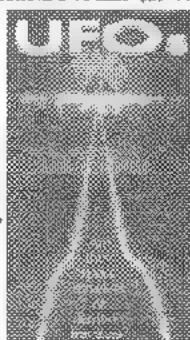


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LEFT: Mark Dacascos is Johnny and Natasha Gregson Wagner is Laura, better known as a DRAGSTRIP GIRL. **CENTER:** Chris Young plays runaway father Bob Randolph in RUNAWAY DAUGHTERS. **RIGHT:** Bob's parents are played by real-life husband and wife Roger and Julie Corman.

Ricky Nelson 45s were all the rage. The story is an old classic: Hunky Latino from the boondocks (DOUBLE DRAGON's Mark Dacascos) pines after white-bred beauty from society's upper crust (in this case, title character Natasha Gregson Wagner, most recently seen helping BUFFY slay vampires).

In the end, it all comes down to a fatal drag race between Dacascos and Christopher Crabb (playing the boring boyfriend from the right side of the tracks). By no coincidence, the enrapturing Gregson Wagner is none other than the real-life daughter of Robert Wagner and

Natalie Wood—who once, as you may recall, watched a cinematic boyfriend of her own take a similar race.

DRAGSTRIP GIRL also features former adolescent porn starlet Traci Lords (NOT OF THIS EARTH) as Dacascos' way-oversexed aunt, and some of the best tunes the series has to offer. The rousing "Lights Out," performed by Los Lobos and used to open and close the film, sounds not too dissimilar to Pearl Jam's "Animal." (REBEL HIGHWAY has spawned a not-to-be-missed A&M soundtrack collection called FAST TRACK TO NOWHERE; containing such cuts as Iggy Pop's "C'mon

LEFT: Paul Rudd is bad boy Jimmy and Julie Bowen is restless Angie in RUNAWAY DAUGHTERS, directed by Joe Dante. **CENTER:** Howie Mandel plays ultra-hip D. J. Danny in SHAKE, RATTLE AND ROCK. **RIGHT:** Tony (Antonio Sabato, Jr.) is one of several JAILBREAKERS who find trouble in the form of Angel (Shannen Doherty).



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former soap hunk (and current EARTH II resident) Antonio Sabato, Jr. as bad boy Tony, and Adrienne Barbeau (currently providing the purrs for Catwoman on *BATMAN: THE ANIMATED SERIES*) and Vince "Ben Casey" Edwards as Mom and Pop.

Allan Akrush, director of the cult classic *ROCK 'N' ROLL HIGH SCHOOL* and one-time stage crewman for the Grateful Dead, ventures into familiar territory for his series entry—*SHAKE, RATTLE, AND ROCK*. It's the story of a group of rock enthusiasts (led by Renee Zellweger) trying to help a talented black girl singing group (fronted by Latanya Baldwin) get their feet in the door. Also fighting the good fight against racial prejudice: comedian Howie Mandel as a hipster TV rock show host. (Incidentally, the original 1956 AIP version of *SHAKE* played at better drive-ins everywhere on a double bill with . . . *RUNAWAY DAUGHTERS*.)

REBEL HIGHWAY is a well-constructed anthology set in the days when anthologies reigned. With its efficacious directors, nostalgic touches, and stars both new and old, it's sure to win over many a '90s fan with its '50s sensibilities.

Every film in the series is dedicated to the memories of James H. Nicholson and Lou Rusoff (Sam Arkoff's late partners), and the films are often successful in capturing the spirit of those producers' early efforts.

For those (ahem!) mature enough to have seen the original motion pictures in their first run, *REBEL HIGHWAY* is a nicely-paved stretch of Memory Lane. For younger viewers, it's a reminder that cool movies were made prior to *STAR WARS*.

Go swipe the keys to your old man's car now! The Highway's waitin'!



Everybody," The Smithereens' "The Stroll," Meat Puppets' "The House of Blue Lights," and The Neville Brothers' bouncy "Let the Good Times Roll." It's available wherever fine LPs used to be sold.)

Robert (EL MARIACHI) Rodriguez directs and co-writes the series' most powerful entry: *ROADRACERS*

As Dude, newcomer David Arquette stars and comes closest to striking the balance between "immovable" and "irresistible" that Marlon Brando had back when he was a wild one. Arquette is torn: Should he remain loyal to his loving girlfriend (Salma Hayek) and his music, or should he give in to the bully tactics of the sheriff (*DIE HARD 2*'s William Sadler in an intense role), who just happens to be an old enemy of the family?

Fast pacing, great performances, and the rare ingredient of originality (Rodriguez must have been absent on the day they taught filmmakers how to fall back on cliches) make this entry a must for all rebel movie fans.

Incidentally, Arquette's bud Nixer (played with demented gusto by John Hawkes) not only gets the film's most hilarious lines, but cops a surprise meeting with the star of his favorite flick (Kevin McCarthy in a wonderfully affectionate *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS* tribute: "It's not a saucer movie! It's a warning!").

Star-powered, too, is William Friedkin's *JAILBREAKERS*, featuring Shannen Doherty as a (slightly) less bitchy teen than she portrayed on *BEVERLY HILLS 90210*.

ABOVE. Kevin McCarthy is still looking for pod people in *ROADRACERS*. **RIGHT:** Julie Bowen, Holly Fields, and Jenny Lewis play *RUNAWAY DAUGHTERS*.



Four decades after his tragic death on September 30, 1955, James Dean is having one of the busiest years of his career.

James Dean, the quintessential teenage rebel, the icon of inarticulate angst, the unlucky owner of an aluminum-bodied Porsche Spyder 550 dubbed the Little Bastard....

Dean scorched movie screens with his white-hot talent in starring roles in a mere three films—EAST OF EDEN (1955), REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE (1955), and GIANT (1956), the last two released following the Little Bastard's fatal encounter with a tank-like Ford sedan driven by Donald Turnupseed—but the 24-year-old star accomplished more with those three films than most stars do with a dozen.

Or two dozen.

Or a hundred.

Dean's acting brought him stardom—his death, ironically, immortality. What better evidence of his imperishable appeal than the fact that yet another James Dean biography, Paul Alexander's *Boulevard of Broken Dreams* (Viking) is currently selling like hotcakes, while Hollywood, scrambling to shroud the book's allegations of Dean's homosexuality, is racing to the screen with two competing biopics—Warner Bros.' JAMES DEAN and the independent JAMES DEAN: AN AMERICAN LEGEND.

If Alexander's book tells the true story of its subject's sexuality, then both biopics will bear as much relation to the realities of Dean's life as NIGHT AND DAY (1946) and WORDS AND MUSIC (1948) did to the lives of, respectively, Cole Porter and Larry Hart.

In Hollywood, some things never change.

Monroe. Presley.

Dean. Legends are what become Hollywood most. Naturally, it's the Dean Legend that La La Land wishes to perpetuate, which is precisely why Paul Alexander's biography has put Tinseltown in a tizzy.

"I wrote the book between the summer of 1991 and mid-1994," says Alexander, "but I've always had a deep admiration for Dean's work. I was hoping that, by writing about him, I would come to understand him more as an artist. I'm not as fascinated with the legend that developed as I am with Dean as an actor."

Israe. Horovitz, the award-winning playwright and scenarist who has scripted Warners' biopic, shares that fascination.

"My script predominantly deals with the extraordinary ability that Dean had to make his film roles seem autobiographical," says Horovitz. "Look at the three movies and you'd think that he wrote them, that they were personal films about his life. He brought such an emotional reality to his work. To reduce his life to his sexuality—that's not what defined James Dean. And the fact that he was private about it makes me want to be private about it and respect him."

Since Horovitz's script places Dean in bed with several women and focuses on the actor's romance with actress Pier Angeli, a romance which Paul Alexander claims was more a product of studio hype than anything else, the question arises: What part of James Dean's private life does Israel Horovitz want to keep private?

Hollywood being Hollywood, it's the usual part.

"Things were a lot different in 1954 than they are now," says Horovitz. "If Dean were gay in 1995, then

he would simply be gay, I'm sure.

But I don't think we'll ever really know, and I don't particularly care. Dean made a public statement that I thought was a good one: When he was asked if he was homosexual, he said, 'No, I'm not, but I'm also not going through life with one hand tied behind my back.' That's as clear a statement as you need."

Paul Alexander sees the Warners project as yet another example of closet mentality. "I've been quite vocal in my criticism of the picture, because I don't believe that it is going to deal with James Dean, the person. It's more a perpetuation of the Dean Legend. I think it's time for us to get beyond that. The legend is important, it's fascinating, but if you're going to do a picture about a person's life, then you have to deal with the person as he was. It just seems silly not to do that in 1995."

Elsewhere, JAMES DEAN: AN AMERICAN LEGEND takes a more limited view of sex under the Stars than even Horovitz, whose script at least hints that Dean may have warmed a bed with a boy or two, if only when accompanied by a woman—usually television horror-hostess Vampira. (For her part, Vampira, aka Maila Nurmi, denies ever having sex with Dean, alone or with a backup group.) According to a spokesperson

The Mysteries of James Dean by Drew Sullivan



LEFT: James Dean during the making of *GIANT* (1956). RIGHT: Dean with Pier Angeli, the "great romance of his life"—according to Hollywood. NEXT PAGE: Is the notorious photo really the Rebel Without His Clothes?

for the Alan Hauge film, *AN AMERICAN LEGEND* concerns homosexuality "only in the sense that Jimmy wrote that he was gay on his draft form in order to get out of the draft. By all indications, he wasn't gay. That was hyped up by Hollywood, especially after his death, and by rumors from different friends."

AN AMERICAN LEGEND's people are quick to point out that the Hauge production, not Warners, has the approval and "official authorization" of Dean's relatives, and they contend that the rival biopic plans to exploit Dean's nonexistent homosexuality. "Warners is aiming to do something about that in

their film. They're planning on focusing a lot on that. But we have had numerous interviews with Jimmy's closest friends, and most said that it's absolutely not true. There were a couple who said it was true, but that was to their own purposes."

Alexander was also wary of those who have sought to hitch their wagon to a star. "After someone dies, everyone who bumped into that person at a party suddenly becomes his best friend. Vampira's one of them. Jimmy didn't even particularly like her; she wouldn't have been what he was about."

Continued on page 40

LEFT: James Dean and Richard Davalos in a scene from *EAST OF EDEN* (1955) that was cut due to its homoerotic element. RIGHT: Tab Hunter visits Dean on the set of *REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE* (1955).







by Robert R. Rees

Vampira! The exotic name conjures up misty memories of a voluptuous 1950s horror hostess. Curiously, Maila Nurmi (Vampira's real name) continues to exude a mysterious aura, due in large part to her association with Edward D. Wood, Jr., Bela Lugosi, and even James Dean! Through our letters (she wondered if I thought of her as a "highway across the veil to James Dean and Bela Lugosi"), Maila offered me her precious memories of the original Rebel Without a Cause....

Maila Nurmi: Jimmy and Bela did not know one another, but they would have liked and respected one another, as both were gentle, introverted, kind, and high minded.

Scarlet Street: Some people claim James Dean had a death wish.

Vampira Remembers Jimmy

MN: A death wish? Jimmy was basically a fine person, a very moral person—a wholesome, clean quality comes across on the screen, too. The Jimmy Dean that you see in *EAST OF EDEN* is the Jimmy that I knew. In that film alone, he was almost exactly as he was in private life. After I met Jimmy, he took me to his apartment, where he always had a noose hung. He wanted me to read this story by Ray Bradbury about a boy who hung himself in the garage. Some people have asked me did he have a death wish. I think he did. He said he wanted to die, and I asked him if he wanted to be closer to his mother. He said, "No." I wondered why he wanted to die, because he had such an aptitude for life, so much zest, such a strong sense of vitality. He actually was terribly afraid of death. He didn't choose the day of his death, but he knew he was going to die. Psychic precognition. He was afraid that death would be painful and terrible. When you draw yourself dead, as he did, that suggests the death wish. He said he wanted to die because "that's the only way I'll have any peace." We were both shy, but he said to me, as he was leaving for the last time, that he might have to get in touch with me to help him light the candle.

SS: Did Dean believe in spirits?

MN: He certainly does manifest himself to a lot of people who knew him. Some seem to believe it, but people who don't believe

very strongly in extrasensory perception avoid the issue entirely. I believe it happens to them because it happened to me. When he died, for about two months there were some strange occurrences, and then also on the first anniversary of his death. Other people still see him in dreams and such, but I don't. But, as I said, I did have some strange occurrences take place after Jimmy had been dead for a couple of months. People said, "Let's have a seance." Well, after the third person contacted me, I agreed to a seance at my house. Tony Filione was conducting with seven or eight people present, as his mother had been a medium and he thought he could conduct the proceedings. We were warned that the phone might ring, as that could be a sign from the spirit of Jimmy. The phone rang while we were trying to communicate. I was shocked. I picked up the phone and heard a busy signal. Then I handed the receiver to somebody else in the room, so that they could hear the signal, too. Next, I showed everybody in the room that the wires on the phone had been cut. The phone wasn't attached to anything. That ended the seance! Then, on September 30, 1956, a candle on my candelabra blew up and left no sign of having ever been there. The candle that exploded corresponded exactly to the candle that Jimmy had drawn in a portrait of himself lying in state.

JAMES DEAN

Continued from page 38

Then there's the Mineo Question. "For years, people said Dean had an affair with Sal Mineo. I found absolutely no evidence of that. To the contrary, people close to Dean during the shooting of *REBEL* said, 'How could he be having an affair with Sal Mineo? He was having an affair with Jack Simmons!' [Simmons, who can be found in pictures on pages 60 and 61 of this issue, originally read for Mineo's role of Plato in *REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE*, and won a small part in the film.] When you find out what was going on, a lot of these myths evaporate. And that's my problem with the Warner Brothers picture. They're going to perpetuate that same tired legend, when his life was much more interesting!

"As a journalist, I have to be extremely skeptical about what people tell me. There were a number of stories that have circulated for years that I just didn't

buy, the most heinous being that Kenneth Anger story about Dean being a human ashtray. Dean did like to go to the gay bars in downtown Manhattan, and he did like to live life on the edge, but I found no evidence at all of him being a sado-masochist."

"Human ashtray" rumors aside, Alexander did find quite a few people willing to talk more candidly than ever before about Dean, including family members and fellow actors.

"Many are now in their 60s," explains Alexander, "and their careers are winding down. They're not quite as concerned as they would have been in the past. The big stars—Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman—they didn't want to talk. The actors who never became big were much more forthcoming. Some of them, especially Jonathan Gilmore, were shockingly candid about their relationships with Jimmy. Gilmore let me write about the relationship in a way that is very rare for a journalist; it was so intimate."

Israel Horovitz cites numerous sources for the biographical material in his screenplay, but doesn't place much stock in published bios of Dean's life. "To a certain extent, you're obliged to read what's in print. You find a few things that are totally untrue, and then you'll see those same things repeated and repeated in successive biographies. I had the advantage of being able to talk to a lot of people who were directly involved in James Dean's life: Marty Landau, Ursula Andress, Dennis Hopper . . ."

Alexander laughs at the mention of Hopper. "I just don't believe Dennis Hopper's a very reliable witness. He goes on TV and tells fantastic stories. He has Dean in a monastery days before he's killed in the car crash, and there is no way James Dean was in a monastery. He was on the Warner Brothers lot! I mean—c'mon, Dennis!"

Among those Horovitz didn't speak to, those moviegoers won't find in Warners' biopic, are any men with whom Dean may have had a sexual relationship, including his college roommate, Bill Bast. (Bast, who is launching a lawsuit against Alexander for quoting extensively from his 1950s bio of Dean, has been replaced in Horovitz's script by the character of a straight black actor.)

"Bill Bast is not a character in our film," says Horovitz. "I'm sure that Bast had a real relationship with James Dean, and a real affection for James Dean, but it didn't figure into the storyline of this particular screenplay at all."

Surprise, surprise—Bast is also a no-show in JAMES DEAN: AN AMERICAN LEGEND!

"Bast was part of Jimmy's life," AN AMERICAN LEGEND's spokesperson rather grudgingly admits, "but we don't have a heavy focus on his time with Bast. Bill Bast doesn't have a speaking role."

Naturally, AMERICAN LEGEND does "have a heavy focus" on Dean's relationship with Pier Angeli, who (legend has it) broke poor Jimmy's heart when, pressured by her mother and studio head Jack Warner, she married crooner Vic Damone. Horovitz, too, makes this the heart of his story:

"There's actually some evidence that Pier Angeli's child was his. I've talked to people who were close to Dean, and she was absolutely the love of his life."

Horovitz dismisses any notion that Dean's romance with Angeli, like Rock Hudson's marriage in the same decade (and countless Hollywood hitchings thereafter), was the standard industry procedure for hiding a star's homosexuality.

"To say that James Dean was homosexual," Horovitz insists, "would be silly, really. To say that he was experimental in his approach to sex, or that his sexuality was ambiguous—sure, I think that's a fair statement. To say that he never had a relationship with Pier Angeli is ridiculous! I mean, he wrote about it himself! He talked about it quite openly in interviews with publicity!"

Only in Hollywood does true love come complete with a direct line to your press agent . . .

Boulevard of Broken Dreams's fly-on-the-wall approach to Dean's sex life is not the only element of the book to raise hackles: There is also an infamous photo, purportedly of Dean, naked in a tree and stroking a full erection. (No, it's not an outtake from one of GIANT'S oil rig scenes.) Even Alexander was surprised when Viking decided to run the picture:

"There was a lot of controversy at Viking about the way I wrote the sex scenes. I was quite vocal about the fact that I wanted to write them in a particular way. I had the information; it came from incredibly reliable sources. Well, there were certain people at Viking who were horrified by what they considered to be the graphic nature of the sex scenes, so I was sure they'd have no interest in running a nude picture. But to their credit, they said it would be interesting to publish the picture. In a sense, it was their idea. And I agreed, because anything that can help debunk the legend is worth doing. It is a shocker, but it certainly shows Dean as a person—not as some fabricated Hollywood myth."

When *Scarlet Street* told Israel Horovitz that we planned to run interviews with actors and actresses who'd had contact with Dean, the playwright laughed. ("Some of them are still having contact with James

Dean!") Turning to those with whom Horovitz had no contact, we asked whether his script had received much input from Dean's family:

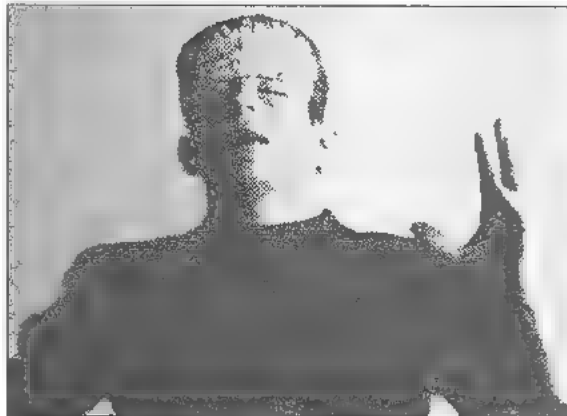
"Not much. There isn't much family left, for one thing. His father, Winton, is barely alive and has Alzheimer's."

Alexander is quick to point out that *Boulevard of Broken Dreams* contains an interview with Winton Dean, and expresses surprise that the plot of Horovitz's script turns on the "fact" that Winton was not Jimmy's true father. "Now, where's the evidence of that? Unlike Horovitz, I spoke with

Winton Dean, and if he wasn't Jimmy's father he certainly had nothing to say about it."

Questioned about the plot premise, Horovitz has "no comment." Nor will he say anything about whether the Dean clan approves of his revisionism.

On the subject of homophobia, however, Israel Horovitz is vocal. He's astonished that anyone might find him homophobic ("That's pretty funny, since so many of my friends are gay") and, echoing his jibe about those who still have "contact" with Dean, practically invokes the late star's spirit in support of his screenplay. ("I've handled the issue in the script the way James Dean would have wanted it handled.") Still, whenever the occasional gay character pops up in Horovitz's script, he or she is invariably the butt of a joke (including the timeless wheeze about a woman indifferent to a man because—surprise!—she turns out to be a lesbian). Horovitz has "Martin Landau," who appears as a character in the script, mock Montgomery Clift as "a fairy" while bragging about his own and Dean's unassailable masculinity.



Teenager James Dean dressed up as Frankenstein's Monster for a high-school show titled GOON WITH THE WIND.

Continued on page 102

Character Actress

Ann Doran

She was there when Warner Oland gathered together the prime suspects in CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON. She turned Boris Karloff over to the law in THE MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG, met up with Peter Lorre and Lon Chaney, Jr. in MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE, and entered THE SNAKE PIT with Olivia de Havilland. Perhaps most memorably, she played wife to Jim Backus and mother to the legendary James Dean in REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE.

She's Ann Doran, and *Scarlet Street* is proud to have interviewed her for our special tribute to those wonderful, often unsung second leads and character people who have graced our favorite films over the years.

We began by asking Ann Doran a rather obvious question . . .

Continued on page 44

Interviews by



Character Actor

Dabbs Greer

He was there when the Man of Steel made his first public appearance on THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN. He tracked down Vincent Price to his mad lab in the HOUSE OF WAX, ran afoul of a murderous John Beal in THE VAMPIRE, and journeyed into the wild black yonder (with costar Ann Doran) to do battle against IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE.

On television, he's represented the clergy on programs ranging from LITTLE HOUSE ON THE PRAIRIE to PICKET FENCES.

He's Dabbs Greer, and *Scarlet Street* is proud to have interviewed him for our special tribute to those wonderful, often unsung second leads and character people who have graced our favorite films over the years.

Continued on page 50

Richard Valley



ANN DORAN

Continued from page 42

Ann Doran: "How did I become an actress?" I was born to it. My mother was an actress; she came out here during the silent days and made comedies. She was a friend of Frances Marion, who was a writer. How they met each other, I don't know, but it was Frances who finally got me a part. She figured if I was acting, there would be somebody to look after me for the day. Anyway, that's how I got started in the business. I grew up in it.

Scarlet Street: So your first acting was in motion pictures?

AD: Well, my mother was with a repertory company. I did some things in plays when I was a child. What they were, I haven't the remotest idea! If you remember anything that happened when you were three years old, you're a better man than I am! (Laughs) It was just fun; I was playing with my friends.

SS: What was your mother's name?

AD: Rose Allen. She did comedies with Larry Semon and Bobby Vernon. They were very short, and my mother was a real short thing. I think if she stretched very hard, she got up to five foot one! (Laughs)

SS: Were you in any famous silents?

AD: I was in *ROBIN HOOD* with Douglas Fairbanks. I was one of the pages to the king. I've seen it a dozen times, and I don't know which one of those bobbed-haired, knobby-kneed kids I was! When you're

young, all you are is knobby knees. You couldn't tell who was a boy and who was a girl. We all had the same haircuts and wore the same clothes.

SS: Douglas Fairbanks was one of the great silent stars.

AD: His wife, Mary Pickford, got me the job, so I wouldn't have to sit on the lot when my mother was working. She said, "Why don't I put Ann to work on my husband's picture? She'll be around other kids, and we can look out for her."

SS: Sort of a silent-movie version of day care.

AD: Yes, exactly! (Laughs) Except that we got paid for it.

SS: You were around when silent movies went to sound, then, weren't you?

AD: Well, no, I wasn't. When I got to be 12, I

suddenly started to grow, and there's not much work for a large girl. So we moved—my mother and I—we moved to San Bernadino. We were with my father, and my mother was not interested in acting at that time. I went to high school there; I graduated from San Bernadino High in 1929. Then I went on to UCLA. I was going to be a math teacher; what I had done in my childhood was behind me. Then, all of a sudden we got trapped in the Depression. There was no money, and I couldn't make enough to keep me in school, and my father died in 1932. So I went back to the only thing that I knew, the picture business.

SS: Had it changed very much?

AD: Well, the people I'd known in the business had all been thrown out, and they had a whole new bunch. It was like starting in a new business. But anyway, I started getting things, like *CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON*. I really don't remember a heck of a lot about it. I remember that Warner Oland was a quiet man. He was not horsing around. Ray Milland was scared pea green, because it was one of his first films. He was scared to death of the camera, because he didn't know anything about it; he had been on the stage. Everybody tried to help him. In fact, everybody tried to help everybody! When we started with sound, the cameras, which had been hand cranked, were run by electricity. It was all new, and whatever knowledge you had, you were very pleased to give it to somebody else.

SS: It must have been difficult.

AD: Well, you wanted to do a good job so they'd hire you again. You wanted the casting director to remember you, to remember that you did a good job. That was the most important thing in the world in those days, getting a job. They talk so much about getting a break...

SS: Actors?

AD: Well, a break is one job. And when that job is finished, you're just as much out of work as you were before you ever got that job! A lot of people can't do that. They can't live with the uncertainty; they have to have one job to settle down into. But I had been in the acting business, so I was educated to think, "Well, I didn't get that one, so I'll go look for another one."

SS: What other jobs did you take?

AD: Heavens to Betsy—I sold yardage and notions at a department store. I was a cashier in a restaurant, and I toted trays to feed people. I did a lot of things. But, in the meantime, I also tried the studios—and, as it happened, I seemed to hit it better with the picture business. Believe me, we were just looking every place for a job—you know, like a lot of people do right now. (Laughs)

SS: In 1935, you made a fantasy film called *NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS*.

AD: Universal, at that time, was wonderful! It was a great place to work. They didn't pay much money; they'd say, "I'll give you \$25 for the day," and you were so happy, you could scream! You worked unbelievable hours, but you got \$25 at the end of the day. That was a lot of money at that time. Any money was a lot of money at that time! (Laughs) But I barely remember what I did in that movie. I have a recollection of being around a pool with Alan Mowbray and a lot of people in swimming suits, but I don't know what it had to do with the story.

SS: Unfortunately, the film seems to have disappeared.

AD: Well, as I recall, it's kind of a good thing that they lost it. (Laughs) Maybe it wasn't accidental; maybe it was deliberately lost!

SS: You worked for Frank Capra.

AD: A wonderful man. I can tell you one thing: I had no idea what his political outlook was. It was not something that, when you're in your 20s, you'd ask a director. All you did was want to please him with the lines that were written in the script; you did them exactly like they were in the script—unless he changed them.

SS: Did Capra ever make any on-set changes in the script?

AD: No, except when you didn't have enough words to cover your exit. But it was only as an accommodation to the actor, to make us more comfortable. He was such a wonderful man. Another thing: He knew everybody. If you had a personal interview with Mr. Capra, even if you were only going to say one line in the picture, he knew you; he knew what kind of person you were. He'd gather us together before we did a scene, and he'd say, "Now, this is the scene. Let's read it." And we would all sit around and read it, and he'd make changes to make it more comfortable for us. He wanted his actors to be absolutely comfortable. Then, when you came onto the set, you knew what you were going to do, and you'd pour your whole heart into what you were doing. He did that on every picture that I made with him.

SS: Which wasn't the usual procedure in Hollywood. Many directors are very brisk, and not especially concerned with their actors

AD: You know, it all depends on the director. What kind of pressure is he under? Is he under pressure to get it done, and does he know what he's going to do? A lot of them didn't have the slightest idea what the hell they were going to do tomorrow morning! (Laughs) If it came out right—wonderful. If it didn't, they got holy what-for from the people upstairs. (Laughs) But Capra was a very caring man. He sat—always—right under the camera. While the scene was being rigged, whatever was happening, he was always sitting there. You always knew where he was—and if you had a problem of any kind, whether it was with the clothes you had on or what you had to say, you could always find him and talk to him. It made for a very warm feeling on the set. Everybody adored him.

SS: Of the films you made for Capra, have you a favorite?

AD: I loved any picture that Capra did! During the war, he made some training films for the army, and I worked in two or three of those. I don't remember what they were about, but I was so pleased that he called me, because it meant "Hey! He likes me!" (Laughs) I was in his office when he got a call from Roosevelt to head the March Of Dimes. It was such a startling thing; I sat there absolutely in silence. I almost stood up and saluted! (Laughs) After he hung up, Mr. Capra just sat there. I didn't say anything, because I could tell that he was off in his own world. Finally he said to me, "Imagine that! The President of the United States called me, and I'm just a little wop from San Francisco."

SS: In 1939, you made *THE MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG* with Boris Karloff

AD: Oh, he was the sweetest man that God ever made on this earth!





LEFT: Doctor Boris Karloff has just killed her boyfriend, so Nurse Ann Doran reports him to the authorities, making him **THE MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG** (1939). RIGHT: Karloff returns from the dead to wreak havoc on those who condemned him to death (including Ann Doran).



He was just the gentlest, kindest man—and he did all those horrible pictures! (Laughs) Like he said, “It’s a job, and they pay me very well for it.” We worked very late hours on that one, and Karloff never lost his good humor. It didn’t bother him to go over and over something, because he always wanted to do a good job. They were paying him, and he wanted to do a good job. Actors want everybody to like what they do. If it’s good, it’ll be in the picture. If it’s not good, it’ll be cut out. So you do the best you can, and pray you don’t get left on the cutting-room floor.

SS: *THE MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG* was directed by Nick Grinde.

AD: Oh, my God! Nick Grinde! Oh, for Heaven’s sake! He was a great guy. He had done comedies. I didn’t work with him on them, but he had done comedies. So he had that “uplift”—always an “up” feeling, you know? Even when he was angry or upset, he never let his actors see it unless he was upset with them! (Laughs) As with actors, directors have to have a great deal of versatility.

SS: That’s true. He’d directed a great many comedies, and there he was directing a horror movie.

AD: I don’t know whether we looked on it as a horror movie. It was just a movie. It happened to be a little strange . . . (Laughs) That was the kind of picture that Karloff made. You knew that, if you worked with Karloff, it would be strange. It would be a throwback to his Frankenstein Monster, a variation on that.

SS: You appeared in *OLD ACQUAINTANCE*, which starred Bette Davis and

Miriam Hopkins. They were supposed to have hated each other.

AD: Well, Bette Davis was a perfectionist, and so was Miriam Hopkins. It was pretty concentrated work, and I’m sure that their concentration was on what they were doing. If Bette Davis didn’t like something that somebody did, she didn’t pick on somebody else; she went right to the person who had done what she didn’t like, and she’d have it out with them. I don’t care who it was—the director, the producer, the writer, another actor, the cameraman, the prop man—she would go to the one who did the thing that she didn’t like, and she would straighten it out with him. She was not a person who took her anger out on the wrong person. That I cannot stand. That makes me absolutely furious. When you’re angry with person “A” and take it out on person “B”—that, to me, is the lowest kind of person, and a lot of actors do it.

SS: You liked Bette Davis

AD: Bette Davis was absolutely marvelous; she was a great gal. I was very fond of her. I liked her not only as an actress, as an artist, but I liked her as a person. She was very straightforward, very honest. Nothing deceitful about her.

SS: Let’s talk about *THE STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS*.

AD: I was under contract to Paramount at the time, and I did all the tests with the men who tried out for that film. There were about eight of them. Every one of the tests was different, because the men all had a different approach. It just happens that way. Hal Wallis was the producer. I saw Mr. Wallis in the com-

missary one day, and he said, “Ann, you worked with all of them on the tests. Which one is the best?” Well, I had to think about it. I said, “They’re all so different, but there’s something about this Douglas fellow that’s intense.” I said I had a feeling that he was tight inside the entire time. Mr. Wallis said, “I’ll go watch him again.” And Kirk Douglas was the one that they chose. Whether what I said had anything to do with it, I don’t know—but I have always taken credit! (Laughs)

SS: Did you have a favorite studio?

AD: I liked the ones that were in Hollywood. They were easier to get to, and when I had to be at the studio at five in the morning . . . MGM was way out in Culver City, Roach was out in Culver City. But once you got on the set, you didn’t know what studio you were at—they were all alike. Anytime I was on a set, I was a happy soul. Also, I was making money.

SS: Yes! (Laughs)

AD: I bought clothes. I paid my rent. Finally, I bought a house, and I paid for that.

SS: You worked with Bob Hope on *MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE*.

AD: Bob Hope was a real pleasure. He was an easygoing man, very concerned about whether or not it was going to be funny. I knew Peter Lorre and Lon Chaney from other pictures that I had done. When I was at Warner Brothers, Lorre was under contract to them. He had a little trouble with the English language. He never was comfortable speaking English.

SS: He was supposed to be something of a practical joker.



LEFT: *VARIETY GIRL* (1947) was a postwar, all-star extravaganza from Paramount. Here, director George Marshall and Ann Doran watch as makeup is applied to Olga San Juan. RIGHT: Ann Doran attends the opening of *THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY* (1954), in which she appeared.

AD: Well, if things ever got a little tense on the set, somebody would do something funny so everybody laughed. Lorre was never one who would break the tension; he was just a shy and a reticent man. Now, Lon Chaney was a lovely lovely man and yet he was as stupid as he could be. (Laughs) He was really a dumbbell, and that's what he always played: a dumbbell, a big, lumbering dumbbell. Pleasant enough, nice enough—but he was a dumbbell, that's all

SS: Really?

AD: If anyone told a joke, he wouldn't know what the hell they were talking about! He never got it!

SS: Chaney's biggest acting success was as Lemme in *OF MICE AND MEN*, playing a...

AD: Dumbbell.

SS: Right. (Laughs)

AD: And he did it beautifully; he did it beautifully. But he was just not the smartest guy in the world, believe me.

SS: *FEAR IN THE NIGHT* costarred DeForest Kelley.

AD: Well, he was just the sweetest little guy. I think it was his first picture. He was a newcomer; he was pea-green scared. He had all the earmarks of a newcomer. The rest of us had been around, and we tried our best to help him, to make him comfortable. He was just a nice kid who was so in love with his wife that it was pathetic. And he kept on telling you about it all the time. I think they're still married. He still thinks she's great! (Laughs)

SS: *FEAR IN THE NIGHT* was based on a Cornell Woolrich story. A lot of his stories were adapted for film and radio.

AD: I only did *LUX RADIO THEATRE*. I didn't particularly enjoy radio. I move a lot, and in radio, you had to just stand there, because you were close to the mike. You can't use your body, and I had learned, through the years, to use my body as much as I used my voice. I thought radio was confining. There were people who loved it; they had a wonderful ability to mimic other people's voices. They were great at that. I was lousy at it! I was never a parrot! (Laughs)

SS: Tell us about *THE SNAKE PIT*.

AD: Oh, that was an experience! Really, a spectacular experience! I felt so lucky, getting that. It was a breakthrough picture. It was absolutely marvelous for Olivia de Havilland, and she was so happy to get it. A number of very famous actresses wanted to do it, but she was the one who was chosen. It was—I don't know—it was an experience that, for anybody that was in it, it was a high point in their life. Everybody in it was so damned good. It was done with such care and understanding, such meticulous direction, that you knew it was going to be good. It could come out right now, and be just as meaningful as it was then. Right now. Even though it's an old picture, done in an old way—sometimes those films can be more stirring than some of the things that they do right now.

SS: It has a great supporting cast

AD: Everybody was bugging their agents to get them *SNAKE PIT*. "Get over there and see if there's something that I can do." You knew before it was made that it was going to be something spectacular.

SS: Speaking of bugging, we come to the "b.g bug" movie: *THEM*!

AD: Oh, yes *THEM*! The speeches that I had to do, as the psychiatrist, were all in psychiatric language—and I didn't know what I was talking about! (Laughs) I hadn't the slightest idea. I had to make it look like I did, so I learned it phonetically. It was the only way I could learn those lines. The cast just bugged the hell out of me about that! (Laughs) They'd say, "What if she got it wrong?"

SS: Did you get the entire script before making the film? Did you know it was about giant ants?

AD: Oh, yes. We got the whole script. Even when you did a rather small part, you got a whole script, and then you'd call some friends and say, "Hey, there's a part in this that you can do." A lot of us got jobs that way. There was no jealousy among us.

SS: Right.

AD: Everybody wanted to see everybody else working all the time. And that's the way we did things. So, I'm sure—I don't know who I called—but if there was anything in the thing that I know a friend of mine could do, I called them and let them know. So you always worked with a script.

SS: It must have been odd, getting a script about ants.

AD: Well, I never saw the ants. I was not even close to where the ants were; I only saw the results of the ants. It's like in *THE DESPERATE HOURS*, the picture I made with Humphrey Bogart. I never saw him. I don't think he was even on the set. What I played was one of the people next door. I was in the



LEFT: Jim Backus and Ann Doran played James Dean's ineffectual parents in the landmark *REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE* (1955). Edward Platt played a sympathetic police official. RIGHT: Ann Doran fought hard to keep her REBEL character from becoming completely unsympathetic.

house next door. We just observed what was going on from the outside, and so I never saw Bogart at all. I've never met the stars of some movies that I've made.

SS: You certainly met James Dean, who played your son in *REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE*.

AD: Oh, yes!

SS: Do you feel that the character of the mother got a raw deal? So much was blamed on her . . .

AD: Yep, and I beefed about it, too! (Laughs) I said, "Look, all you do is show the bad side of me. You never show any of the softness in me." Even in the breakfast scenes, when I was fixing his lunch, there was that conflict with the mother-in-law. Always this woman was in conflict. And her illnesses, when there was nothing wrong with her—it was a defense mechanism against the fact that she was always having to move, because her kid was always in trouble. She had a mother-in-law who was a horror, and a husband who was an ineffective jerk. How else could she be? Only in the end, when they were sitting in the back of the car—that's when you saw this woman, that it really hurt her. But she couldn't do anything, and she didn't know what to do. There was nobody to help her. Then, in that scene, you found out what she was really like on the inside.

SS: Right.

AD: But maybe you think that I didn't have to fight for that scene. I fought like crazy! I found this speech in the paper, this speech for this woman. And I brought it in, and, of course, the producer and the director . . .

SS: Nicholas Ray.

AD: Everybody's dead who was in that picture. I'm the only one who's sticking around. Anyway, I brought this speech in and said, "Here's something that shows what kind of a woman she is. Can't you put this in someplace?" We were filming up at the Griffith Park Observatory for nights and nights; we were up there for so long. Every time I'd see him, I'd say "What about that speech? Surely, you can use that speech. It's this woman." Finally, he said, "You've got me convinced." Finally—I think in desperation to shut me up! (Laughs) They shot it. It was a turning point, so you knew this woman. You never know about her before; all she did was crab about things.

SS: Your costars were James Dean, Natalie Wood, and Sal Mineo.

AD: And you want to know about Sal and Natalie and Jimmy. Well, after the picture was over, Jimmy and I got along fine. Before that, he was kind of a twerp—because, for the first time, he had a place where he could have something to say about what he did. He had a lot to do with the writing of the script, and he worked with Nicholas Ray two or three weeks before the picture had ever started. You gotta understand something: I went to the casting interviews for *REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE*, and I worked to go to the interviews, because my mother had worked on *EAST OF EDEN*, and she told me about the two boys in that picture. "The one boy," she said, "he's a funny little kid, but by God, he can act!" She said that the other one, Richard Davalos, was de-

licious to look at, but he just didn't have any depth to his acting. So I went to the interview, and when they told me it was to play Jimmy's mother, I said, "Oh, my mother just worked with him. She raved about what a good actor he is." So time went by, and I didn't get the job, and I thought, "Well, that's one I missed." Then, one morning, about six o'clock, my agent called me. "Ann, get over to Warner Brothers. You're going to do the picture." "What part?" "I don't know; just get over there as fast as you can." So, I got over there, not knowing what the hell I was going to do. I went to the makeup and hairdressing department, and I said, "Who am I playing?" "You're playing Jimmy Dean's mother." And I said, "I am?" And they said, "We'll get a script to you pretty soon." So, they did up my hair, hoping that it would turn out right for this character. Of course, I had no clothes, because I had not gone out for any wardrobe fittings. I was all ready to start by the time they brought some clothes in; when they called for the first scene, which was with Jimmy in the police station, that's when I got my clothes! (Laughs) I hadn't read all of the script; I didn't know what it was all about; I really didn't know anything! And my husband in the film . . .

SS: Jim Backus.

AD: He gave me a rundown on the story. Jim said that Jimmy was impossible to handle; he said, "He's not easy to work with. He's opinionated, and he'll also tell you how to act." And I said, "That, he'd better not do." (Laughs) Anyway, we

finally did the scene, and Jimmy was very difficult—because, as Jim Backus said, he'd try to tell you how to do a scene. I said, "Look, junior, I've been around a long time, and you're new. Don't tell me how to do it. Let me make my own mistakes." So we understood each other. When the picture was finished, we got along fine. Except I couldn't stand his marijuana smoking; I absolutely refused to let him come into my room if he'd been smoking.

SS: He smoked grass on the set?

AD: Oh, yes—and when the picture was over, not longer than a week after we had finished shooting, one night at about two in the morning, there was somebody outside throwing something at my windows. And I looked out and it was Jimmy! He said, "I want you to see my new car." Now, why he wanted me to see his new car, I don't know, except that he didn't have a mother, and I guess he looked on me as kind of a mother. So I dressed and went downstairs. He wanted to take me for a ride, but I said, "No, no; not at two in the morning. Come over some other time, and I'll do it." We went into my kitchen, and we drank coffee. He wanted to smoke his marijuana, but I said, "You're not doing that in my house. You can smoke a plain old cigarette, or you'll smoke nothing." So he sat on the kitchen floor and talked, and I finally got to know him Jimmy, himself.

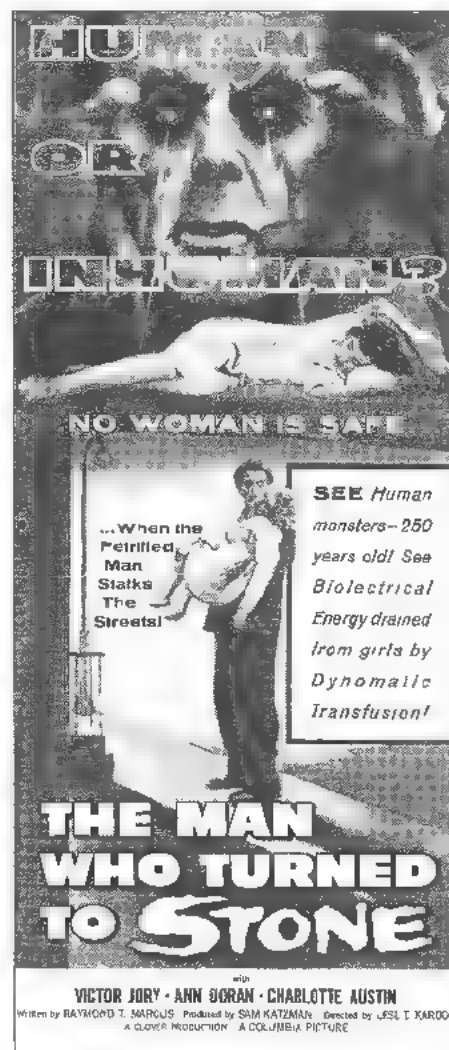
SS: What was he like?

AD: He was really a scared kid. He talked about the picture; did I think it was going to be good? And I said, "I don't know. You do it, and you hope, and you cross your fingers and pray it turns out." But we became acquainted, and he came by many, many, many times to talk to me. When he knew that he was going to do *GIANT*—oh, he was so exuberant! He was so excited! They were talking about other things he was going to do after that, and he was so excited that they had put *REBEL* together, more or less, and they had an idea of what kind of a picture it was going to be. He knew that it was going to be good. He didn't know that it was going to create a cult, and make him a tin god, but he was excited, he was happy. We had—it was like a mother and son relationship. We could talk about things. He told me about who he was going with, the ones he liked, the ones he didn't like, and why he didn't like them—that kind

of thing. It's funny; we never got acquainted on the picture, because both of us were so intent on what we were doing. But after the picture was over, then we did.

SS: Which is not the usual way.

AD: No; no, it's not. When you take people as different in age as we were—well, he looked on me as the mother that he had lost. He found somebody who fit his idea of what



a mother should be, and I happened to be it. So, we got along fine.

SS: What about Sal Mineo and Natalie Wood?

AD: I don't know when I first met Sal. It was before *REBEL*, but neither one of us could ever remember. But Sal was in and out of town after that. He did many other things, but every time he came into town, he'd call and we had lunch. He'd tell me all the things he had done since we last met. Natalie and I had worked together when she was a tiny little girl. We had done three or four pictures before; we did *ROSE BOWL STORY* just before *REBEL*.

On *REBEL*, all of a sudden, she'd grown up—and she'd been waiting for the chance to be grown up, to be treated as a grown up. It's a tremendous time in a girl's life when suddenly she is treated like a lady.

SS: She said she didn't think they wanted her for *REBEL*, because they had an image of her as a little girl.

AD: That probably had a lot to do with it. But I always enjoyed working with Natalie. She was fun to work with, and her mother was great. We never worked together again after *REBEL*.

SS: Sal Mineo was wonderful in *REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE*.

AD: He was wonderful.

SS: He felt that his film career never really took off, because he was too ethnic and too open about being gay.

AD: Well, I don't think so; I don't think so. I think it was because of his size, and the way he looked. You know, everybody in the picture business is confined by the way they look. I could play a 22-year-old today, but I wouldn't look like one. Everybody is categorized by the way they look. If you're tall and thin, you play tall, thin parts. If you're short, and have buggy eyes, like Sal had, you play short people with buggy eyes. You can't help but be typecast by the way you look.

SS: So, really, not that many parts fit his physical type.

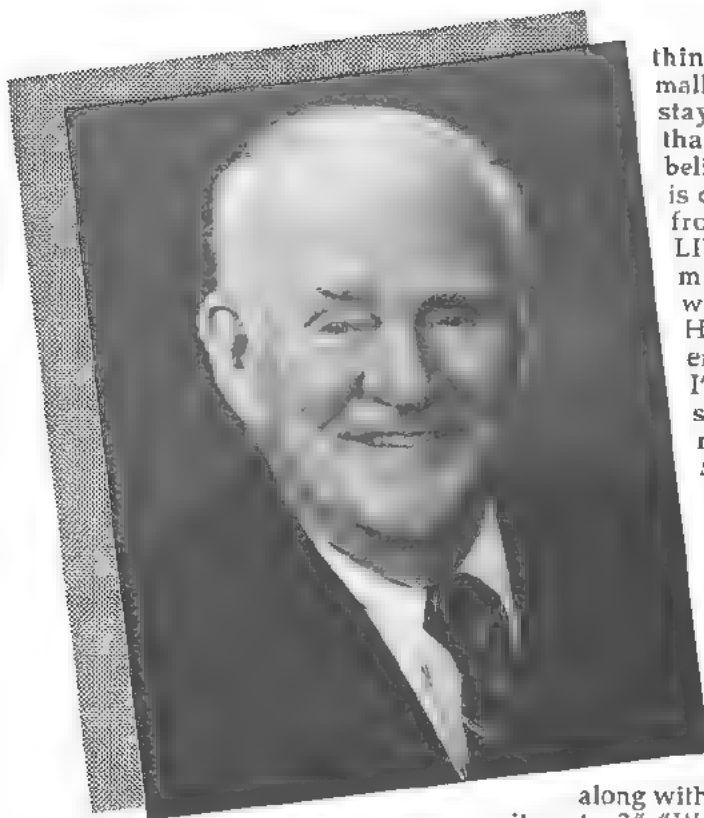
AD: That's it. Physically, many parts weren't available to him. He couldn't have played Jimmy's part. He was not a big man, and he was soft. He was adorable; he was just adorable. I wouldn't think that, had he lived to be 90, he would have been anything but adorable. He was sweet; he was gentle. I never inquired into his personal life, and he never inquired into mine—and it didn't make any difference. We were friends, that was all. It was unfortunate that he happened to be where he was, so that he was killed.

SS: It was awful.

AD: Oh, it was a horrible, horrible, horrible thing—just awful! You know, it was not very far from my house. Orange Grove, between Sunset and Hollywood Boulevard. Oh, God, it was a horrible thing—just a horrible thing! I mean, it was happenstance. That somebody was there, and he just wanted what Sal had—it was a very dreadful thing. Let's go on to something else.

SS: *THE MAN WHO TURNED TO STONE*?

Continued on page 104



DABBS GREER

Continued from page 43

Scarlet Street: We were watching PICKET FENCES recently, and there you were.

Dabbs Greer: You were one of the few. So far, we've managed to alienate every denomination. (Laughs) And gosh, I don't understand this character at all! The last time I talked to them, I said, "I do hope the series lasts long enough for the character to come back on again, so that, before he dies, I'll know what he's really about."

SS: Your longest run on TV was as Reverend Alton on LITTLE HOUSE ON THE PRAIRIE. Do you think the producers of PICKET FENCES had that in mind when they were looking for someone to fill this character?

DG: No. David Kelley, the producer/writer, had written an LA LAW in which I appeared. It was a real interesting character, a completely immoral old goat. It was kind of fun to do. Anyway, when he got ready to do PICKET FENCES, he called my agent's office and said that he wanted me in his pilot. And they sent me the script, and I read the thing, and it had a nude scene in it! I said, "At my age? I'm not about to take my clothes off for anybody; I even dim the lights when I take a shower!" (Laughs) But the only character they had left was this minister, and I thought, "Well, it's kind of a token good luck

thing"—because, normally, you don't want to stay typed any more than you have to. But, believe me, this minister is completely different from the minister in LITTLE HOUSE. This man—I don't know what he believes in! He's just against everybody. (Laughs) But I've enjoyed doing the show. It's a very, very nice company.

SS: It's a terrific series. Let's go back to the beginning, shall we? How did you become an actor?

DG: (Laughs) Well, that's one of those questions! In almost every interview, that's the question that always comes up,

along with "Who's your favorite actor?" "Who's your favorite director?" "What's your favorite role?" And all four are impossible! My life, at least, seems to have been one of complete indirection. I've gone in the back door of everything I've ever done. I had no intention of being an actor. I was interested in acting as an extracurricular thing when I was in college; I was very active in the drama department, but I intended to be a doctor. Then, in the middle of my third year of working on my B.A. I suddenly realized: the thing that appealed to me about medicine was the drama of it rather than the nuts and bolts part of it. And I said, "Well, this is not very fair to the people that I'd be been working with." So, to save the hours that I had already put in, I thought "Well, I'll go into clinical psychology, because I can transfer those hours." And I was working on that, and then I thought, "You're going to do the same thing with people's minds that you want to do with their bodies. It's the drama of it that appeals to you. It's not the little case that you're interested in; it's the big, flashy case where you go in and save somebody's sanity!" But I had to make a living, and with psychology I had enough courses in the education department that I could transfer and get a teaching degree. So, that's what I decided to do. I taught, but with my interest in drama, I taught speech and drama for three years at a small school.

Then I suddenly realized that I was just going to get every group of students to the place where they could really start being creative, and I was going to lose them at graduation. I thought, "I can't do this with my life; this is too frustrating. But maybe I can do the same thing if I go into a professional school." I was offered a position at the Pasadena Playhouse. The students would go out on interviews and not be very successful. And I thought, "Well, maybe I'm teaching something that's not right," and so I made an effort and got a couple of jobs in pictures. I was doing exactly what I was telling them, and it was working for me—so I couldn't understand what the problem was. In the meantime, World War II kept shoving me into the administrative end of the business. People kept leaving. And that was what I didn't want to do at all. So, my agent said, "If you want to quit this, you are well enough established that you can make a living as an actor"—and that was how I backed into being an actor.

SS: That's marvelous.

DG: Sometimes I wake up and think, "How in the hell did I get there?"

(Laughs) Surely there was some other path I might have taken. But I don't regret it; I mean, I enjoy the work. In fact, I retired for three years after LITTLE HOUSE, and decided that I was happier working!

SS: That's terrific. Did any of your students at the Pasadena Playhouse go on to success?

DG: Oh, many of them. At the time I was there, it was the biggest enrollment that they'd ever had, because many of the guys were coming out of the war with the G.I. Bill. They had always wanted to do it, but couldn't afford it, so they used up their G.I. Bill that way. Some of the hopefuls included Carolyn Jones, Barbara Rush, Peter Hansen....

SS: Quite a few people.

DG: During its heyday, there was really no better place to train, but then it got so that there were a lot of other places that were good. Just really good. And putting out fine people. And Bill Moore, who had headed up the Pasadena Playhouse, got older and died, and Charlie Prickett, who had handled the business, died. It just got out of hand.

SS: You mentioned Carolyn Jones. You were in HOUSE OF WAX and INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS together. Of course, by the time you first appear in HOUSE OF WAX,



LEFT: Hugh O'Brien and Noreen Nash watch as makeup legend Jack Pierce touches up Dabbs Greer for an appearance on FIRESIDE THEATER. RIGHT: Greer restrains Jimmy Lydon in CHAIN OF EVIDENCE (1957).

she's already become one of the statues in the museum

DG: Oh, yeah, that's right! She was Joan of Arc.

SS: Was it an especially difficult process to make HOUSE OF WAX in 3-D?

DG: From an actor's point of view, no. It was one of those that started out as a very low budget picture. I don't think anybody thought 3-D would go over, which it didn't—but they all wanted to hop on the band-

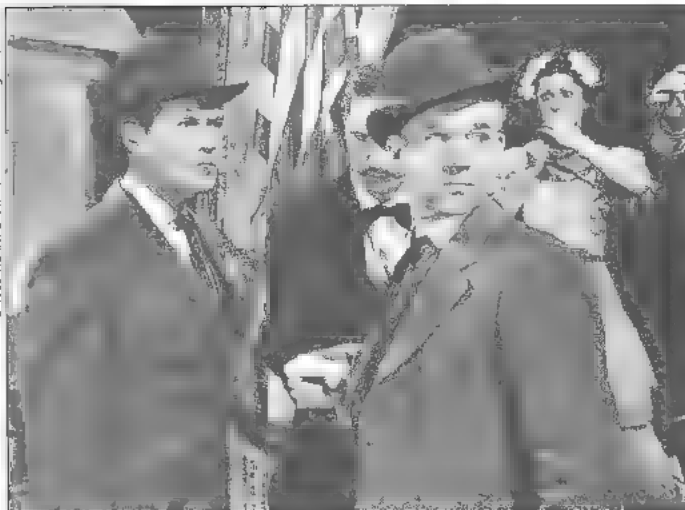
wagon. Warners had the script for MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM, so they remade that. The third day of filming, a notice came down from the front office to Andre de Toth, the director: "Slow down! Slow down!" No administration ever says that! (Laughs) He was shooting so fast; he was trying to get the whole thing done in six days! It seems to me there was quite a bit of trouble camera-wise on a couple of shots.

SS: Andre de Toth was blind in one eye; it was impossible for him to actually see the 3-D effects

DG: Well, the things you shoot in 3-D are all calculated by the people who make the lens for the camera. As a director, your responsibility is to make an interesting movie, not an interesting effects thing. In fact, to me, it wasn't a 3-D movie. I think it had as much success in re-release as a normal, color horror movie.

LEFT: Friends for decades, Dabbs Greer and Ann Doran are pictured attending the premiere of KING RICHARD AND THE CRUSADES (1954). RIGHT: Greer runs afoul of Superman (George Reeves).





LEFT: Dabbs Greer is perhaps best known to horror fans for his appearance with Frank Lovejoy in *HOUSE OF WAX* (1953). **RIGHT:** Greer and Lovejoy discuss a "suicide" while the victim (encased in wax) swings behind them.

SS: *HOUSE OF WAX* has a strong enough story that it can stand on its own. The tricks work, though. There's a scene in which a character suddenly stands up in the foreground . . .

DG: Oh, that's fantastic. That was a scene with Charles Bronson. He was a student at the Playhouse.

SS: Most of your scenes in *HOUSE OF WAX* are with Frank Lovejoy. When you're questioning suspects, it's almost like a takeoff of *DRAGNET*.

DG: The part that I played was originally played by Ned Sparks in *MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM*. I made up my mind that I was not going to do anything like Sparks, nor was I going to play it for comedy. If comedy came out of it, it was going to come out of the situation and the character, not out of playing farce. Both Frank and I had a tendency to play scenes low-key, and after all, with all the fireworks popping around you, and you playing straight to it, you're better off trying to keep any emotional commitment out of it. As I remember, I felt that this man was not necessarily naive, but a little stupid. He was loyal, but leave him alone and he may not be able to find his way out of the room. (Laughs) That last sequence sticks in my mind more than anything else. It was added; it was not an ending that we originally shot. At the time, Frank was under contract to Warners, and they had him doing a picture up north someplace. They made that man shoot all day long, picked him up in a plane, flew him down to Hollywood, let him have a shower and get made up, and then we did that last sequence, and then they flew him back that night to the location! Now, he was

so unhappy about the lack of respect that he was getting under contract that I don't think he really cared that much about how things came out, you know?

SS: Have you any recollections of working with Vincent Price?

DG: Not on that film, particularly. I had done that *SCIENCE FICTION THEATRE* of his, and I remember more about him from that than I do from *HOUSE OF WAX*. As I say, *HOUSE OF WAX* was pretty segmented in the way it was shot. Frank and I came in and worked on the sets after every other scene on the set had been shot, so there was not that much contact.

SS: You were in several pictures directed by Don Siegel. *RIOT IN CELL BLOCK 11*, *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS*, *BABY FACE NELSON* . . .

DG: I also did two or three TV shows with Don. That's where I first met Don, on a TV show. It was right after he left Warner Brothers, and he made a pilot about a bunch of soldiers. I believe Warner Anderson was in it, and a lot of people that became Don's stock people. There was a long time that Don had a regular stock company.

SS: You have one scene in *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS* as Max, who runs the gas station. You've actually been taken over by the aliens; you're one of the pod people. How does an actor play a pod person?

DG: You play a garage mechanic who's noncommittal. Let the audience do the imagining. Many of those things, if you take the scoring away from them, and the trick lighting and the camera angles, they're not spooky at all. (Laughs)

It's all the little extras that are added that the audience reacts to. That's why I contend that the explicit sex scenes that they have nowadays are so unimaginative. When people used to imagine it on their own, it was far, far more sexual than what you get now. But, as far as effects are concerned, so much of that kind of thing is done postproduction. True, if it's a scene where you are ill at ease going into a room, you convey that emotion and it's recorded. But the harsh cuts and all that sort of thing, it's all done in the cutting room. That's what makes people jump, it's not what actors do.

SS: You've managed to avoid being typecast.

DG: I was very lucky. And I think I can offer an explanation. When I first started in filmed TV, no established actor in the movie business would go it. They felt that it was beneath them. Plus the fact, no one paid more than minimum, which in those days was 65 dollars a day. Most of the character people in those days, if they weren't under contract, worked for 100 or 150 dollars a day. So they didn't want to go into that. But I had made up my mind, knowing my coloring and that sort of thing, that I did not want to be typecast as an Irish cop. The first filmed TV that I was offered was Frank Wisbar's *FIRE-SIDE THEATRE*. Frank came from Germany, learned all his technique in Germany, and all that sort of thing. He had an anthology series, and when he picked me I said, "Frank, I do not want to become typed." So one time, I'd play the juvenile, the next time, I'd play a gray hair . . .



LEFT: Frank Lovejoy and Dabbs Greer keep Paul Picerni from losing his head in *HOUSE OF WAX* (1953). **RIGHT:** Lovejoy wraps up the case for Angela Clarke, Phyllis Kirk, and Picerni, while Greer prepares to sneeze.

SS: You displayed your versatility.

DG: You are cast, as a rule, by what the person who's casting saw you in last. This is what attracts their attention. This is why I say I'm not too anxious to play ministers anymore. (Laughs) After nine and a half years of *LITTLE HOUSE*, and now *PICKET FENCES*, you have to break type. But on the other hand, particularly from the point of view of *LITTLE HOUSE*, I do feel a certain obligation to the fans who were nice enough during the *LITTLE HOUSE* years not to do anything that I feel would offend them. There's certain things where I draw the line, that I will not do. For example, I will not play a child molester, I will not play a sniper—certain things that I think causes an audience to feel uneasy. I know they've got to be done, and there's plenty of actors who don't mind doing them—but I do.

SS: Your TV credits range from *THE RIFLEMAN* to *ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS*. You're also in three episodes of *ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN*, including the very first.

DG: This is a very strange thing to me, how that has held on as long as it has to such a loyal audience. It was a low-budget thing; they used to do two episodes a week. You just went in and did the best you could, but you knew it wasn't Shakespeare. It may sound noble when I say that I didn't want to be typed, but you also have to take into consideration that you have to make a paycheck. Still, *SUPERMAN* and *DICK TRACY* and all of those things, they were kind of fun. *THE LONE RANGER* was another one; it was all tongue-in-cheek, but you take it seriously in its way.

SS: Can you tell us anything about George Reeves?

DG: I had known George from the Playhouse. He'd been at the Playhouse before I even got there. We did stage plays together and had dinner together, went to parties, things like that. I'm not sure we even talked about business; it was mostly about people that we knew.

SS: He grew to be unhappy about playing *Superman*.

DG: I don't think he revealed to me any unhappiness or anything like that. I think that if he was that unhappy, that maybe he would have let me know. I don't know. There's a schoolteacher in Pennsylvania who puts out a magazine called *The Adventure Continues*; he is really a marvelous man. He is so interested in all the psychological things, and you feel sorry that you can't give people what they need to know, but you live your life day by day; you're not aware of all the little things that are happening to your friends. Lots of people have said, "Do you actually think he committed suicide?" And I said, "Well, the Georgie I knew, it's the last thing in the world he would have done." On the other hand, I do know that anybody can get to the place where, in an ill-advised moment, they may do a lot of things that they wouldn't have done logically. So, I just don't know. I admired him very much; I liked him very much. I had seen things besides *SUPERMAN* in which he was excellent.

SS: Some great character actors appeared on *SUPERMAN*.

DG: You see, when TV first started, we didn't have this influx of New York actors who came to California

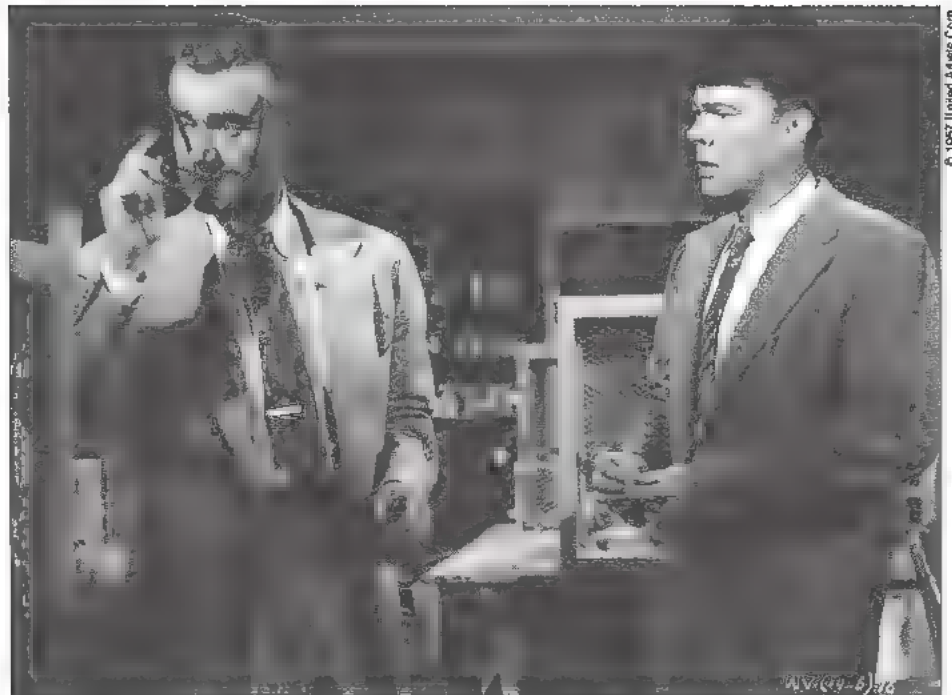
to make money. I would say that there was probably a nucleus of maybe fifteen hundred, two thousand actors and actresses out here. Now, we have 80 or 90 thousand of them competing. I don't see how anybody makes it the way it is now. Even when I go in to audition or read, they will bring in 10 character men in my category; any one of which could do this part without batting an eye. True, in the old days, you'd bump into the same people over and over and over. You knew how they worked. You knew when they were about to finish their speech, not with a cue, but because you've worked with them before and you knew how they approached the dialogue. You didn't work as long a day, but the days were much more constant.

SS: In 1957, you made a low-budget horror film called *THE VAMPIRE*, with John Beal.

DG: Well, that was made in six days. The same producers who did that went on to do *THE RIFLEMAN* and *THE BIG VALLEY*. They made about three or four films; I think the last time I worked for them, I played Burt Reynolds' father in *WHITE LIGHTNING*.

SS: Do you recall anything about making *THE VAMPIRE*?

DG: We shot a lot of it onstage out at the old Goldwyn Studios. The thing that sticks in my mind is that it was one of the first pictures in which I ever wore a hair piece. When I got shoved into the furnace, and when they yelled cut, I found that the hair piece had come off completely. So, the director yelled for me to come out, and all I did was stick the hair piece out. (Laughs) I



© 1957 United Artists Corp.

Dabbs Greer brought some much-appreciated comedy to *THE VAMPIRE* (1957), playing a preoccupied scientist who becomes a victim of Dr. Paul Beecher (John Beal).

didn't get that familiar with John Beal, and I wanted to, because we were raised within 35 miles of each other. He was raised in Joplin, Missouri. When I was in college, there was a girl that I met who was a next-door neighbor of his, so I really wanted to get buddy buddy with him on that picture. But it just went so fast that we really couldn't. He was out here from New York. He was pretty much in every shot of the picture, so there was very little time to talk over old times.

SS: Another popular low-budget film from the late '50s is *IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE*. Many consider it to have been the inspiration for *ALIEN*.

DG: I have been told the same thing. To me, this was pretty much a formula plot. The thing that I remember most is poor Ray Corrigan, his misery whenever he had to be in that rubber suit. The man was practically dying, because, in those days, they had no way of ventilating those things. He would just be rolling water when they took him out of the suit. And, here again, the whole movie was done in six days. With the exception of the astronauts walking down the side of the spaceship, it was all done on one set. They just redressed the same set over and over for the various levels. Just one set. Here again, it just went so fast, that you went in and had a rough idea of what you

wanted—I don't even remember who directed that.

SS: Edward L. Cahn.

DG: Well, now, I've had a letter within the past year, asking me to evaluate him as a director. I don't even remember the man! (Laughs) And it's nothing against him. People don't realize that, in this business, you work with so many people, and you're in and out in such a short time, that unless it's really a long-time relationship, an earthshaking thing, you just forget it.

SS: One of your *IT! THE TERROR* costars is Ann Doran. In fact, you play husband and wife. Whenever there's a tense moment, you hold hands. Was that scripted, or did you work it out together?

DG: Annie and I are longtime old friends, so I said, "Coward, hold my coward hand." (Laughs) Annie and I did a lot of things together. For years, our families would have holiday meals together and things like that, so if there is a rapport, it is probably beyond the normal actor/actress relationship, because of the friendship. I would say it probably occurred because we thought it would have occurred between those two characters. We have played things in which we've been at each other's throats—but here again, that can be seen as being a result of the friendship. (Laughs)

SS: One last question. We won't ask for your favorite actor or director. But

are there any films of which you're especially proud?

DG: In all honesty, when people ask that direct a question, I always say, "It's the next one I do." Each thing has a life of its own. Certain films I may like because I had such a good time, personally, and I've worked on films that got such a good reception, audience-wise. They're not the same thing at all, you see. I've been very very lucky. In all the things that I have done, I have only bumped into one director and two performers that I didn't like—and not many people can honestly say that.

SS: Should we let them go nameless?

DG: Oh, I wouldn't tell you. The director's dead, and the two performers are no longer acting. But then again, who knows? Maybe it was just a bad time for them, too. When I was working, everybody told me what a bastard Henry Hathaway was—and the only time I ever worked with him, I couldn't ask for anyone to be any nicer than that man. Yet all the time, I was growing ulcers in constant fear that he was going to explode. And yet he never did!

SS: So, all in all, you've had a pretty good time of it.

DG: I have enjoyed thoroughly enjoyed—almost everything that I have ever done.

SS: That's terrific. And we've enjoyed everything we've seen you do.

DG: Well, I'm glad. (Laughs)

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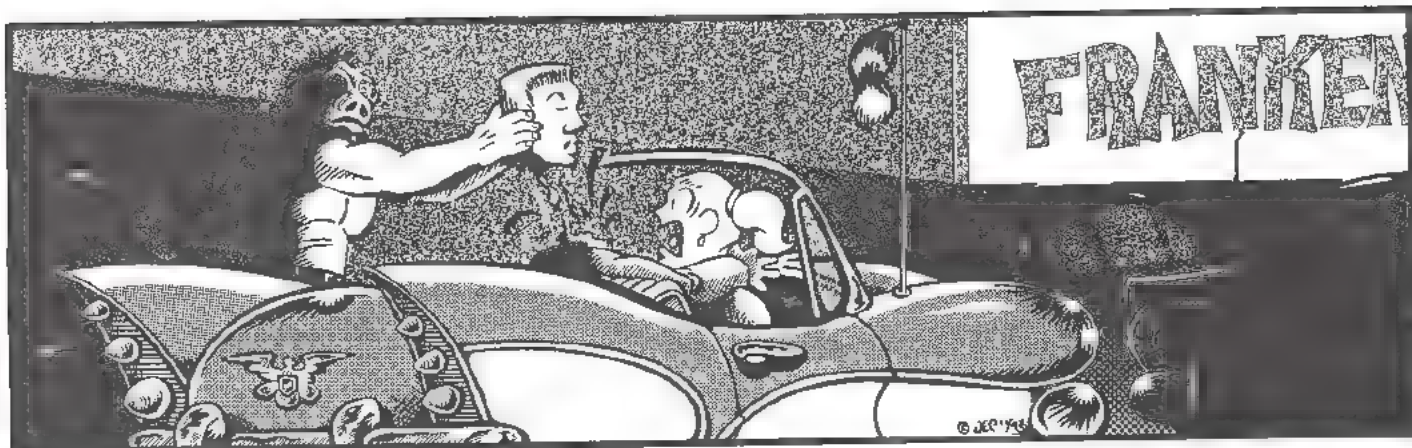
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Shock Drive-In Presents IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE

by Michael Brunas

The writer E. M. Forster once cited "The king died and then the queen died" as an example of a story and "The king died and then the queen died of grief" as an example of a plot. It's probably a good thing that E. M. didn't catch IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE when it was making the rounds at his local bijou. He wouldn't have found much of a plot, or even, for that matter, much of a story—just a tried-and-true sci-fi situation concerning a seemingly indestructible creature (this one is an armor-plated Martian) running amok on a spaceship. It was just enough of a plot to keep the kids back at my old movie palace on the edge of their seats, and it remains a good enough picture to give most of those Saturday matinee cheapies of its period a run for their money.

Of course, back in 1958, IT! was just another run-of-the-mill creature feature that came and went, playing on the top of the bill with CURSE OF THE FACELESS MAN as United Artists' latest exploitation package. But as the Hollywood science-fiction canon of the '50s has become a more legitimate subject for study, the movie's stock has risen appreciably—so much so that, some years back (the story goes), a west coast fan obsessed with the movie set out to initiate a full-fledged IT! revival. After renting a theater, securing a print, and attending to publicity, he sent invitations to the surviving cast members for a reunion. In the end, all the audience got for their money was a rare chance to see IT! back on the big screen and a row of empty chairs representing the no-show celebrities who were unable, unwilling, or just plain uninterested in sharing their memories with the paying public. If nothing else, the story is a vivid reminder that, except for Western fans, in no quarter is there as much passion for B-moviemaking as resides in the science-fiction arena.

IT! earns a place way down the list of '50s sci-fi favorites—holding up the rear for such classier titles as THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL (1951) and THE WAR OF THE WORLDS (1953), but nudging out less imposing (if equally entertaining) fare as ROCKETSHIP X-M (1950) and THE MAN FROM PLANET X (1951). The

movie works best if seen at the right time and at the right age. IT! was quite a movie for impressionable minds. Adults may wince at the barely developed characters and cheap sets, to say nothing of Ray Corrigan, the beer-bellied stuntman in Paul Blaisdell's garish and ill-fitting zipper-back monster costume. But I can still recall the uneasy, almost tangible sense of danger the film conveyed, especially in the early scenes in which the monster, prowling around the darkened bowels of the spaceship awaiting a chance encounter with its human prey, appeared only as a hideous shadow. The sight of its pummeled, chalky-faced victims, with their glazed, vampire-like eyes, worked its way into the imaginations of young viewers just as intensely as the blood-soaked makeup appliances of Freddy Krueger and his ilk do today. (The movie was released in Europe under its shooting title: IT! THE VAMPIRE FROM BEYOND SPACE.)

As basic as is IT's premise, the script takes pains to establish an atmosphere of foreboding from the beginning, its characters taking on a grim sense of purpose even before the mayhem ensues. An American spaceship arrives on Mars to undertake a rescue mission for a previous ship, which crash-landed on the Red Planet. The search party, led by its skipper, the by-the-book Colonel James Van Heusen (Kim Spading), finds only one survivor of the six-man team: Colonel Ed Carruthers (Marshall Thompson). (Presumably, Spading is not playing the same James Van Heusen who, first with Johnny Burke and later with Sammy Cahn, wrote the songs for all but the first of the seven Hope/Crosby/Lamour Road pictures.)

Carruthers' explanation for his single status is a disturbing one; he claims that his shipmates were slaughtered by a mysterious creature. The lone survivor is promptly placed under arrest. (Somewhat similarly, the plot of Agatha Christie's *Ten Little Indians* hinges on the sole survivor on an island littered with corpses being thought guilty of the murders—although in Christie it is one of the "victims," not a denizen of Mars, who is responsible for the carnage.)

Keeping the situation slightly askew, screenwriter Jerome Bixby adds a romantic triangle. Van Heusen's girlfriend, scientist Ann Anderson (Shawn Smith), finds herself silently siding with Carruthers when her beau sees fit to browbeat "the guilty party."

Predictably, Carruthers' wild tale is given credence when the crushed, dehydrated bodies of crew members are found wedged in the ship's labyrinth of air shafts and it becomes clear that the monster has snuck on board. (The creature lives off the blood and body fluids of its victims.) The crew finds that their arsenal of hand grenades, bullets, and even bazookas can't penetrate the creature's armor-like skin. Furthering their peril, the monster starts crashing his way upward through the levels of the ship until the survivors find themselves huddled in the highest compartment. Falling back on their wits, they quickly don their spacesuits as they await the final confrontation. As the monster bursts on the scene, Van Heusen, at the cost of his life, opens the outer hatch. **IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE** dies of asphyxiation.

"Brilliance on a budget" is less than a fitting accolade for **IT!**, yet the movie has the crude effectiveness of the better meat-and-potatoes programmers of its vintage. **IT!** is moderately intelligent and nicely fulfills its own limited ambitions. Not the least of its virtues are a decent script. It's likely that, even then, the young, promising science-fiction

writer Jerome Bixby (who later penned "Mirror Mirror" among other **STAR TREK** episodes) was slumming, but he vests the material with some viscerally effective ideas, and makes Edward L. Cahn's direction seem better than it actually have been.

IT! is the best of Cahn's work in the horror genre, piddling praise indeed when one takes into account such runners-up as **THE SHE-CREATURE** (1956) and **THE FOUR SKULLS OF JONATHAN DRAKE** (1959). Like most of his B-movie brethren, Cahn was more of a traffic cop than a director. (Considering the budgets and deadline pressures imposed upon him, he was probably darn lucky just to get the film in the can.) If the low-budget efforts of, say, Roger Corman, had the director's characteristic panache, it was because Corman had the opportunity to put his own imprint on

the scripts when he commissioned them. Cahn, more than likely, was handed a finished script and had to work like blazes to put it on film.

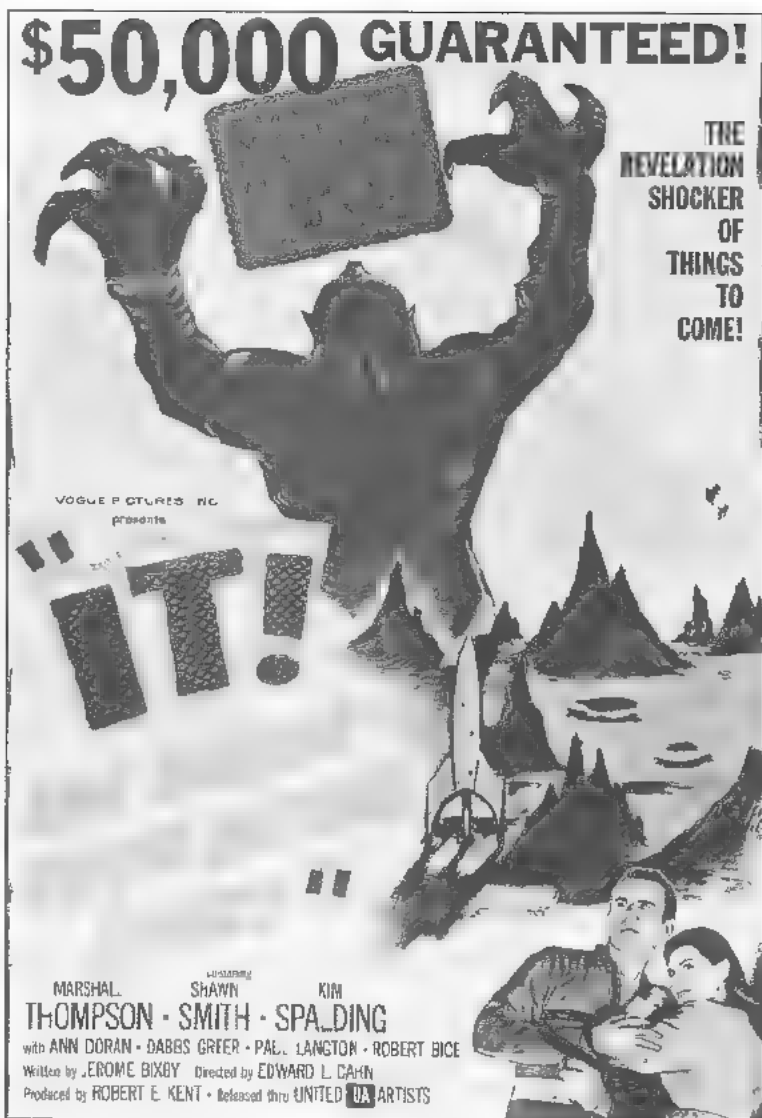
Cahn's work on **IT!** shows competence, which is certainly more than one can say for many of his horror credits. A recent screening of the director's odious **ZOMBIES OF MORA TAU** (1957) at a Greenwich Village revival house focused the cold light of scrutiny on Cahn's talent. The movie, Sam Katzman's delirious updating of those gaseous Monogram zombie flicks of

the 1940s, was understandably met with gales of laughter from the crowd. True, New York audiences are notorious for snickering through the best and most unlikely of films—but in this case, their derision seemed more than justified. Cahn fumbled opportunities that the average horror specialist of the 1930s could have put over with nothing but sheer style at his disposal.

On the other hand, **IT!** works up a fair head of steam because Bixby's near foolproof material is far less dependent on style and atmosphere, perhaps even talent, to pull it off. The movie's best moments are enough to jar even a jaded New York City audience: the creature twisting an oversized space rifle into a pretzel after wrenching it from the grip of a hapless crewman and closing in on its prey in the spacecraft's serpentine ventilation tube, the lifeless hand of a missing crew member suddenly dropping from behind an air shaft,

Carruthers' eerie, deadpan account of his encounter with the beast during a Martian sandstorm....

But the inevitable quibbles must also be faced. Although Bixby sets his futuristic fantasy in the (then) far-off early '70s, we're reminded of the Eisenhower years at every turn. The spacegear and fixtures (complete with wooden drawers) have the look of World War II surplus, and the attitude towards "the weaker sex" is strictly out of **OZZIE AND HARRIET**. The female crew members, including the ship's chief medical officer (Doran), dutifully pour coffee and clean up after the lowest-ranking members of the team. Token ethnic types, represented by the characters of the Finelli brothers, fare little better. There are Gino Finelli (Richard Hervey), horny and humble, and his round, owlish brother Bob (Richard Benedict). Function-





ing in more or less servile capacities to their WASPish superiors, the Finellis bring some much-needed color to the bland-as-white-bread character roster. Still, you

serve as a human incubator for the space creature recalls Richard Wordsworth as a similarly doomed astronaut in Val Guest's *THE CREEPING UNKNOWN* (1956).

IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE had its own legal showdown when Universal-International, planning a reissue of its 1953 landmark *IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE*, formally protested to the MPAA Title Bureau over the similarity of titles between its film and Vogue Films' *IT!* Nothing came of it, though, and Universal apparently accepted settlement or lost the case outright. (It's a wonder that Columbia managed to escape Universal's ever-vigilant legal department when *IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA* was released in 1955!)

IT!'s minor notoriety, a direct result of its association with *ALIEN*, paid off handsomely for the film's fans. Cable airings have become fairly commonplace and those old, pirated, third-generation videos have long since been replaced by pristine, authorized copies, originally released when most United Artists genre titles were still stubbornly unavailable. The movie's recent entry into the laserdisc market will help reproduce the theatrical experience for those lucky enough to have caught it the first time.

Younger horror fans can have their computer-crafted monstrosities and digital bone-chomping sound effects. For me, no thanks—I'll take *IT!* in all its low-tech black-and-white glory anytime.



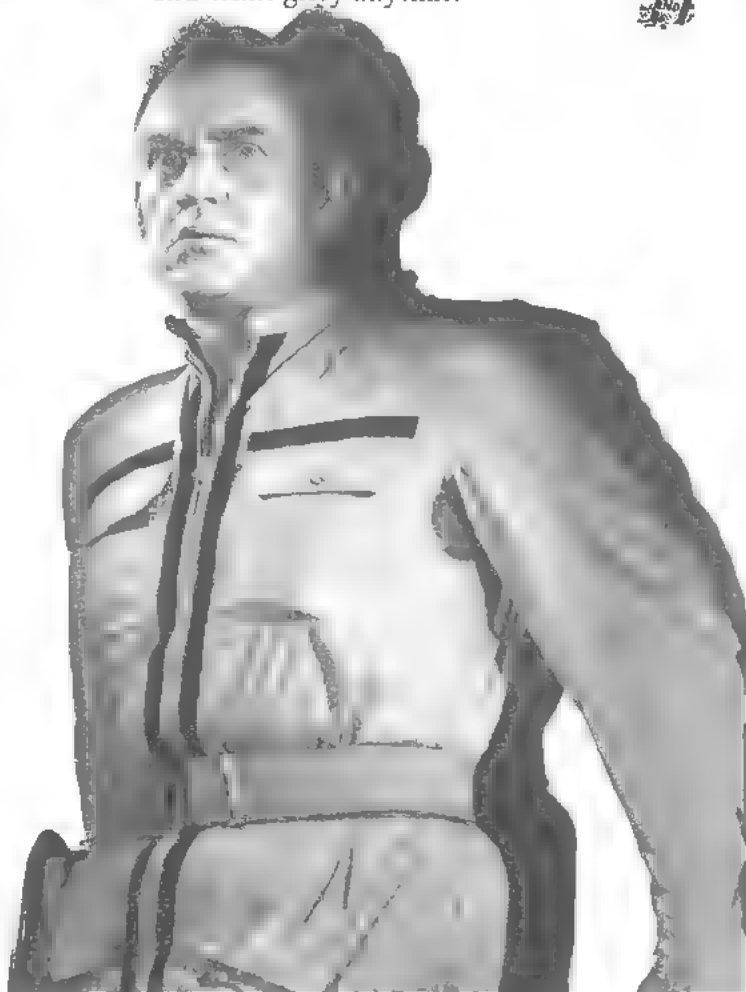
don't have to be a proverbial rocket scientist to figure out that they'll be among the casualties when the creature's dinner bell is rung.

One note of originality, pertinent to this issue's interviews with Ann Doran and Dabbs Greer, who play the characters in question, is that the crew contains a married couple: Doctors Mary and Eric Royce. Doran and Greer manage to invest the scientists with a mutual affection that is scarcely evident in the script.

IT!'s elevation to an almost mainstream sci-fi "classic" from its previous status as a mere Saturday matinee memory is entirely due to the claim that it was the major inspiration for Ridley Scott's 1978 megahit *ALIEN*. Whatever minor indignities Scott and company suffered from these vague cries of plagiarism were undoubtedly assuaged by *ALIEN*'s boffo box office. Furthermore, *IT!* was dogged by a copycat stigma of its own making. While Jerome Bixby noted similarities between *ALIEN* and his own work, he also manfully fessed up to another influence.

"I wrote *IT!* on spec, that is to say no particular market," he told *Starlog* magazine in 1991. "At the time, I had in my mind as a model, the Howard Hawks picture, *THE THING*. I was thinking of an isolated situation and you've got these poor guys in the Arctic with this invincible critter who's picking 'em off one by one. What's a good way to adapt that? In a spaceship."

The highly touted *THE THING*/*IT!*/*ALIEN* connection has become lively fodder for genre magazines over the years, although other films that played a role in the genesis of *ALIEN* are frequently overlooked. Discerning viewers may note that *ALIEN*'s visual design, credited to H. R. Giger, probably had its inspiration in Mario Bava's *PLANET OF THE VAMPIRES* (1965), a film which features not only smaller scale though strikingly similar miniature sets, but contains its own version of *ALIEN*'s "space jockey" prop. Moreover, *ALIEN*'s plot ploy of having a crew member



ABOVE: *IT! THE TERROR* and potential victim (Shawn Smith). RIGHT: Scarlet Street interviewee Dabbs Greer.



Night Rebel JACK GRINNAGE

interviewed by Jessie Lilley

Last issue, *Scarlet Street* invaded the INS offices to interview brave, intrepid reporter Ron "Uptight" Updyke. While KOLCHAK: THE NIGHT STALKER was off hunting vampires and werewolves, Ron could usually be found back at his desk, nursing either a cold or a grudge.

This issue, *Scarlet Street* speaks once again to Jack Grinnage, the actor who brought Ron to fidgety, fussy life—this time about an earlier role, in the 1955 teen-angst classic REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE. . . .

Scarlet Street: How did you get your start in the business?

Jack Grinnage: Well, I went to Los Angeles City College, which at that time was one of the top places to go to school. They did so many shows; so many people came from there. James Coburn, Robert Vaughn, Madlyn Rhue . . . and most of the people are still in the business. I remember Kathie Browne said to me, "Oh, I have this agent, Isabelle Draesener. Why don't you have her come see you in a play?" I was playing the Jewish boy in STALAG 17, so I asked her to come and see the play. She said, "I think we can work something out," and she started sending me out on interviews. I got a recurring role on FATHER KNOWS BEST; I played Bud's friend.

SS: What was your first film?

JG: I played a blacksmith's son in LADY GODIVA. I had a scene with Maureen O'Hara and Victor McLaglen; I got to kiss Maureen O'Hara's hand, and Victor McLaglen had to chase me. He was very old at the time, and I thought, "I'm gonna have to go pretty slow." But the minute the cameras rolled—boy, did he run after me! I really had to run! He grabbed me and held me up under his arm and carried me away, and they yelled, "Cut!" And he

dropped me and shuffled off the set! (Laughs) Actors are like that, you know. They can pull it together.

SS: You're in one of the classic films of the '50s. REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE.

JG: It's interesting, because I just ran into Dennis Hopper in New York a couple of weeks ago. We hadn't seen each other in, I guess, 35 years, and it was nice to get together. We became a family making that film. We were on it so long. Beverly Long, who was in the film, I still see. Steffi Sidney and Frank Mazzola, I still see. I probably see Beverly more than I see the rest, 'cause we also went to college together.

SS: How'd you get the part?

JG: I was up for another film when REBEL came along. I had a role in FORBIDDEN PLANET; I would be playing one of the crew members I'd tested already for REBEL, but they just took months and months to decide. I remember when I went for the interview with Nick Ray and David Weisbart, I thought, "Gee, I handled myself really well. I was intelligent, and I didn't make any mistake." And then I got up and went to the wrong door and walked in the closet! (Laughs)

SS: Oh, no! (Laughs)

JG: You know, it's dumb things! At the second interview, Nick had

everybody who was up for the roles out there. We were all sitting around, and there was a character called Goon, which Dennis ended up playing, who is on drugs. So Nick just gave the script to everybody and said, "Read this!" I happened to be the first one to read that part. The lines just jumped off the page, and I had to sing a song, which I invented right on the spot. It was a good moment. Nobody could top it, 'cause they were all trying to copy what I did. And then we were called for another screen test! They gave us a script, and I said, "What character am I playing?" They said, "Nick hasn't decided. Why don't you learn all the boys' roles?" Again, there must have been 20 people in the scene. Corey Allen, who I knew from high school, was there and they called, "Action!" Corey said his first line and no one answered. So I said the next line. Nobody else said another word! I said all the boys' lines, and they never redid the test!

SS: Everyone else simply kept their mouths shut?

JG: Nick didn't assign the parts to anybody! That was the way he played; he wanted to see what happened. Again, I was fortunate; I opened my mouth. You know, they



LEFT: The cast gathers to read the script of *REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE* at the Chateau Marmont. Left to Right: director Nicholas Ray lighting a cigarette, screenwriter Stewart Stern, Gene Evans (reading the role of Ray, played in the film by Edward Platt), James Dean, Jack Simmons (reading Plato, the Sal Mineo role), Jim Backus, Natalie Wood, Nick Adams, Frank Mazzola, Jack Grinnage, and unidentified player by the tape recorder. **RIGHT:** More script reading with (Left to Right) Nicholas Ray, Jim Backus, Natalie Wood, Nick Adams, Mitzi McCall (as a carhop in a scene cut before filming), composer Leonard Rosenman, Jack Grinnage, Beverly Long, unidentified player, and Frank Mazzola.

say the whole business is luck. I was really lucky that day!

SS: So while you were waiting to hear about REBEL, FORBIDDEN PLANET came up.

JG: Then my agent called and said, "You have the film. You have to decide. Are You gonna do FORBIDDEN PLANET, or are you gonna wait for REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE?" I said I'd wait. She said, "Okay, I'm gonna tell them you don't wanna do FORBIDDEN PLANET."

SS: Tell us about the full reading of REBEL's script.

JG: It was at the director's bungalow at the Chateau; that's where Nick Ray had the reading. The people who were there were James Dean, Natalie Wood, Nick Adams, myself, Dennis Hopper . . . Sal Mineo wasn't there; Jack Simmons, who was a friend of Jimmy's and was also in the film, read the part of Plato. Ann Doran wasn't there. Marsha Hunt played the mother. I don't know why Marsha Hunt wasn't in the film, but on the first day of shooting, Ann Doran was playing the role, not Marsha Hunt. It was a nice evening. We got to know the cast, so that by the time we got on the set and into makeup—well, I don't even remember the first day of shooting, because we knew each other already.

SS: Didn't they start filming REBEL in black and white?

JG: Yes, and I was thinking "Why?" But BLACKBOARD JUNGLE was in

black and white, and maybe that was the reason. Also, it's cheaper in black and white. We filmed for two weeks, as I remember, and then we switched to color—and we knew that the film was gonna be good. Ernie Haller, who shot GONE WITH THE WIND, shot REBEL.

SS: What can you tell us about your REBEL costars?

JG: Ah! James Dean! I remember a story that I read about Norma Shearer and Greta Garbo. Norma Shearer said she'd go by Garbo's dressing room every day and say, "Good morning, Miss Garbo." Nothing ever happened. Finally she said, "I'm not gonna talk to her anymore." And that morning she walked by and heard, "Good morning, Miss Shearer." (Laughs) Well, that's what happened with Jimmy and me. I'd say, "Good morning"—and nothing! So, hey! I'm not gonna talk to him anymore!" Finally, we were playing a game on the set with a flashlight; we were writing words on the cyclorama with the flashlight and we had to guess what they were. Jimmy grabbed the flashlight and wrote my name, and no one could figure it out. Then he sort of laughed and looked at me and, you know, asked me to drive his car in that last road race, because of something I did on the set one day. He would bring me glasses of water.

SS: Wonderful!

JG: I was so impressed that I was gonna be in that film after I saw

EAST OF EDEN I saw that after I knew I was gonna be in REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE, and I thought, "Gosh! I'm gonna be performing with this person!" And then we did some publicity for Warners with Jimmy, they brought each of us up to stand with him, and I was just so embarrassed! I couldn't even look at him! (Laughs)

SS: How about Natalie Wood?

JG: Natalie tested with us in that big test, I think. I don't have any great impressions of her, except that she was congenial. Nice girl, never had any problems, easy to get along with—again, it was a delight to work on the film. We all had so much fun. We all got together; the gang would go out at night and get drunk and stuff . . .

SS: Sal Mineo?

JG: He was shy. I got to know him better than any of the stars on the film, 'cause we'd just sit in the dressing room and talk. I was so amazed at his theater background, that he'd done THE KING AND I with Gertrude Lawrence! That really impressed me.

SS: And Dennis Hopper?

JG: I adore him! (Laughs) As I said, I ran into him a couple of weeks ago, and we just sort of looked at each other and said, "Wow! We've come a long way, haven't we?" You have to have that background of life, to bring things to your career. If you haven't lived, what do you have, really, to bring, except innocence



LEFT: The gang gangs up on Jim Stark (James Dean) in *REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE* (1955). **RIGHT:** Gang members (Dennis Hopper, Frank Mazzola, and Jack Grinnage) catch up with Plato (Sal Mineo) at an abandoned mansion (the same house that was used in 1950's *SUNSET BOULEVARD*). **BELOW:** The knife fight at the observatory. Pictured: Clifford Morris, Corey Allan, Dennis Hopper, Jack Simmons, Frank Mazzola, Jack Grinnage, James Dean, and Beverly Long.

and charm. Sal started early, so there were more things he could bring.

SS: Sal Mineo carried *REBEL* with him for the rest of his life

JG: Well, yes, we all do. Dennis still talks

about *REBEL*. It was a very important part of our careers. Dennis and Sal and Natalie went on to much bigger careers than the rest of us, but I talk about it in interviews. I always bring it up; it's still on my resume, and when I go on interviews they say, "Oh, you were in *REBEL*! Who did you play?" I think we all still carry it around. We were all impressed by Jimmy, by the intensity of his performances, the involvement in the character. Those are things you don't see in films a lot. It was a rich experience.

SS: What were some of your other films and TV shows?

JG: Well, I did a film with Elvis Presley, *KING CREOLE*. I played a deaf mute. I killed Walter Matthau.

SS: You killed Walter Matthau?

JG: To save Elvis Presley's life! Isn't that exciting? (Laughs)

SS: Poor old Walter

Continued on page 102



Better Holmes and Watson

The Granada Series Reviewed

by Richard Valley

THE SECOND STAIN
Adaptation: John Hawkesworth
Direction: John Bruce

Back at the dawn of time, in *Scarlet Street* #3 (Summer 1991), we covered THE NAVY TREATY, the Granada episode based on the first in a triad of "missing document stories" by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. (The other two are the present story, naturally, and "The Bruce-Partington Plans.") Sherlockians generally rate either "The Second Stain" (published in 1903, and originally billed as "The Last Sherlock Holmes Story Ever To Be Written"—which it happily wasn't) or "The Bruce-Partington Plans" (published in 1908) as the best of these espionage adventures, but, with Granada, there is simply no contest. THE SECOND STAIN wins by a country mile. (It's quite an accomplishment, too, since THE BRUCE-PARTINGTON PLANS features the

formidable Charles Gray as Sherlock's smarter brother, Mycroft Holmes, in what Canonically should have been his last appearance in the series.)

What makes THE SECOND STAIN so special? The reasons for its superiority are, if not many, several. Foremost is the fact that THE SECOND STAIN was filmed in 1986, after Granada's ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES had been succeeded by THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, and when the company was at the top of its game. Jeremy Brett was still in fighting trim as the Great Detective, and Edward Hardwicke was well on his way to making the character of Dr. Watson uniquely his own. Colin Jeavons put in one of his all-too-rare appearances as Inspector Lestrade, and the supporting cast, led by RUMPOLE OF THE BAILEY's Patricia Hodge as Lady Trelawney Hope and Harry Andrews as Lord Bellinger, was all that one could desire.

BELOW: Three anxious visitors come to Baker Street—although, putting the lie to this production still, Lady Hilda Trelawney Hope arrives some time after her husband, the Right Honorable Trelawney Hope, departs with Lord Bellinger. Pictured: Stuart Wilson, Patricia Hodge, and Harry Andrews. NEXT PAGE: A classic photograph from a classic series: Sherlock Holmes (Jeremy Brett), Inspector Lestrade (Colin Jeavons), and Dr. Watson (Edward Hardwicke) investigate THE SECOND STAIN.



Jeremy Brett

Once again, a vital document has gone missing—this time a letter which, should it fall into enemy hands, may well lead to war. Without straining his talents much, Holmes traces the mischievous missive to a slick foreign agent named Eduardo Lucas (Yves Beneyton), but, before the Master Sleuth can corner the villain, Lucas turns up dead—and Lestrade of the Yard has taken command of the crime scene. Holmes' problem: to retrieve the letter, which is obviously somewhere in Lucas' flat, and the contents of which even Scotland Yard must not be made privy to, before it accidentally falls into the clutches of someone else. The telling clue: a bloodstain on a rug which doesn't correspond to the bloodstain beneath the rug.

Surprisingly (and delightfully), this is a case in which Holmes has no interest whatsoever in solving the murder, leaving the messy business in the usually incompetent hands of the official police. Even more surprisingly, Lestrade succeeds in catching the killer—one of the few instances in the Canon in which it is shown that the inspector can sometimes succeed without the help of talented "amateurs." (Needless to say, Jeavons has a fine time of it.)

Watch for the scene in which Sherlock, bustling on his way to trace Lucas, is stopped dead in his tracks by Watson, who, reading a newspaper, announces that Lucas has been murdered. It is exceptionally well played, and Patrick Gower's background score, as always, adds immeasurably to our enjoyment.





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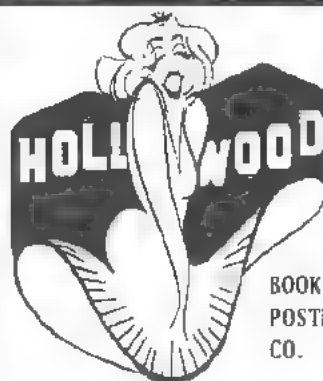
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HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER MOVIE

HERMAN COHEN

interviewed by Jessie Lilley

When the subject of teen horror films rears its Brylcreamed head, the man of the hour—indeed, the man of the entire decade of the Fabulous Fifties—is producer Herman Cohen, who all but defined the genre with the classic *I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF* (1957), the film that introduced the late Michael Landon to the world.

Not content to rest on his lycanthropic laurels, Cohen went on that same year to produce *I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN* (with Gary Conway strutting his stuff as a walking jigsaw puzzle) and *BLOOD OF DRACULA*, the latter featuring Sandra Harrison as a troubled teenage bloodsucker. Even after he'd finished exploring the anguished adolescences of our favorite fiends, Cohen was loathe to give up the concept, and teenagers played a major role in such later flicks as *HORRORS OF THE BLACK MUSEUM* (1959) and *KONGA* (1961).

Here, in the first installment of a fascinating three-part interview, *Scarlet Street* publisher Jessie Lilley returns with Herman Cohen to the early days of his career, and his first encounters with the likes of Barbara Stanwyck, Raymond Burr, and Bela Lugosi . . .



Photos courtesy of Herman Cohen



LEFT: Who says there isn't truth in advertising? **RIGHT:** Michael Landon (pictured with Yvonne Lime) helped raise 1957's *I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF* above the level of most of the decade's fright flicks.

Jessie Lilley: How did you get your start in films?

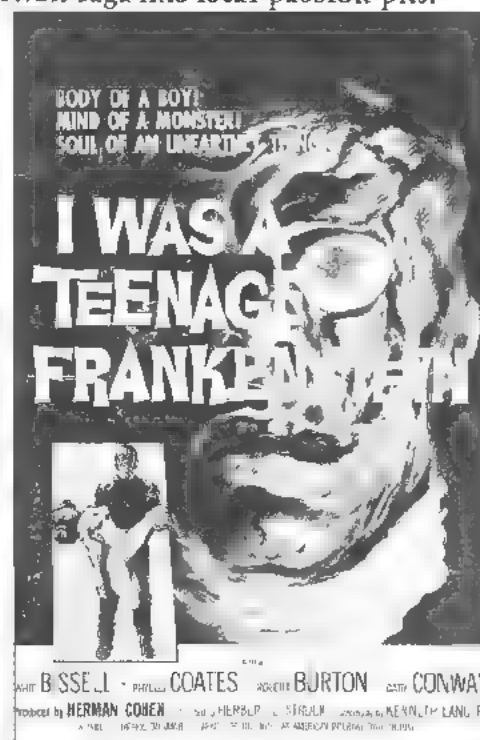
Herman Cohen: Oh, God! (Laughs) I started as a go-fer in Detroit at our local theater. I was a young kid, 10 or 11 years old. After school, we used to help the janitor clean the Dexter Theater, which was not far from my house. It was about a 1,200 seat theater

JL: So you became interested in show business at a very early age.

HC: I was always fascinated by the theater. In school, I would put the plays on, and anything that would be done in the auditorium I was doing. I worked in the theater as a go-fer, so I could get free passes for my family. We were a poor family and it was very exciting that I would come

home with passes to a theater! I became an usher at a very young age; I was picked up by the state labor board twice, working underage at the theater. (Laughs) I'll tell you two funny stories about how I got started as an usher. I was only about 13, and the theater was packed. Standing room only. They were short of help, and the manager came

LEFT: Biting the hand that feeds you! Herman Cohen helped provide a struggling Michael Landon with groceries. **RIGHT:** *I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN* (1957) followed Cohen's werewolf saga into local passion pits.



up to me and said, "Herman! Go down to the usher's room and put on a uniform! I'm putting you on the aisle!" Well, my God! That was great, you know? I ran down to the usher's room, and all the uniforms were too big! I looked terrible in them. (Laughs) I had to tuck the pants in, tuck the jacket in, and I came up to report to the manager. Well, he took one look and said, "C'mon over here." He took me to the last aisle of the theater. Each aisle had a spotlight on the usher in that aisle, and he got a ladder, got up, and turned off the spotlight! (Laughs)

JL: That's great!

HC: We dissolve the scene. When I was 16, I was managing the Dexter Theater. I was still in High School.

JL: You managed when you were only 16?

HC: I was managing and I was booking pictures. First I was a go-fer, then I became an usher, then I became a doorman, then chief of service, then assistant manager, and then the manager was fired. They were gonna bring another manager over from the theater circuit, but he couldn't come for two weeks, and during those two weeks I put on a big campaign with Perry Brown, the owner of the theater. He was a great old guy. Tough, mean old guy, some people thought, but I liked him—and he got a kick out of me. I went to the captains of our local police precinct and fire department, and to the corner drugstore where he bought his cigars, and got them to say that I'd be right to manage a theater. Well, his two sons who ran the company with him brought me downtown, and they had a meeting. "Dad, what's gonna happen with the insurance? He's too young." And the father said, "Yeah! But we can get him cheap!" (Laughs) Make a long story short, they said, "Okay, the division manager will watch him." And the police said they would watch me. I had everyone behind me. They let me temporarily manage the theater, and then they gave the management to me. Later, I went downtown to the Fox Theater, which was the second largest theater in the country. Over 5,000 seats, and the managing director there had heard about me. He wanted me to come over as assistant manager at the Fox. So that was a

great deal, and I started working at the Fox. And that's all before I went into the military when I was 18. A couple of buddies talked me into going down to join. They were both 4F and I was 1A! (Laughs) So, much to my regret I was in almost four years.

JL: And then...?

HC: Well, when I got out of the Marine Corps, I wanted to learn distribution. I got a job with Columbia Pictures in their branch office in Detroit, 'cause my mother was ill and I wanted to get back.

JL: Where were you?

HC: I was stationed at Camp Pendleton in California, and I would go



Herman Cohen and Kathleen Crowley mull over the script of *TARGET EARTH*.

into Hollywood every chance I had. Fortunately I got letters from the branch managers, so I could visit the studios. When I got out of Columbia Pictures Distribution and came back to the West Coast, my first job was working in the publicity department for Lou Smith at Columbia. I heard about Jack Broder, who was looking for an assistant. I applied and got the job—and that's how I got into production.

JL: What were some of the films you made for Jack Broder?

HC: *TWO DOLLAR BETTOR*, with John Litel, was the first picture I worked on. *THE BUSHWHACKERS* with John Ireland, Dorothy Malone, Wayne Morris, and Lawrence Tierney. *THE BASKETBALL FIX*, with

Ireland and Marshall Thompson. There was a big basketball fix in New York at the time, so we rushed that picture out in three days. I didn't want to have anything to do with *BELA LUGOSI MEETS A BROOKLYN GORILLA*. This producer had brought in Duke Mitchell and Sammy Petrillo, two guys who looked like Martin and Lewis, and Jack Broder said, "Let's do a rip off on Martin and Lewis." I was the associate producer on that. (Laughs)

JL: What was Lugosi like at that point?

HC: He was sort of out of it; he was not too well. I don't know what kind of drugs he was on. His wife and son were on the set all the time.

After he would do his scenes, they'd take him back to his dressing room. He did his lines; he did what he was supposed to do. He was brought out to the set, did his lines, and was brought back to his dressing room.

JL: Before that, you'd made *BRIDE OF THE GORILLA*.

HC: That was with Barbara Payton, Lon Chaney, Raymond Burr, and Tom Conway. We did that in 10 days. We got Barbara Payton, who was just dropped by Warner Brothers, and then we did *BATTLES OF CHIEF PONTIAC* with Lex Barker, who'd just finished playing Tarzan. We did that on location in Rapid City, South Dakota.

JL: Is it true that Burr and Chaney didn't get along on *BRIDE OF THE GORILLA*?

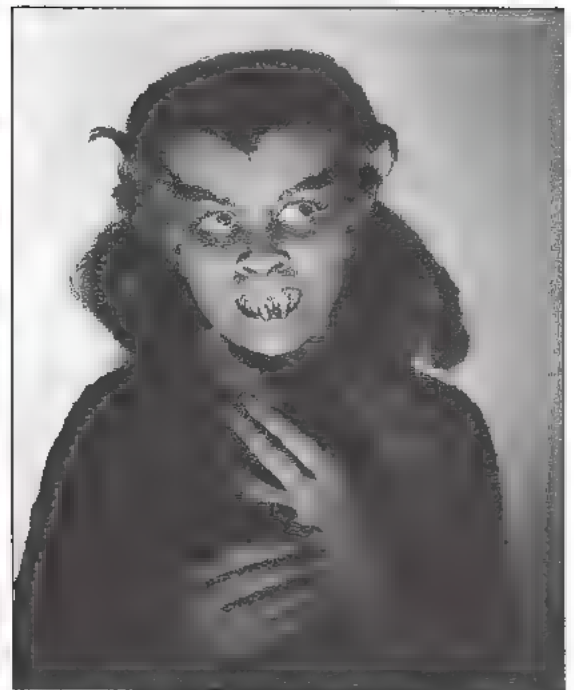
HC: Totally rumor. They got along very well. Raymond Burr was terrific; in fact, I hired him for two films later on when I was producing. He did *CRIME OF PASSION* with Barbara

Stanwyck and Sterling Hayden, which I released through United Artists, and he also did *THE BRASS LEGEND* with Hugh O'Brian, who played the heavy.

JL: Burr was an awfully good heavy.

HC: He was terrific in those days. He was just a fine man and a wonderful actor. Lon Chaney? He played Chief Pontiac, and he was just a wonderful guy, a real nice guy. He had a sort of a tent with the Sioux Indians and that's where he lived; he would not live in the hotel where the actors stayed. He wanted to be part of the Indians, and he insisted on being with them during the entire production.

JL: *TARGET EARTH* starred an actor we interviewed: Richard Denning.



LEFT: Producer Herman Cohen takes a break with his *CRIME OF PASSION* star, Barbara Stanwyck. **RIGHT:** The *BLOOD OF DRACULA* fills the veins of teen terror Sandra Harrison.

HC: Another wonderful guy. He was very professional. *TARGET EARTH* was my first independent film. I did that in 1954; I raised the money myself through DeLuxe Labs which was owned by Fox, and Harold Mirisch from Allied Artists and Steve Broidy. We had to do a lot of work on Saturday and Sunday with an Eymo camera and no crew whatsoever, just myself and my director, Sherman Rose. Richard Denning and Kathleen Crowley weren't

supposed to work unless it was with a union crew, but they did. Have you seen *TARGET EARTH*?

JL: No, I haven't.

HC: Well, the city of LA is completely evacuated. I have some great shots, where nobody's on the streets, not a person, not a car. A buddy of mine was a cop at the Hollywood precinct, and he agreed to come in uniform on Sunday morning. And Richard Denning agreed to come, and Kathleen Crowley—and

the minute the sun came up, we started to shoot. We were shooting and everything was great and then suddenly we turned a corner and a thousand people came out of church! (Laughs)

JL: Oh, no!

HC: Cut! (Laughs)

JL: How did you become associated with American International Pictures?

HC: Well, that was through James Nicholson. Jack Broder owned some theaters in LA, and James Nicholson

LEFT: Body of a boy! Mind of a monster! Soul of Billy Joel! Gary Conway tickles the ivories in *I WAS A TEEN-AGE FRANKENSTEIN* (1957). **RIGHT:** The cranium challenged star of 1959's *THE HEADLESS GHOST*.



was the manager at one of his theaters. And then he became very ill. He had TB, and so he was away for awhile. When he got out of the hospital, Jack said, "Look, this was my man. He knows advertising; he's terrific with advertising, and I wanna give him a job. I'd like you to interview him." So I did and that's when I met Jim. I hired him. When I left Jack Broder to form my own independent company, Jack gave Jim my job. Jack was also president of a company called Realart Pictures, which had the rights to all the old Universal films, and when I went on my own Jack got out of production to stay with Realart. Jim Nicholson formed an independent company called American Releasing—which became American International.

JL: And that led to your working together again?

HC: I said, "Look, when I was a kid the pictures that the teenagers loved were horror films." So what I did was come up with TEENAGE WEREWOLF—a teenage horror film, right? And I wrote the story. Jim said, "Look, this is a new, young company; we're looking for a bunch of films to break through." Roger Corman gave them their first picture, THE FAST AND THE FURIOUS, to distribute, and then I came up with TEENAGE WEREWOLF. I wrote it with a marvelous writer named Aben Kandel, who had written several novels and CITY FOR CONQUEST for James Cagney. He'd also worked on Broadway. Aben and I wrote over a dozen pictures together. Anyway, we came up with TEENAGE WEREWOLF, and Jim loved the idea, loved it and said, "Herm, would you do it for AIP?" Jim came up with "I WAS A" in the title; my title was TEENAGE WEREWOLF.

JL: And Michael Landon played the lead role.

HC: Now, the funny thing about that is, when I was interviewing young kids to play the Werewolf, it came down to three people: Michael Landon, Scott Marlowe, and Jack Nicholson.

JL: Nicholson?

HC: And Jack's never forgiven me for casting Michael. In fact, that's why he played a werewolf in WOLF.

JL: He got back at you after all those years.

HC: Oh, yes! In fact, when I was in the Essex House in New York a few years ago, the elevator opened and there he was. He looked at me and

said, "I'm not riding in the elevator with you! You picked Michael Landon!" (Laughs) All those years later. But anyway, I picked Michael. We liked—my staff, my secretary—we liked his performance best. I put Michael under personal contract to Herman Cohen Productions, Inc., and that's how I did I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF. We made it for under \$150,000. It grossed over \$2 million in the first two weeks, and right away, they said, "Come up with another one!" (Laughs) So, it was very easy to say TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN.

JL: So you cast Michael Landon as the Teenage Werewolf. Had he done any movies before?

HC: No, this was his first picture he'd done. He had just finished going to USC; he was a javelin thrower there. Oh, God, he was so

energetic! He would've done anything to get started. He was broke and hungry. And he was living with this gal who became his first wife, and she had a son from a previous marriage. Her name was Dodie. They were living in one room and they had about seven cats. He loved cats, Michael. What the room smelled like with seven cats! (Laughs) Anyway, when I signed him for WEREWOLF, I took him over to the ranch market and I bought him \$50 worth of food—and in 1957, \$50 worth of food was a hell of a lot of food! We had bags and bags and bags, and tears came down his eyes, and he hugged me in the parking lot.

JL: So he was living with a woman and seven cats.

HC: And a kid.

JL: And a kid.





LEFT: One of the first things a Teenage Frankenstein must be taught is driver education. Gary Conway has Whit Bissell for a coach. **RIGHT:** Herman Cohen poses with his BRIDE OF THE GORILLA star, Barbara Payton.

HC: She had a son, which he adopted when they got married. Michael's dad was the manager of the Belmont Theater here in Hollywood. His mother was Catholic, his father was Jewish, and he had one sister. She wanted to be Catholic and Michael wanted to be Jewish.

JL: Did you still have him under contract when BONANZA came along?

HC: When he tested for BONANZA, I released him from his contract. I

didn't ask for any money or anything; I just released him so he could do BONANZA. Michael loved the business. Every phase of it. Doing TEENAGE WEREWOLF, he did all the stunts. He almost killed himself! In a way, it was kind of weird. When he had the makeup on, he told me, "I really feel like a werewolf." When he was chasing Dawn Richards in that gym to attack and kill her, we had to stop

the camera and pull him off. He was really into it.

JL: How exactly does an actor test to play a werewolf?

HC: Well, I picked different scenes for him to read. I knew he could snarl. I knew he was athletic. We had a wonderful guy, Phillip Scheer, who did the makeup. Don't forget that I made the picture in seven days for around \$150,000. The makeup wasn't done like it's done

LEFT: Herman Cohen targeted genre veteran Richard Denning to star in TARGET EARTH (1954). **RIGHT:** Robert H. Harris knows HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER (1958). Just ask Garys Clarke and Conway.



today, with appliances and what have you. Michael read the scene, and he played this troubled kid, living with his dad, misunderstood, really screwed up. He read and I knew he was a fine actor. A fine actor can play anything.

JL: Tell me the story behind your writing pseudonym.

HC: (Laughs) Well, when I made *TEENAGE WEREWOLF*, it was simply to make money. Friends of mine knew that I was up for a big contract at Columbia, and they said "Herman, this will kill you! I WAS A *TEENAGE WEREWOLF*! You've got to be joking!" So I thought, "Gee, they're right. I'm not going to use my name as the producer or the writer; I'm going to use a pseudonym." Aben said "Why don't we just stick in an English name of some kind?"

JL: But your name did wind up on the film, of course—as producer.

HC: At the time, Bob Hope and Jack Benny and Milton Berle were picking up on the title and making fun of it. It was on all the TV shows. Suddenly my office got calls from *Life*, *Time*, *Look*: "Who is the producer of *I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF*?" And my secretary, Donna Heydt, said, "Herm, what do I tell these people? What name do you want to use? They want interviews. They want their West Coast reporters to interview you." I said, "Use Herman Cohen."—and that's when I put my name on as producer. But Aben and I together used the pseudonym "Ralph Thornton."

JL: Whit Bissell starred in your first two teen horror movies.

HC: He was my American Michael Gough. (Laughs) He's a charming guy, a marvelous actor. He's so professional, and I liked him in every way. He was just perfect for the part.

JL: TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN was played by Gary Conway. Had he performed before?

HC: No, His name was Gareth Carmody, and I changed it to Gary Conway. Gareth Carmody was just too rough of a name. He came in for an interview. He had the right physique. You know, *TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN* had to have a good body; that was very important. And he had to be a good actor. He played the violin, he played the piano—but we actually decided on him because he was physically and

dramatically right for the part. And the price was cheap enough, because he had never done anything! (Laughs) Gary is a writer, now. I haven't seen him in years, but I've seen his name around.

JL: Was it difficult to find an actor with the right physique?

HC: Not out here, no. I could have gone down to Muscle Beach and picked 50 of them. Arnold Schwarzenegger, that's where they found him.

JL: Another TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN cast member was Phyllis Coates, TV's first Lois Lane.

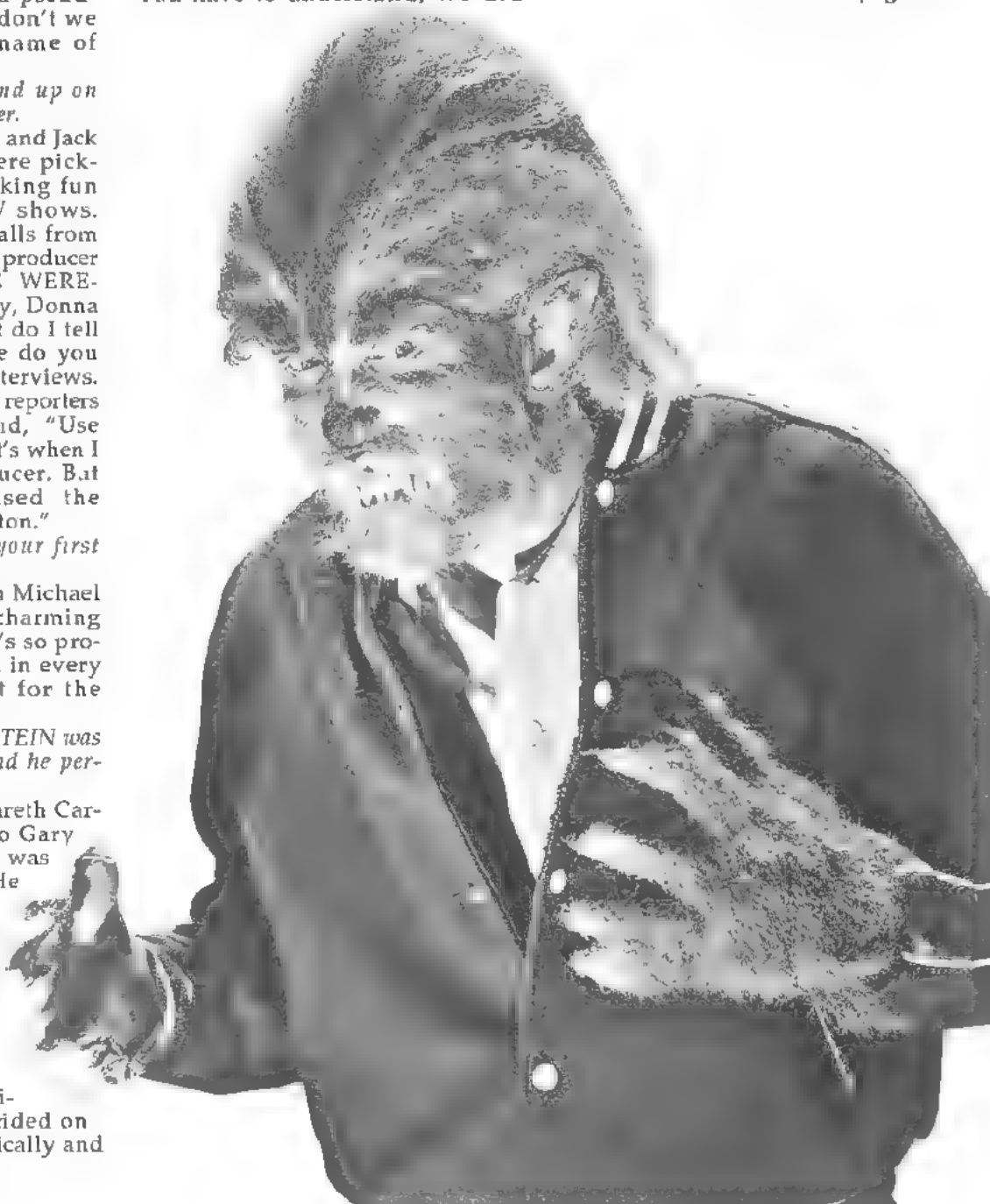
HC: She was a nice gal. I thought she was right for the part; I didn't even know she was Lois Lane at the time. You have to understand, we did

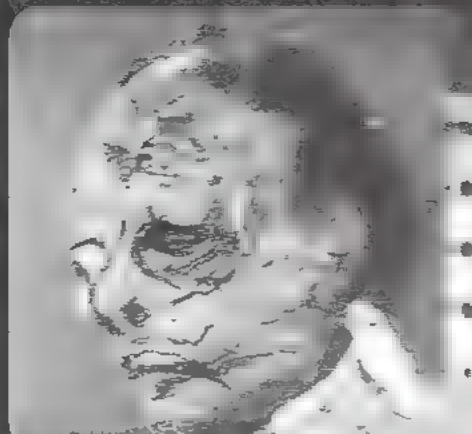
pictures so fast that, outside of the lead, we didn't get a chance to know the cast or crew too well. I used a lot of the same crew who were faithful to me; I knew as many as I could. But the cast had to change.

JL: Why didn't Michael Landon play the Werewolf again in HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER?

HC: We talked about it, and Michael felt that he'd done it. He didn't want to be labeled as the kid who does Teenage Werewolf. And I understood. I said, "Look, Michael, I understand." He was up for couple of other pictures at the time; in fact, he did *GOD'S LITTLE ACRE* and a couple of other things.

Continued on page 108





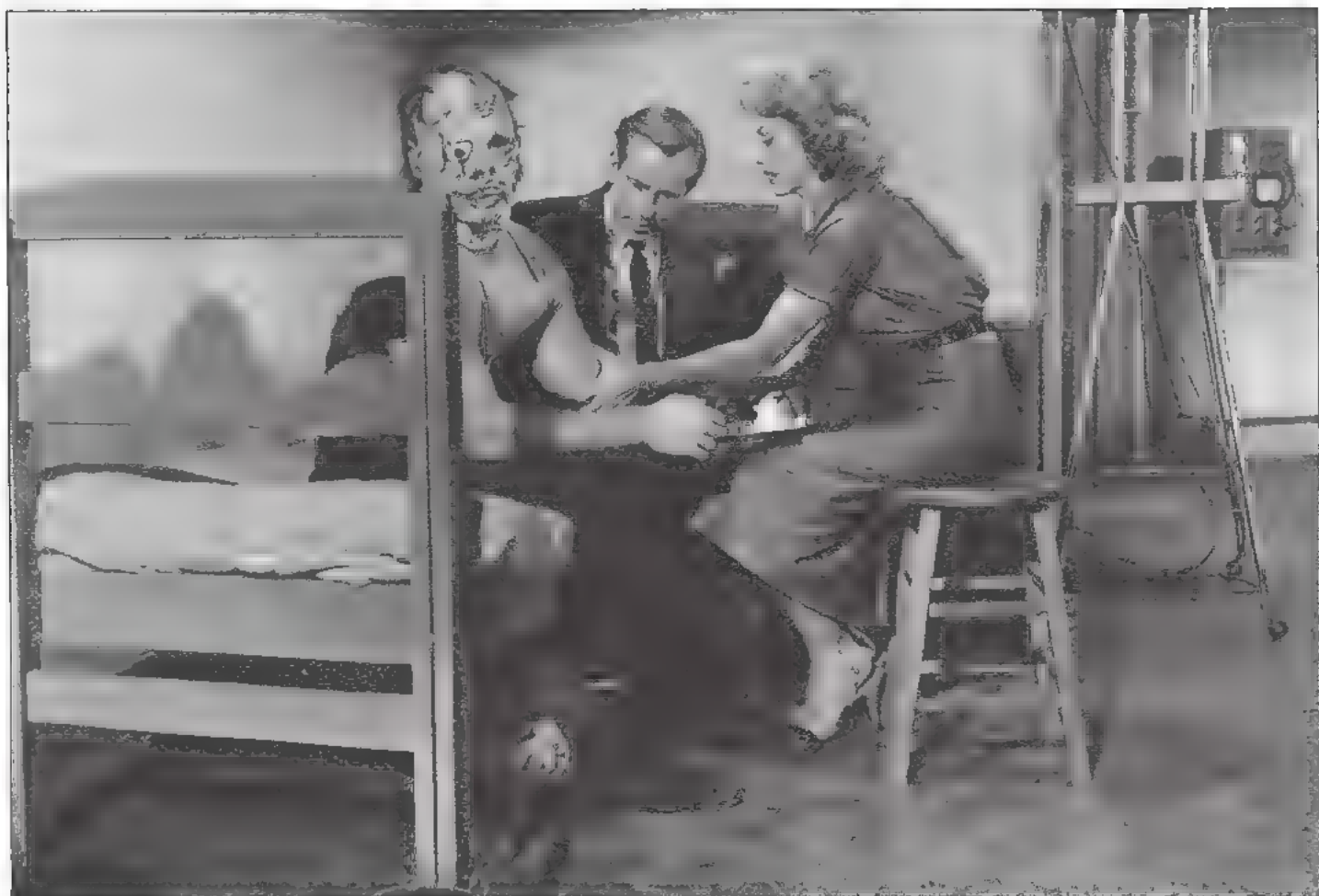
HOW TO MAKE A MOVIE STAR GARY CONWAY

interviewed by Jessie Lilley

Actor, painter, writer, producer—Gareth Carmody, better known to the world at large as Gary Conway, is a man of many parts. That's only fitting, because, in his motion picture debut, Conway was literally a man of many parts, a hodgepodge of slaughtered teenage boys stitched together by none other than a descendent of the original Dr. Frankenstein! ("Speak! You've got a civil tongue in your head. I know you have, because I sewed it back myself.")

Conway copped the title role in *I WAS A TEEN-AGE FRANKENSTEIN* (1957) when producer Herman Cohen launched a campaign to find a well-built young man for the lead in his followup to *I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF*. Well-built Conway certainly was, but neither was he a one-part wonder. After playing Frankie again in 1958's *HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER*, the actor went on to star in two classic 1960s television series: *BURKE'S LAW* and the cult hit *LAND OF THE GIANTS*.

Scarlet Street recently caught up with the incredibly busy Gary Conway, who was kind enough to tell us what it was like to play a really crazy mixed-up kid



WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN photos © 1957 American International Pictures

Talk about nuclear families! Doc Frankenstein and his bride-to-be (Whit Bissell and Phyllis Coates) tend to the needs of their troubled TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN (Gary Conway). The 1957 flick was a followup to the enormously successful I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF. NEXT PAGE: Frankie and Wolfie (Gary Conway and Gary Clarke) returned in 1958's HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER.

Scarlet Street: Which came first, I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN or THE SAGA OF THE VIKING WOMEN AND THEIR VOYAGE TO THE WATERS OF THE GIANT SEA SERPENT?

Gary Conway: Oh, God! TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN. They were made at almost the same time, because they were done at the original AIP studios. SERPENT was Roger Corman's—he directed it. I was doing TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN across from his office, and he asked me, "Would you like to be in my film?" So I said, "Sure."

SS: What was it like working with Roger Corman?

GC: Strange. When you think of the Roger Corman of today, he's a character, a force within his own right. But as I recall that experience, it seemed very amateurish to me. Yet there were some very nice people I met, so it was kind of like a party. Every now and then, we had to get up and stand in front of a camera, do a couple of things. That sort of

took us out of the party mode. "You're annoying me, go away!"

(Laughs)

SS: How did you get the part in TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN?

GC: Well, TEENAGE WEREWOLF had come out, and it was a very big hit with Michael Landon. Herman Cohen had a gimmick for TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN. He was looking for a teenager—the ideal teenager. They were going to search across the country, one of those deals. I got it because I was around; I was just there and somebody said, "I think this guy could be what you're looking for." I didn't seek it out. It kind of came to me.

SS: Herman was looking for a hunk.

GC: Definitely, I was that. Hey, when you're like 19 or 20—whatever the hell I was at the time—if you're not in good shape then, forget it! (Laughs)

SS: Weren't you a bodybuilder?

GC: Kind of. I mean, I was very athletic. I was always active in training, so I was in real good shape. I

was running, and throwing around weights, playing every sport, that sort of thing....

SS: What kind of shape are you in these days?

GC: I'm in pretty good shape.

SS: You've kept those arms?

GC: Not quite that big. I do have pretty good-sized arms, though. I'm not in as good shape as I will be when we do GIANTS, the film.

SS: Whose idea was the name change from Gareth Carmody to Gary Conway?

GC: Well, when I was at UCLA, I was an art student, and fairly serious about being an artist. Acting, at that point, did not enter my mind at all. When I did TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN, I thought I was going to do this as a joke. I just felt that it was not really consistent with my own attitude of being an artist, so I thought it would be appropriate to change my name to something else. Gareth is my real name, but I was always called Gary, so that was no big switch. And Conway was the name of my grandmother's father. I inher-

ited it, so to speak. I've always felt a little bit put out, because I thought I'd be Gary Conway only one or two times. I didn't know that it would follow me all the way along the line.

SS: Was Herman Cohen very involved in the production of *I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN*?

GC: Yes. He was always hovering around the set. He was involved. He wasn't directing, certainly; he did leave it to the director. But he was involved, and you could feel his presence. At the end, he directed that last scene, as I recall.

SS: How did you find him as a director?

GC: It's hard to recall him as a director; I think he seemed fine as a producer. The one thing I remember him telling me—it always stuck in my mind—was when he said, "I'm the youngest producer in the producer's guild." Because I was very young, I thought he was much older. When you're 19, and somebody's even 25—I remember thinking,

"Hey, he doesn't look so young to me." (Laughs)

SS: How long did it take to get into the monster makeup?

GC: A long time. Ultimately, they had to make a mask. These days, the makeup arts have become very sophisticated. Extremely so. And every one of these great technicians—guys at the top of their art form—they always say that damn film is one of the classic films that inspired them. And I say, "Gee whiz, if that's where you get inspiration, I'll be damned!"

SS: What was it like working with Whit Bissell and Phyllis Coates?

GC: I remember them as being very nice people—Whit Bissell, especially. The age I was, you're kind of worrying about your skin; it's the great zit age, right? I got hung up on the fact that, if I put makeup on, I'd break out. And then I saw Whit Bissell. I noticed he had wonderful, smooth skin, and I figured this was a guy who made movies every day of his life, because I'd seen him in 10,000 movies. (Laughs) So I decided that makeup couldn't be so bad, not if you ended up with baby-smooth skin at that age.

SS: *TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN* was made at the start of the great horror revival of the late '50s. Did you see any of the monster magazines that ran your photo?

GC: A few of them. I met Forry Ackerman.

SS: The editor of *Famous Monsters*.

GC: Yes, I was brought to Forry's house one day—actually, I was dragged in, more or less. I mean, it was something to behold. I bet it would make a great museum for horror fans. When you see all this terrific stuff massed together—I mean, really,

how many Frankens-
teins have there been?
It's enough to knock you

out! Forget Dracula! You know, my favorite horror film to this day is the original *DRACULA*, with Bela Lugosi. The impact of a film like that is just unbelievable!

SS: The teen horror films had a big impact as well.

GC: When *TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN* came out, I had a lot happening, because I was at UCLA. I was not "in the business" and following things. One day, I see this line all the way around the block. I look up and say, "I'll be damned! That's the movie!" (Laughs) I just couldn't get over it!

SS: How did *HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER* come about?

GC: Well, they'd had this great success with both *FRANKENSTEIN* and *WEREWOLF*, and the normal thing to do in that case is a sequel. They wanted to combine both *FRANKENSTEIN* and *WEREWOLF*, and they were gonna have Landon and myself. But Landon took a hike. He wasn't available, so they got Gary Clarke, and we made it.

SS: Were you hesitant about playing the part a second time?

GC: Not really. At that point, I was a student, my options were being a bouncer at the roller derby or a Teenage Frankenstein....

SS: Any memories of costars Robert H. Harris and Gary Clarke?

GC: Well, Harris was a really neat guy. In the years afterwards, I'd run into him. He was a good ol' timer, and had a real weird way about him. But was a very nice person. Gary Clarke was a nice guy, too. I got to think that everybody would be like that later on, but it wasn't quite that way.

SS: Which film do you prefer: *TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN* or *HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER*?

GC: *TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN*, because it's such a weird film. I mean, it's a one of a kind.

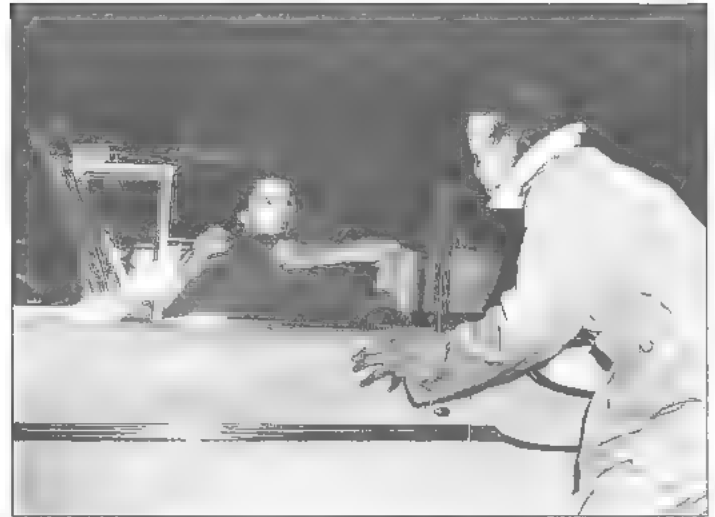
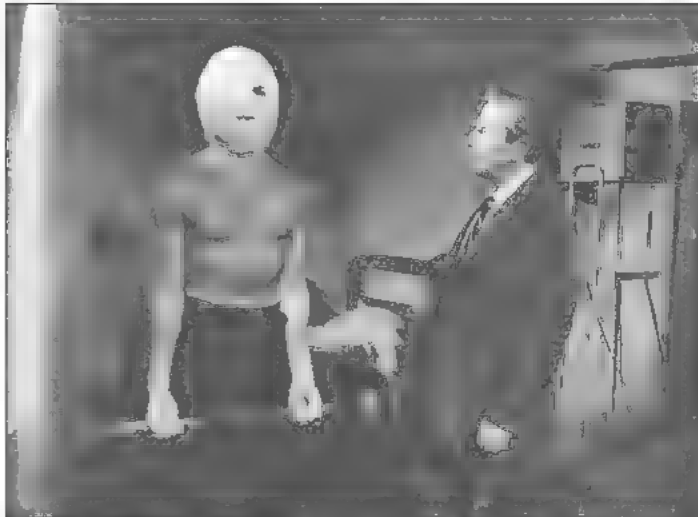
SS: Both *TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN* and *HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER* were directed by Herbert Strock.

GC: He was a very competent director, maybe because he was an editor. None of these directors would thrill you to death. At that point, I didn't know anything about anything, so it wasn't as if he was teaching me anything.

SS: It was all new to you.

GC: It's funny how films come about. I mean, a coach doesn't suddenly discover you one day on Hollywood Boulevard and say "Hey, c'mon, you're gonna be quarter-back"—and the next day you're





LEFT: Doc Frankenstein's been makin' a man, with blonde hair and a tan. Gary Conway and Whit Bissell in *I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN* (1957). **RIGHT:** Frankie Boy invades a lover's lane.

throwing the ball in the game. It just doesn't happen. But it can happen with a film—where, one day, you're not doing anything, and the next day, you're starring in a movie.

SS: Did you have any training?

GC: I didn't know much about technique. I had done a lot of acting in junior high school. They had an outstanding little drama department in Los Angeles, and I played Tom Sawyer and all that. I had a real talent as an actor, but I had other passions that overwhelmed me. Acting, I always thought, was something that other people did.

SS: You mentioned a big-screen version of *LAND OF THE GIANTS*. What can you tell us about it?

GC: It's called *GIANTS*, and it's an homage to *LAND OF THE GIANTS* and to other series of that time. It starts out at a convention, with the cast as themselves. They meet a fan

who loves these people and wants to have them as his own. He wants to make his own little group. He reduces them so that he can have his own little *LAND OF THE GIANTS* fantasy.

SS: You're going to bring the original cast together?

GC: And others, like Jonathan Harris—everybody who's ever been on a great sci-fi show of the '60s and '70s. But it's not like you just go out and make a movie. By its nature, it has to be very expensive, very demanding. So it takes more than enthusiasm by us and the fans to—to rob a bank, you know? Which is what you have to do to get the money! (Laughs)

SS: The original show must have been very complex to film.

GC: It was probably the most difficult of any series, because we literally had to shoot it twice in order to do all the effects. We had to redo

scenes against the blue screen that we had already done, so that they could superimpose the giant footage. We were never off those soundstages at Fox. I remember living on that soundstage! (Laughs) Before *GIANTS*, I'd done a series called *BURKE'S LAW*, and other shows and films where I could get out in the country and have fun. *GIANTS* got to be boring, having always to be on a soundstage all the time.

SS: How do you think *LAND OF THE GIANTS* compares to other television sci-fi shows?

GC: I think it stands up very well. Its growing popularity attests to that. It's dated, because it draws upon some of the qualities of '60s television—the kind of color, the look of the people. And yet it isn't dated, because you're dealing with a futuristic element. In a way, it's timeless. And that's why I think

LEFT: *TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN*'s hunky horror ain't no fool, but he is about to be Whitless. **RIGHT:** Shocked to find that his deodorant has no staying power, the teen terror (Gary Conway) expires.





LEFT: Before *LAND OF THE GIANTS*, Gary Conway encountered the Land of the Giant Ego: *BURKE'S LAW*, starring Gene Barry. CENTER: Gary Conway as *LAND OF THE GIANTS'* Captain Steve Barton. RIGHT: Conway and fellow *LAND OF THE GIANTS* cast members Deanna Lund, Kurt Kasznar, and Stefen Arnglim handle one of the show's many giant props.

people enjoy it today as much as they ever did, if not more.

SS: *LAND OF THE GIANTS* was an Irwin Allen show.

GC: He was as strange as the shows were. He was a character—no question about it. He had an air about him. At the time, I thought that a lot of what he was about was creatively suspect. But I learned, later on, that a lot of his ideas really were very good. He treated *LAND OF THE GIANTS* so visually; he really didn't respect the script in the sense that there had to be a lot of language. That's the reason it's far more popular than *STAR TREK*, for instance, around the world—the fact that it's non-verbal, more visual. Allen could see that. When you're an actor, you want a lot of lines, a lot of serious moments, a lot of humor. He saw it differently. He probably had a better idea of what makes television work.

SS: You mentioned *BURKE'S LAW*. What do you recall about that series?

GC: It had every great star from Basil Rathbone to Gloria Swanson. We had everybody that I'd idolized as a kid. Jane Russell, Betty Hutton—all the people I grew up with. Television at that time was relatively new, and these people had come from the golden age of filmmaking, so as TV guest stars they were special.

SS: Did you meet any stars that you especially liked—or, for that matter, disliked?

GC: Oh, all of them! I mean, I liked all of them. (Laughs) There were

people like Mary Astor—who the hell has the chance to meet Mary Astor, you know?

SS: And Rathbone....

GC: I come in one day, and he's sitting in the next chair. "My God, it's Basil Rathbone. And I'm going to go act with the man! I'm gonna play with him!" And Arlene Dahl, who I thought was one of the most beautiful women who ever lived—I acted with her! Another thing: Aaron Spelling hired the most beautiful girls in Hollywood at that time. We'd have two, three, four of them every day—so I wasn't hurting. *BURKE'S LAW* was a lot of fun to do. Gene Barry was a weird duck to work with, but....

SS: How did you get along?

GC: You can't get along with Gene Barry! No one does. It's just that he's the top that he plays. He's his character in real life; he's a dandy. Day to day, I guess you can deal with it—but 10 hours a day, it gets to you! (Laughs)

SS: How long did *BURKE'S LAW* run?

GC: Three years. It could have gone more, but I don't think the series grew correctly. Gene Barry got more and more into it, in that he thought it should be always about him, every second. The other characters didn't emerge. It got redundant.

SS: It sounds as though you like to keep busy. You're an actor, an artist, you have a vineyard, and you write screenplays....

GC: Writing screenplays was natural, since I understood the form to

some extent. It's also very discouraging, because it's a low-class art form—or it's treated that way. To write and sell a screenplay it's too demeaning, ultimately. It's like being a painter, and then somebody says, "Well, you should change the green to blue. Change the red to orange. Change the boy to a girl, the sky to the ocean." That's what they do with a script.

SS: What are some of the films you've written?

GC: *OVER THE TOP*, which started out to be a great script, great story—and then Sylvester Stallone ruined it. He really ruined it. Then I did *AMERICAN NINJA*, and that also started out as something very different from what it wound up being. I've written a lot of scripts, *GIANTS* among them.

SS: Have you pretty much retired from acting?

GC: I have retired from acting, yes. Although....

SS: Although you will do *GIANTS*.

GC: Acting's hard. It's so involved with marketing yourself, constantly. I've taken myself out of it to do other things, following other paths, other dreams. Hopefully, they'll all converge. It'll be great for them to converge on *GIANTS*.

SS: So you've retired from acting, but you're planning to act?

GC: Yeah. (Laughs) I've retired from nothing, really. To be honest, I do more today than I've ever done in my life!



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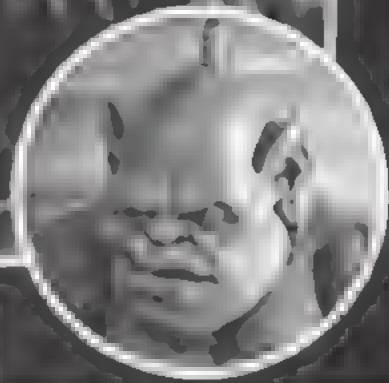
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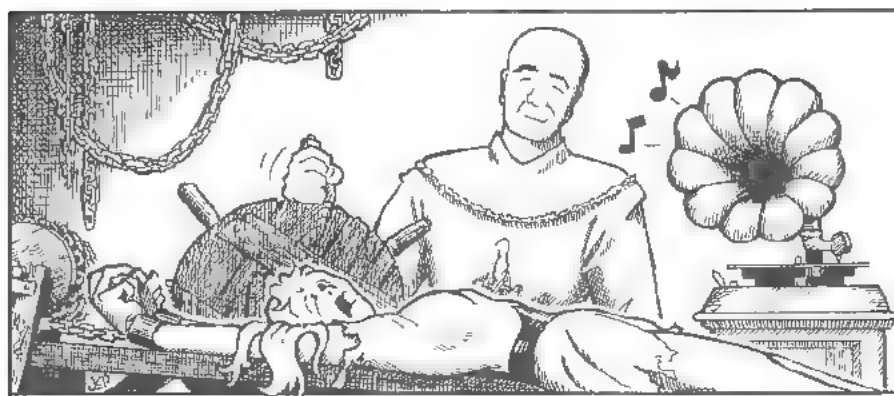
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Record Rack

by Ross Care

In my summer column, I discussed Bernard Herrmann's multileveled work for Alfred Hitchcock. Here we'll move on to his equally celebrated scores for stop-motion master Ray Harryhausen. While Herrmann's scores for Hitchcock were often colored by classical influences, his work for Harryhausen's uncomplicated fantasies produced music which might be viewed as among his most original.

Harryhausen's *THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD* (1958) was a formative experience at the time of its initial release; as with *PSYCHO* (1960), one had never seen and heard anything quite like it in a movie theater before. I immediately bought the Colpix LP to help retain—in those prevideo days when a film came, dazzled you for a few unforgettable hours, and then was gone—the film's incredible images of fire-breathing dragons and dueling skeletons. The soundtrack album, one of the most perfectly edited and produced ever, was the film, the music so visual it was almost the period equivalent of a video. I played it to death, and for anyone who would listen; even fellow teens who were mostly into the Platters, Pat Boone, and Duane Eddy and his Twangy Guitar (as indeed I was, too, at the time), agreed that *7TH VOYAGE* was pretty cool for "classical" music. I'm sure my reaction to the following year's *NORTH BY NORTHWEST* was heightened because the music made it seem that Cary Grant and Eva Marie Saint were being chased over the edge of Mount Rushmore by Cyclops! There was always an overlapping of Herrmann's fantastic and realistic styles, if indeed Hitchcock can be defined as "realistic."

Only one other Herrmann soundtrack, *VERTIGO* (also 1958), was released (on Mercury) at this time,

but both (soon rare) LPs helped one appreciate the on-going artistic collaborations that Herrmann contributed to this era. (The second Harryhausen "Dynamation" film, 1960's *THE THREE WORLDS OF GULLIVER*, its wonderful neoclassic English sound unique in Herrmann's Harryhausen period, was also released on Colpix—CP 414—but as a story-album with narration and dialogue and only minimal music.) One had to wait nearly a decade until Herrmann himself conducted excerpts from these indelible scores on LP, commencing in 1968 with *MUSIC FROM THE*

(ACN 7017), the first original soundtrack ever issued from this 1961 film. Admittedly, apart from some interesting design and matte work, and Joan Greenwood's wonderfully throaty performance as Lady Mary, this Jules Verne adaptation is one of the weaker Harryhausen films, due mainly to a ho-hum script and mostly mundane performances. Herrmann's score was never one of my particular favorites, either, at least until this recent CD. Though not shot in wide-screen, producer Charles Schneer had the foresight to record the music stereophonically, and Cloud Nine's discovery of these original tracks makes this the most exciting original Herrmann reissue since Varese Sarabande's stereo reissue of *7TH VOYAGE*.

MYSTERIOUS ISLAND's chief visual assets are the exciting opening balloon sequence and the brooding matte shots of the primal island itself; accordingly, these Herrmann cues are among the score's most effective. Cloud Nine also fuses brief individual takes into extended cohesive tracks that avoid the choppy feel of the recent Fox soundtrack reissues: "Escape to the Clouds" is 7:58, and "The Island," the otherworldly cue which unfortunately suffers the most from tape deterioration,

is 5:13; both are peak Herrmann, and tremendous in stereo. Several of Herrmann's stop-motion cues are also memorable, if somewhat less inspired than those in *7TH VOYAGE*, the best being the fugal "Phorahacos." (Unfortunately, *ISLAND*'s "Giant Bee" cue was not available, as two of the stereo master reels were missing.) Perhaps by the time of *MYSTERIOUS ISLAND*, the composer had had it with giant lizards (i.e., 1959's *JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH*) and "SuperDynamation" chickens,



Kerwin Mathews steers a course through dangerous waters to the accompaniment of Bernard Herrmann's stirring score in 1958's *THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD*.

GREAT MOVIE THRILLERS (London Phase 4 Stereo SP 44126), an all-Hitchcock program on London. Two LPs of fantasy film music followed, in 1973 and 1975 respectively, and the series launched a Herrmann revival that has only continued to peak into the '90s.

But even with the fourth and fifth current retreads of the *NORTH BY NORTHWEST* "Main Title" and other Herrmann "greatest hits," a few surprises still do surface. One of the best recent ones was Cloud Nine's *MYSTERIOUS ISLAND*

crabs, and other creatures, whose function it always seemed was to be dispatched and/or eaten. "The Cephalopod," scored for a quasi-IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA octopus on the half shell, is in the bilious "Indigestion of the Gods" mode that would unfortunately pervade the ensuing JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS

JASON (1963) is probably the best all-around Harryhausen film, fusing a sophisticated script with classy visual style and top-notch FX sequences. Though Herrmann does deliver (as always), notably with a ponderously stirring Main Title, JASON ironically is not one of his most consistent or memorable efforts, which simply proves that you just never know how (or if) things are going to pull together in the collective medium of film. JASON was also the composer's last film for Harryhausen, and ensuing non-Herrmann Dynamation films were like seeing a classic James Bond movie without a John Barry score; the composer's crucial so-much-bigger-than-life sound was sorely missed.

THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD remains the quintessential score for Harryhausen, perfectly capturing the film's sensuous, yet childlike Arabian Nights atmosphere, and with diverse, exciting motifs and cues for its many creature sequences. MYSTERIOUS ISLAND comes in a close second, due mostly to its super atmospheric and action passages. Though the two scores are closely related stylistically and orchestrally, ISLAND is admittedly not as varied or kaleido-

scopic as 7TH VOYAGE. Its frequent reliance on the score's major motif—the three minor triads thunderously heard in the awesomely apocalyptic "Prelude"—eventually generates a certain repetitive turgidity. But many peak moments and the new stereo remastering make this often thrilling MYSTERIOUS ISLAND CD a must for Herrmann, Harryhausen, and fantasy fans in general.

There's something of the same monotony in Herrmann's earlier THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL (Fox Film Scores 07822-11010-2). While this great 1951 sci-fi score functions superbly in the film, and has some well-structured and cohesive peak moments on CD, its basic harmonic structure, with its endlessly repeated triads and overall ongoing sense of stasis, almost induces a state of Zen when heard straight on! Here indeed lies the root of the more lugubrious cues in JOURNEY and JASON, raising the issue of whether certain scores really should be heard in their entirety away from the films for which they were composed. (Herrmann himself re-recorded only about 10 minutes of DAY, and obviously he was not writing any of his scores with album sales in mind.) Maybe the best way to approach the DAY score is with a selective finger on your CD programming button, or, perhaps better yet, only in the powerful context of the film itself. (Note: The release of the next batch of Fox CDs, including Herrmann's JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH and THE GHOST AND MRS. MUIR, announced in the summer

column, has been postponed; re-release is now reportedly scheduled for sometime in early 1995.)

HERRMANN AND OUR (HARD) TIMES

It's interesting to speculate on just why the aggressively anti-pop Herrmann has become so pervasively popular in a period when mass taste and popular culture have massively bottomed out. A major reason may be Herrmann's gift for imposing a dramatic, emotional, and accessible (i.e., not too extreme) but still emphatically 20th-century ambiance on a formal 19th-century structure. His music is harmonically direct and simply constructed in tightly regular and very easy to follow meters and phrases—the sleek NORTH BY NORTHWEST love theme, for instance—and with much repetition that anticipates the currently popular New Age mode: VERTIGO's "Carlotta's Portrait" with its obsessive Habanera ostinato, and the ultra minimalist "Cake Death" from De Palma's SISTERS (1973) are two good examples among many.

The only Hollywood composer to do his own orchestrations, Herrmann was also a master of color and timbre, who used basic instruments such as clarinets and French horns, and indeed the entire orchestra, in a manner entirely his own. His unique orchestrations (as intrinsic a part of his music as melody was to most of his contemporaries) give his scores immediate visceral appeal and a sound as distinctive and recognizable as Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, or Ravel. Though not as flexible as

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Of the many fantastic creatures created by stop-motion master Ray Harryhausen, the Cyclops of the Herrmann-scored 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD (1958) is the one that springs most readily to mind for the Saturday Matinee generation of the Fabulous Fifties.

some other Hollywood composers, he was among those most attuned and committed to enhancing and supporting a film when films really mattered, as well as being the least concerned with Hollywood trends and commercial considerations. Certainly no one could musically evoke elegiac Old World romanticism and mystery, naive American nostalgia and its dark obsessive underside, or the utterly, coolly cosmic, better than Herrmann.

While he certainly does represent a rare instance of the triumph of the non-commercial in a relentlessly commercial medium, it's perhaps finally the basic simplicity of his music, not to mention that ultimately indefinable, deeply personal X-factor that distinguishes great art from the merely competent, that enables Herrmann to remain so consistently fresh and moving. Herrmann provides a phantasmagoric and deeply emotional, yet unsentimental, haven in an increasingly heartless world. As we



slouch towards a 2001 which, it seems, will have been more accurately anticipated by BLADE RUNNER than by SPACE ODYSSEY, that, perhaps better than anything else, explains Herrmann's enduring and infinitely resilient appeal.

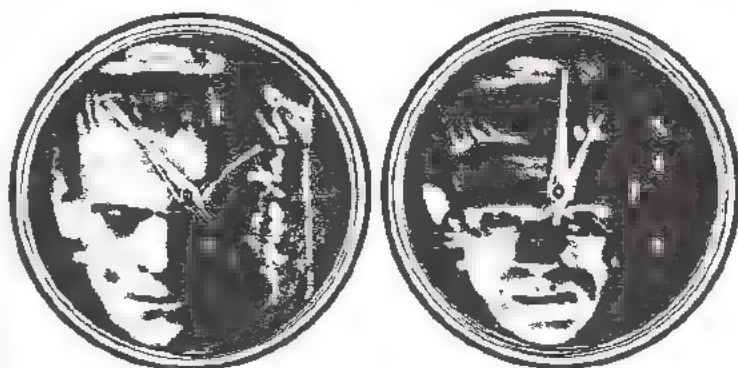


Ross Care's comprehensive article on the lesser-known musicals and films of Cole Porter, based on Porter's personal papers in the library's "Rare Materials" collections, will shortly appear in the new Performing Arts Annual from the Library of Congress in Washington.

The Many Faces of Boris Karloff

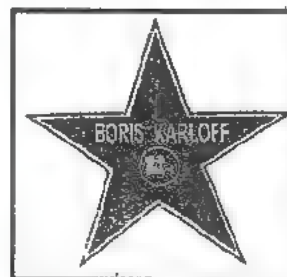
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- 2) **DR. NO** (1963) Sean Connery, Ursula Andress. The first James Bond movie. \$49
- 3) **KING KONG VS GODZILLA** (1963) The mightiest monsters of all time duke it out! \$45
- 4) **I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF** (1957) Michael Landon as the juvenile delinquent turned into a werewolf by the mad psychiatrist. **INVASION OF THE SAUCERMEN**. Classic sci-fi about teenagers VS bulbous-headed aliens! \$45
- 5) **GO-GO MANIA** (1965) One of the earliest concert movies of the rock era. Features The Beatles, Animals, Herman's Hermits, Spencer Davis Group and more!
- 6) **THE RAVEN** (1963) Vincent Price, Boris Karloff, Peter Lorre, Jack Nicholson-Roger Corman's "Masterpiece of Terror"! Spectacular poster art!
- 7) **STRIPORAMA** (1950's), **BETTY PAGE**, **Lili St. Cyr** Georgia Southern. See the strip-tease queens in action! Rare Irving Klaw classic! **NAKED AMAZON**. "Raw Primitive Nudism Never Before Seen on the Screen!"
- 8) **ALL NEW TRIPLE TERROR THRILLS** 1950's spook-show! 'In Person' Dracula! Alive! The Wolf Man! Dred. From Hollywood! The Frankenstein Monster on the Loose! Giant Chiller Screen Show! (Rare!)
- 9) **TWIST ALL NIGHT** (1961) Fabulous poster of sexy June Wilkinson in pin-up poses from this outrageous showcase for the twist craze!
- 10) **GIMME SHELTER** (1971) The classic Rolling Stones rockumentary! Great poster!
- 11) **BEACH PARTY** (1963) Annette Funicello, Frankie Avalon, Brian Wilson, Dick Dale & the Deltones. "Uninhibited Pagan Rites Performed Each Spring by Uncivilized Boys & Girls" The very first of these great AIP beach movies
- 12) **THE ANDY RED PLANET** (1960) Early color sci-fi shocker with extraordinary special effects. Astronauts battle giant bat/spider animals on Mars!
- 13) **DRAGSTRIP RIOT** (1958) Connie Stevens, Ray Wray. "Motorcycle Gangs, Hot Rodders. Death, Romance and Redemption!" **THE COOL & THE CRAZY**. "Seven Savage Punks on a Weekend of Violence!" Terrific poster art!
- 14) **THE WEIRD WORLD OF LSD** (1957) Remember sitars, Woodstock. damaged chroma-somes? (Oops!) Outrageous anti-drug propaganda flick!
- 15) **THE BRAIN FROM PLANET AROUS** (1959) John Agar. A giant floating brain (with eyes!) takes over the body of a scientist as his first step in conquering Earth! (Eek!) **TEENAGE MONSTER**. "Teenage Titan of Terror on a Lustful Binge!"
- 16) **BIKINI BEACH** (1964) Annette Funicello, Frankie Avalon. The third beach party movie and one of the best! "The Beach Party Gang Goes Dragstrip!"
- 17) **BEACH BLANKET BINGO** (1965) Annette Funicello, Frankie Avalon, Buster Keaton. Best of the Beach Party movies! Twistin', surfin' and slydivin'!
- 18) **DR. DRACULA'S LIVING NIGHTMARE SHOW** (1960's spook-show). "You Dare Not Look Into His Eyes! On Stage & In Person! Beauties at the Mercy of inhuman Monsters! Super Scary!" (Rare!)
- 19) **BORN LOSERS** (1957) The introduction of Billy Jack and one of the all-time best of the 1960's biker films! Fabulous poster with bikini girl and bikers!
- 20) **THE BRAIN THAT WOULDN'T DIE** (1963) A sci-fi/horror classic! The fun begins when a mad surgeon keeps his fiancée's disembodied head alive and talking after their car wreck! **INVASION OF THE STAR CREATURES**. Amazon women under the control of vegetable-headed aliens! One of our favorite posters
- 21) **CAREER GIRL** (1959) That buxom June Wilkinson shows off her best assets in this steamy poster! June heads for Hollywood to find fame and fortune and ends up at a nudist colony! "You Have to See it to Believe it!"
- 22) **REFORM SCHOOL GIRL** (1957) "Caged Boy-Hungry Wildcats Gone Mad!" **ROCK AROUND THE WORLD** "Wild Pulse Pounding Rock & Roll!" A fabulous poster!
- 23) **ROAD RACER/DADDY-O** (1959) Hot babes, sportscars, drag racing and rock & roll! all in one fabulous poster! What more could you want?
- 24) **TEENAGE THUNDER** (1958) "Revved-up Youth on a Thrill Rampage!" Teen story of hot rods, speeding and drag races! **CARNIVAL ROCK**. Susan Cabot & Jonathan Haze in Roger Corman's classic flick of rock & roll, mixed-up love, gamblers, arson and rockabilly!
- 25) **X: THE MAN WITH X-RAY EYES** (1953) Ray Milland. "Suddenly He Could See Through Clothes, Flesh, and Walls!" A knock-out poster!
- 26) **REPTILICUS** (1962) Before Jurassic Park there was Reptilicus. "A Prehistoric Beast Born 50 Million Years Out of Time!" Run for your lives!!
- 27) **HORRORS OF THE ORIENT** (1950's spook-show) "On Stage & In Person! The Hollywood Wolf Man! The Hunchback Igor! The Living Zombie on the Loose! NOTICE. We Urge You Not to Panic or Bolt From Your Seats. Sensational! Weird!" (Rare!)
- 28) **BLACK SABBATH** (1964) Boris Karloff in tales of a vengeful corpse, phone calls from the dead and a vampire! Creepy!
- 29) **GLORY STOMPERS** (1967) Dennis Hopper pre-"Easy Rider" as a motorcycle gang leader "Saddle Your Hogs and Ride, Man!" The ultimate biker poster!
- 30) **JASON & THE ARGONAUTS** (1963) A Ray Harryhausen masterpiece with Todd Armstrong and Honor Blackman searching for the Golden Fleece and meeting up with purple-winged harpies, a merman, a bronze giant and a 7-headed hydra
- 31) **SORORITY GIRL** (1957) Susan Cabot as a high school hellcat whose specialties are cat

fight and paddling (Hmmm!)/**MOTORCYCLE GANG**. Twisted teenage sex, drag racing and gang violence! Like wow. Daddy-O!

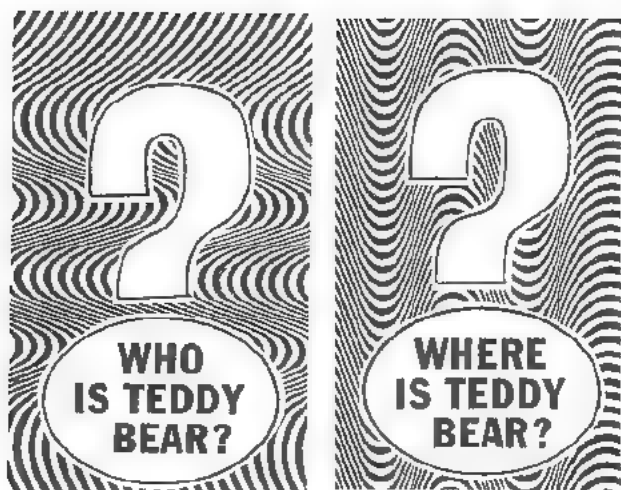
- 32) **TALES OF TERROR** (1962) Vincent Price, Basil Rathbone, Peter Lorre in 3 Poe tales involving a live burial, a hypnotist and Price melting into an oozing faceless mess! A really outstanding poster!
- 33) **DIE MONSTER DIE** (1965) Boris Karloff, Nick Adams. H.P. Lovecraft thriller "The Ultimate in Diabolism!" **PLANET OF THE VAMPIRES**. Barry Sullivan. Crazy astronauts, disembodied aliens and giant skeletons!
- 34) **THE HALLUCINATION GENERATION** (1966) George Montgomery makes like Tim Leary and leads his youthful followers into a psychedelic pl. party!
- 35) **ANGELS FROM HELL** (1968) "He's a Cycle Psychol!" Violent Vietnam vet starts motorcycle gang and battles rival bikers and cops!
- 36) **THUNDER ALLEY** (1967) Annette Funicello. "Their God is Speed. Their Pleasure is an 'Anytime Girl'..." poster art of party girls and hot rods!
- 37) **TIME TRAVELERS** (1964) Excellent sci-fi story of scientists who journey into the post-nuke future! "SEE. Women Who Use the Love Machine to Alleviate the Male Shortage!" (Kinky!) Fantastic sci-fi/horror poster art!
- 38) **THE BIG TNY SHOW** (1966) One of the best 1960's concert films! Features The Byrds, Donovan, Ronettes, Bo Diddley, Lovin' Spoonful, Ike & Tina & more!
- 39) **A BUCKET OF BLOOD** (1959) Roger Corman's predecessor to "The Little Shop of Horrors" with beatniks, coffeehouses and gruesome "sculptures"! **THE GIANT LEECHES**. Humongous leeches capture girls and suck their blood! (Yuck!)
- 40) **CHILDREN OF THE DAMNED** (1963) Eerie well-made chiller about demonic space-seed children who seek to rule the Earth! (Yikes.)
- 41) **HOUSE OF Usher** (1960) Roger Corman's first Poe movie! Vincent Price buries his sister alive in this classic chiller
- 42) **THE LONGEST DAY** (1962) John Wayne, Henry Fonda, Rod Steiger, Robert Mitchum, Sean Connery and loads more in this all-star classic WWII blockbuster!
- 43) **MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH** (1964) Vincent Price as a Satan-worshipping prince in Roger Corman's best feature film
- 44) **THE PIT & THE PENDULUM** (1961) Vincent Price, Barbara Steele. Price becomes convinced that his scheming wife has been buried alive. He proceeds to go berserk in a giant torture chamber! One of Roger Corman's best!
- 45) **SKI PARTY** (1965) Frankie Avalon, Yvonne "Batgirl" Craig, Dwayne Hickman, James Brown, Lesley Gore. Another classic beach party movie with Frankie and Dwayne going in drag! Like wow. Daddy-O!
- 46) **COMEDY OF TERRORS** (1964) Vincent Price, Boris Karloff, Peter Lorre, Basil Rathbone. Two undertakers and their bumbling assistant turn to murder to bring in new customers!
- 47) **COUNTRY MUSIC ON BROADWAY** (1950's) Hank Williams Jr., Hank Snow, Flatt & Scruggs, George Jones, Buck Owens, Ferlin Husky and more! "The First Full-Length All Country Music Motion Picture Ever Filmed!" **HANK WILLIAMS SINGS**. "From Out of the Glorious Past Through the Magic of Motion Pictures!"
- 48) **MARY JANE** (1966) Fabian, Teri Garr. Confused punks on dope! "Two Are in Jail and the others Have Blown Their Minds." Super rare anti-drug propaganda poster!
- 49) **HAUNTED PALACE** (1963) Vincent Price as a warlock who returns from the grave seeking revenge against the villagers who had burned him at the stake! A Roger Corman classic also starring Debra Paget and Lon Chaney Jr.
- 50) **THE ABC'S OF LOVE** (1962) Vintage burlesque film with 4 gorgeous strippers posing on the poster! "Adults Only! See Burlesque's Sexiest Blondes!"
- 51) **CIRCUS OF HORRORS** (1960) One of the big three unforgettable sick British shockers dealing with voyeurism, physical deformities and murders!
- 52) **HOW TO STUFF A WILD BIKINI** (1965) Annette Funicello, Dwayne Hickman, The Kingsmen, Brian Wilson, Buster Keaton. The craziest of the beach movies!
- 53) **PANIC IN THE YEAR ZERO** (1962) Ray Milland, Frankie Avalon. One of the earliest and best post-nuclear holocaust films! Poster art depicts atomic blast leveling Los Angeles. "When Civilization Came to an End"
- 54) **QUEEN OF BLOOD** (1966) Basil Rathbone, Dennis Hopper, Forrest J Ackerman. Astronauts go to Mars and bring home green alien woman who drains their blood! **BLOOD BATH**. Roger Corman's tale of a crazed artist and his wax-covered murder victims who come back to life! (and, boy, are they mad!)
- 55) **COUNTRY MUSIC CARAVAN/TENNESSEE JAMBOREE**. "Musical Comedy Colorama!" featuring Ernest Tubb, Faron Young, Carl Smith, Minnie Pearl, Marty Robbins and lots more!
- 56) **BLACK SUNDAY** (1961) Barbara Steele is a witch who returns from the grave to seek revenge after being burned at the stake! Beautifully atmospheric
- 57) **DEVIL'S ANGELS** (1967) Killer bikers head for hideout smashing everything in their way! Lurid and trashy graphics!
- 58) **DIARY OF A BACHELOR** (1954) "He played the game of love like it was Russian Roulette, with pretty girls instead of ammunition!" Great grrr poster!

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WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR?

An Appreciation by George Hatch

Films tend to inspire cult only after they have become devalued or otherwise estranged from mainstream acceptance.

—J. Hoberman and Jonathan Rosenbaum, *Midnight Movies*

If any film satisfies those prerequisites and deserves the status of cult, it's an overlooked, underrated, and all but forgotten little thriller called **WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR?** Shrewd direction, crisp dialogue, and exceptionally strong performances from an enthusiastic cast more than compensate for typically low-budget production values; but it is the bold presentation of some provocative and downright lurid subject matter that gives this film its edge, and a sordid atmosphere of uncompromising tawdriness that makes it memorable.

Released in 1965, **WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR?** boosted the tail end of an exploitation invasion that, for nearly a decade, had been aggressively insinuating a darker and more subversive element into the local drive in and neighborhood bijou. Several cuts above the usual grindhouse fare, but still falling far below major release standards, this handful of scrappy and rather eccentric B-films, each imbued with a disturbing subtext that played upon emotional imbalance and compulsively destructive sexual behavior, attempted to smuggle a more potent dose of eroticism past the Hollywood censors. In an age of on-screen sex-rationing, it

didn't take a great deal of insight to read between the lines and spot references to such controversial topics as nymphomania, prostitution, voyeurism, child molestation, and incest turning up in such films as **FEMALE JUNGLE** (1956), **SCREAMING MIMI** (1958), **GIRL OF THE NIGHT** (1960), **PEEPING TOM** (1960), **THE NAKED KISS** (1964), and **LADY IN A CAGE** (1964).

Then **TEDDY BEAR** came along, procuring some of these nastier themes, twisting in a few of its own and, with unrelenting cynicism and a no-holds-barred intent, grafting the gritty realism, tarnished imagery, and fatalistic attitude of classic noir onto the frenzied discotheque milieu of the era, creating what is, in effect, a skewed and savage portrait chronicling the perverse underside of a swinging '60s subculture.

From the film's opening sequences, **WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR?** exudes an almost overwhelming atmosphere of frustrated sexuality and brooding, psychological menace. As the credits roll, backed by an evocative and melancholy title song (by the

Four Seasons writing team of Al Kasha and Bob Gaudio), blurred, moving images gradually start to focus. The scene abruptly shifts to a young girl, about 10, sitting outside an open door, clutching her teddy bear and witnessing what the audience has yet to view. At first confused, then frightened by what she sees, she races down the hall, screams, and tumbles down a flight of stairs. This compact and highly effective scene con-



Juliet Prowse is the terrified recipient of Sal Mineo's affections in the all-but-forgotten **WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR?**



LEFT: As Larry Sherman, Sal Mineo played a character far removed from the victimized Plato of *REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE* (1955). RIGHT: Juliet Prowse as Norah Dain, Larry's own private peepshow.

cludes as the camera zeros in on two details: the unconscious girl's immobile face, open eyes staring at the ceiling, and the teddy bear, both "imprisoned" behind the stairway bannister. It is a poignant and concise picture of traumatized childhood and the corruption of innocence, one that forms a motif for the entire film.

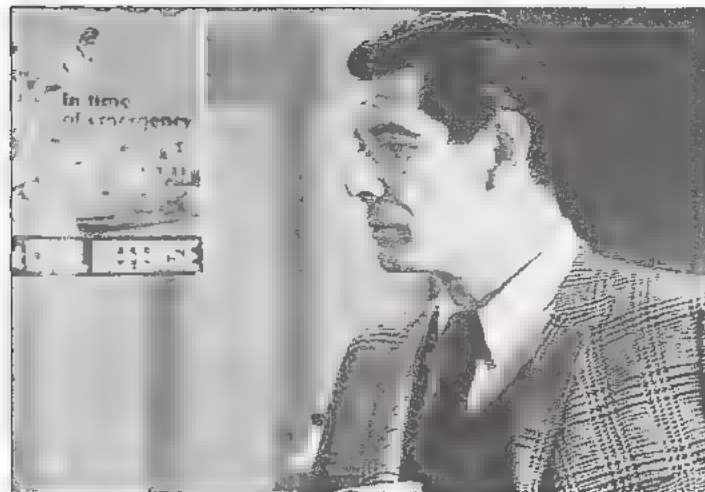
Next, the moviegoer is thrust into the role of voyeur, watching as a muscular young man (whose face is not shown) gets out of bed wearing only a pair of grungy briefs, lights a cigarette, admires his body in a dresser mirror, then fondles himself while making his first obscene phone call of the day—to a woman pictured in the snapshots cluttering that same dresser mirror. "I know you don't know me, but I know you . . . very well. I know what you look like right now. I can see your skin . . ."

The victim is Norah Dain, an actress/dancer who sublet an apartment in New York City three months earlier, hoping for that elusive "big break." As portrayed by Juliet Prowse, Norah is a confident and aggressive charmer with an unassuming, wholesome appeal. Imbuing the role with more grace and intelligence than the screenplay calls for, Prowse manages to circumvent the tired cliché of small-town-girl-as-big-city-victim by giving Norah a plucky, spirited attitude that belies her

vulnerability. Physically, Prowse may seem a rather curious choice for the female lead in that her lithe and sinewy figure is in stark contrast to the brazenly statuesque B-girl image personified by exploitation goddesses Mamie Van Doren in *THE BEAT GENERATION* (1959), Anita Ekberg in *SCREAMING MIMI*, and Jayne Mansfield in *FEMALE JUNGLE*. But the offbeat casting works because Prowse, a dancer in real life, fits the part, and more importantly, projects a girl-next-door aura that makes the threat to her especially frightening, and the ultimate denouement particularly tragic.

Norah is more angry than alarmed and dismisses the caller as a drunk. Auditioning during the day, Norah supports herself nights hostessing at a discotheque, and it is in these scenes that the movie's paltry budget is most apparent. What appears to be the living room of a spacious, well-appointed apartment doesn't quite make it as a trendy, nighttime hotspot, particularly when only about two dozen people are in attendance; and the only concession to dancehall ambience is a cheap, mirrored glitterball spinning overhead. Even the term "disco" is misleading here, because the time frame is pre-*SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER* (1977) and the music doesn't have that incessant bass syncopation associated with Donna Summer and the Bee Gees;

LEFT: Making his first motion picture, Jan Murray abandoned his comic persona to play obsessed cop Dave Madden. RIGHT: Elaine Stritch lent her usual touch of brassiness to the role of club manager Marian Freeman.





LEFT and RIGHT: Befitting an exploitation film, Juliet Prowse (pictured with Jan Murray) spends a reasonable amount of TEDDY time in various states of undress—but, surprisingly for the period, so does Sal Mineo (pictured with Margot Bennett). NEXT PAGE: Sal Mineo in his teen idol heyday.

nor does it recall the early psychedelic days of New York's Electric Circus. Instead, the rather tedious soundtrack by Kasha and Gaudio relies more on mid-to-late-'50s tunes, with almost every song sounding like a tired reworking of Richie Valens' "La Bamba."

Norah's job is to keep the people dancing while keeping herself at arm's distance from the frequently inebriated clientele. On the job, she is rudely propositioned by an older man: "I just want to borrow it . . . maybe rent it if I have to. Can I buy you a frankfurter?" (Paging Dr. Freud!)

Busboy Larry Sherman (Sal Mineo) alerts the club's manager, Marian Freeman (Elaine Stritch), to the come-on. She, in turn, sics bouncer Carlo (Daniel J. Travanti) on the offender and escorts Norah to her private office. Norah assures Marian that she can handle herself and mentions the morning call. "What he said was raw . . . raw enough . . . but it was the way he said it." To Norah, the intent was more intimidating than the content. And that's an important point to keep in mind when viewing the film in its mid-'60s context: while the physical threat implied in this and subsequent calls increases, the language remains fairly tame and, by current standards would probably garner, at best, a PG-13 rating. In the conservative mainstream cinema of the time, however, inference, implication, and innuendo were capable of registering as much shock value as an R-rated string of obscenities does today. Norah's comment, in fact, is reiterated later in the film by another character in a similar situation.

Carlo, meanwhile, has been wounded in a knife fight and his opponent killed in self-defense. Everyone is hauled off to the police station for questioning. It is here that Norah meets Detective Dave Madden, who appears more interested in her morning caller than in the stabbing. Madden is played with surprising finesse by Jan Murray, a popular comedian and television game show personality. Tall, lanky, and having the knack for combining hilarious, improvised stand-up routines with broad physical schtick, Murray was cast against type as a brooding and obsessed rogue cop who uses his badge to carry out a personal vendetta. In an intense yet understated performance, Murray infuses the role with a nervous energy that earns both sympathy and admiration for what is basically a negative and desperate character.

Madden offers to drive Norah home, advising more caution: There are a lot of dangerous people out there; the caller could be any one of them; it could be someone she knows, or someone she's recently met, like Detective Dave Madden. "No one is inviolate," he says. "Not even virgins." He drops Norah off at her apartment—just in time for another truly chilling confrontation with the caller. "Hello, my love. I want to talk to you. I'm a man and I will make you feel like a real woman. I know you so well. I know every inch of you . . . I know every area . . . Oh, Norah, my love . . .!"

Terrified now that he knows her name, Norah summons Madden to her apartment, at which point the cop launches into a description of his life's work and the kind of serial sex offenders he is used to tracking down and locking up. "We're discussing the telephone psychotic which is generic, like saying 'animal' . . . So you start to break them down . . . some are fetishists, some are sadists, some are masochists. Then there are the simple voyeurs, the pedophiliacs . . . But no one likes rules, so we have the combinations . . . the sado-masochists, the voyeur-masochists, exhibitionists . . . the necrophiliacs . . ."

Already freighted with more than the average quota of prurient references, this last allusion to necrophilia seems almost an overstatement, a bottom-of-the-barrel exaggeration, the sole purpose of which is to boost the Cheap Titillation Factor up another notch with a truly gruesome extreme. But TEDDY BEAR's screenplay is too clever and sophisticated to fall back on such trite gimmickry. A forthcoming verbal flashback totally justifies its inclusion in Madden's monologue, and adds unexpected shadings to his character and the plot line as well.

Having surreptitiously tape-recorded their conversation, Madden warns that, while the caller is currently content with phone contact, the situation may eventually lead to something more physical. Madden plays bodyguard and, without her knowledge, tails Norah through the next day's casting calls. Her last stop is the Hudson Health Club for a swim, where we learn that someone else is also keeping a close watch on the dancer.

Next, we get our first glimpse of Madden's home life and the disrupting influence his profession is having on his preteen daughter, Pam (Diane Moore, Jan

Murray's real-life daughter)). "You're late again, Daddy. Another vehicular homicide?"

The apartment is strewn with the literature of Madden's research: *Sex, Culture & Myth, Sadism & Masochism, Vol. 1, Teenage Nudist, Rubber, Slash Lust*—any and every publication and "visual aid" that may provide a clue to the deviant personalities he is intent on eradicating. Madden dismisses the daytime nanny and barely has time for a perfunctory hug and kiss before ushering his child off to bed—where she lies awake, listening, as he catalogues taped conversations with obscene-phone-call victims. "Number 207. Wendy Sullivan: student." "I mean here I was with my baby sister and he was saying all those terrible things . . . and I didn't know when the folks were coming back, and I was screaming and I think maybe I fainted. I pushed the couch against the door and I took the bread knife to bed with me . . . I didn't go to school for two days." "Had you heard this kind of language before?" "Well, in school, you know, but not like the way he said it . . ."

Even in bed at night, with Daddy in the next room—the time when a child should feel most secure—Pam is subjected to someone else's nightmare. So obsessed is Madden that he remains oblivious to the devastating and corruptive impact this material could be having on his daughter, who, exposed to it on a daily basis, will no doubt inherit her father's compulsive neuroses, self-destructive cynicism, and warped sexual perspective. Compounding the moral ambiguity of this most unusual father/daughter relationship, the scene is provocative in its subtlety, and leaves the viewer both appalled and overwhelmed.

Back at the disco, Larry Sherman answers the phone for Norah and, not surprisingly, it's a hangup. Later, she gets another call in Marian's office. "Norah . . . I was right about your body . . . you are so beautiful. I saw you in that bikini and I wanted to touch you . . . Oh, Norah, can't you see I'm with you everywhere . . ."

With the caller becoming more aggressive, Marian expresses concern. She invites Norah to stay with her until the police figure something out, but Norah declines. Norah leaves work early and goes home to find a teddy bear with its throat slit in her apartment. Two plainclothes men respond to her call, but are quick to admit that there isn't much they can do: with a sublet, anyone can have a key; and the cheap locks can be slipped with a piece of plastic. They solicit a statement, agree to put a tap on her phone, and ask to keep the plaything as evidence.

Dave Madden suddenly arrives, having recognized the unmarked police car parked outside. He tells his fellow officers that he's handling the case personally and, after they leave, asks Norah for all the details of the latest call. During their conversation, Norah discovers that Madden knows her every movement, what she had for lunch, even the swim at the health club. Fearing that she may be alone with the caller, she confronts Madden: "All your talk about perversion, it was yourself you were talking about. Get out of here! I don't care what your problem is. You're a dirty, disgusting animal!"

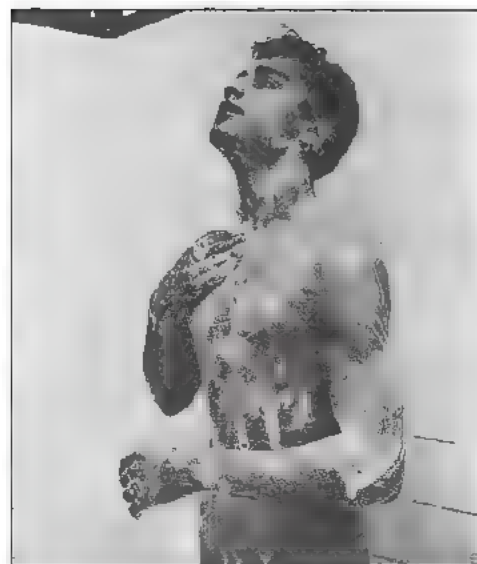
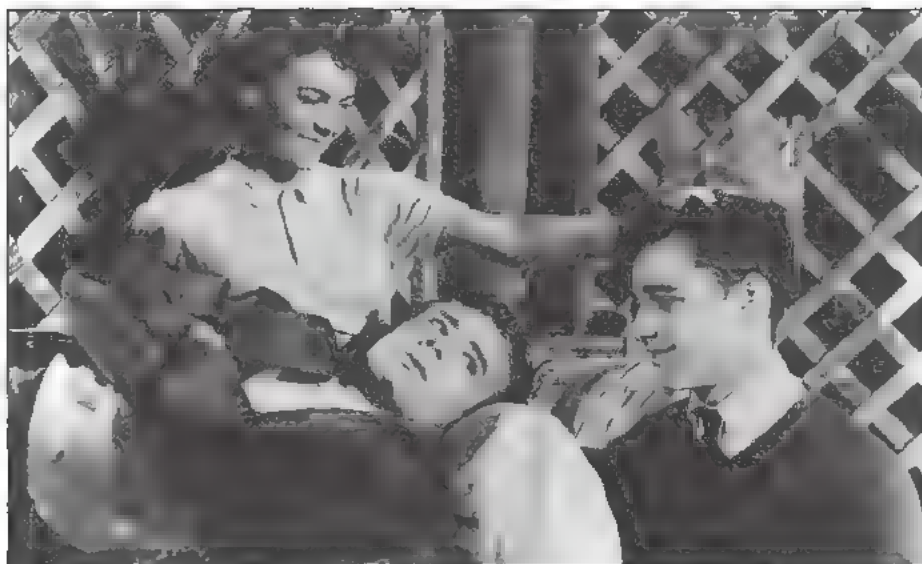
Outraged, Madden vehemently denies the "animal" accusation, then explains why he knows so much about deviant personalities: "Three years ago my wife went to a movie, just a few blocks from where we live . . . she never came home. They found

her the next morning . . . behind a staircase in the basement of an old building. She had been raped and mutilated . . . terribly mutilated. They told me he'd done that . . . after she was dead . . . If I could only believe that . . ." Then, seguing into a reference to forensic investigation that, like the rest of the film, was ahead of its time, Madden boasts, "I can tell you everything you want to know about perverts and degenerates. I've gone 10 steps beyond any psychiatrist. I've catalogued the condition of their teeth and the type of soap they use when they shave . . . The only record I don't have is how many of them I've sent away."

The phone rings and, after another extremely abusive verbal attack—which, no doubt owing to its obscene intensity, the audience is not allowed to hear—Madden concludes that the caller has gone over the edge and won't be satisfied with the telephone any longer. He suggests that Norah stay with him and his daughter, at least overnight, and she reluctantly agrees. Checking the apartment for clues as to what may have set the caller off, Madden overlooks the full-length mirror that reflects the image of Norah's living room and bedroom beyond the solid and windowless brick wall of the adjoining building.

The scene shifts to the caller, who has been watching them, focusing his binoculars with an almost mastur-





LEFT: The real-life sexuality of James Dean and Sal Mineo (pictured with Natalie Wood) gave 1955's *REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE* its subtext. **RIGHT:** A racy publicity pose from the 1950s. **NEXT PAGE:** Sal Mineo's Los Angeles production of *FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES* (starring newcomer Don Johnson, pictured on Page 87 with Mineo and Gary Tigerman) made the former teen idol a viable commodity in the theater.

batory intensity. Frustrated and furious with the obvious relationship developing between Norah and Madden, he turns to face the camera and lights a cigarette. Previously shown only as a composite of writhing body parts, the caller is now revealed to be Larry Sherman, the busboy from the disco.

Adding two more lamentable characters to its gallery of lost souls, this first half of the film concludes as someone offscreen asks the caller: "Are you ready? You wanna see?"—which puts yet another spin on the voyeurism theme, this time with a hint of incest. The voice belongs to Edie (Margot Bennett), Larry Sherman's mentally unbalanced and emotionally high-strung 19-year-old sister, whom he cares for and loves very much. She'd been trying to put on the dress Larry bought for her birthday, but had trouble with the buttons. He readjusts them for her as she asks about Teddy Bear and why he won't be at her party. Larry

reminds her that Teddy was in an accident . . . a long time ago. Edie says: "I forgot . . . I loved him so much. He died, didn't he, Lar? But who killed him?" Larry hugs her and confirms, more for himself than Edie, "It was an accident . . ."

A flashback now identifies Edie as the little girl in the opening credit sequence: She had been playing a game with Larry when he was lured away by a woman. Carrying Teddy Bear with her, Edie followed them to the bedroom and saw them having sex; this is the incident that led to her crippling encounter with the staircase. Having assumed responsibility for his sister's brain-damaged condition, Larry has been harboring an all-consuming guilt for some 10 years. He rocks Edie in his arms as the scene slowly fades and the final, plaintive notes of the Teddy Bear theme diminuendo on the soundtrack.

LEFT and RIGHT: By the time the 1970s rolled around, Sal Mineo was reduced to taking the role of supporting chimp to Roddy McDowall and Kim Hunter in *ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES* (1971).



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When I started in films I was 15, 16, and I had this baby face that made me look like a wheat-flour dumpling or something. And the name didn't exactly help.

Sal Mineo

Although he appears for less than 15 minutes in the first half of the film and has only about a third of the screen time in the second, Sal Mineo was given top billing and delivered what is, no doubt, his last great screen performance in *WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR?*

Born in the Bronx, New York, on January 10, 1939, Mineo made his acting debut 11 years later with a small part in the stage version of Tennessee Williams' *THE ROSE TATTOO*, and followed that with a stint as Yul Brynner's crown prince son in Rodgers and Hammerstein's musical extravaganza *THE KING AND I*.

His first film role in *SIX BRIDGES TO CROSS* (1955)—an entertaining crime caper starring Tony Curtis—has more or less been eclipsed by the part for which everyone remembers him, that of Plato, the sensitive and compassionate youth with a crush on Jim Stark (James Dean), in *REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE*, released that same year. Mineo's performance earned him his first Oscar nomination for Supporting Actor, making him a hot commodity in Hollywood and an instant teen idol. In 1956, he appeared opposite Dean again in *GIANT*, costarred with Paul Newman in *SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES ME*, and signed on with an equally young cast of newcomers for the teen exploitation flick *ROCK, PRETTY BABY*. After recreating his much-praised television role as a rebellious juvenile delinquent in the film version of *DINO* (1957), he played a young Indian brave in Disney's *TONKA* (1958), took the title role in the TV musical *ALADDIN* (1958, with the final songs written by Cole Porter), then copped the starring role in *THE GENE KRUPA STORY* (1959), the semi-musical screen bio of the legendary jazz drummer. He received a second Oscar nomination for his portrayal of a Jewish boy who had been sexually abused by the Nazis in the Otto Preminger epic *EXODUS* (1960).

Despite the incredible emotional and ethnic scope of these performances, Mineo, in his 20s, was unable to make the difficult transition to more adult roles. Film offers quickly became few and far between. Rumors about his gay lifestyle were also rampant, but in a 1972 interview with Boze Hadleigh, the actor denied that such gossip had hurt his career, attributing his decline solely to the Hollywood star system and the lack of formidable parts that fit his persona. Always on the lookout for a promising comeback vehicle, it's no wonder that Mineo jumped at the lead in the independent, low-budget *WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR?*; in that same year, his single Hollywood offer was for one of several dozen cameos in George Stevens' *THE CREATEST STORY EVER TOLD*, in which he had accepted a walk-on—actually more of a crawl-on—as a cripple cured by Christ.

For years, Mineo was intrigued by the character of the ailing, streetwise hustler, Ratzo Rizzo, in James Leo Herlihy's novel *Midnight Cowboy*, but when it reached the screen in 1969, the part went to Dustin Hoffman. Mineo was later refused consideration for another role he coveted, that of Michael Corleone in *THE GODFATHER* (1972). The ultimate insult came in his last film appearance, which didn't even bother to take advantage of the good looks and charisma that





LEFT: Larry and Norah (Sal Mineo and Juliet Prowse) are alone in the club after Marian's death. CENTER: Norah offers to teach Larry how to dance. RIGHT: Dancer Juliet Prowse as dancer Norah Dain.

had made him a star. Along with such other stage and screen luminaries as Kim Hunter and Roddy McDowall, Mineo donned full-facial simian makeup for a brief supporting role in *ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES* (1971).

With his movie career on a downward trajectory, Mineo returned to the theater with a vengeance. Taking full advantage of the newly revised and more permissive standards toward graphic sexual representation, he staged a revival of *FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES*, John Herbert's 1967 Off Broadway prison drama about degradation and brutality in a Canadian reformatory. Spicing up the production with nudity and simulated sex, and featuring in a pivotal role an up-and-coming actor named Don Johnson (who lived with Mineo during the period), the production played for months to a sold-out house.

Once again recognized as a talent to be reckoned with, Mineo was able to opt on the dramatized version of James Kirkwood's 1972 novel *P. S. Your Cat is Dead*, in which the growing friendship between a frustrated New York actor and a bisexual, naked-from-the-waist-down cat burglar is detailed in a series of scenes that are alternately shocking, hilarious, and truly moving. Mineo, of course, was to play the burglar, but it was a part he was not destined to realize.

On February 12, 1976, while still in rehearsals for *CAT*, Sal Mineo was stabbed to death outside his home in West Hollywood. It had been immediately assumed by the media that his murder was somehow connected to his "unconventional lifestyle" and penchant for "rough trade." As it turned out, though, the murderer was a thief on the run, with Mineo an inconvenient witness and victim of random violence. The killer was not even aware that his victim was Sal Mineo.

A toned-down version of *FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES* made it to the screen in 1971, but the credits cited no reference to the debt owed to Mineo's controversial staging. *P. S. YOUR CAT IS DEAD* eventually opened, and when it reached New York the role of the burglar was played by Tony Musante, who had gained critical attention as a suicidal homosexual victim in *THE DETECTIVE* (1968). Musante went on to star in the Dario Argento cult favorite *THE BIRD WITH THE CRYSTAL PLUMAGE* (1969), and is perhaps best known as television's TOMA.

While Sal Mineo's stage performances are forever lost, most of his film portrayals live on in video and on cable television. *WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR?*, though, remains something of a rarity. It hasn't been released on tape as yet, and has not aired on television for quite some time.

REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE and *WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR?* represent the definitive parenthetical statement of Mineo's entire career, emphasizing the remarkable body of work that is uniquely encapsulated in the decade between and including them. And his portrayal of Larry Sherman is no less mesmerizing than that of Plato, as is evidenced in *TEDDY BEAR*'s second half.

These [exploitation] films have broken ground that Hollywood would find fertile in later years. Although they seldom are launched for any cause so noble as fighting censorship, they do nonetheless exert such an influence.

—Mike Quarles, *Down and Dirty*

By revealing the identity of the caller midway through the film, screenwriters Leon Tokatyan and Arnold Drake shifted perspective and refocused a typical mystery toward more character-generated suspense. With Dave Madden and Larry Sherman as two emotionally scarred, obsessed male protagonists driven by guilt to compensate for the past, and Norah Dain as the focus of their attention, a most peculiar balance is struck, with some intriguing parallels. But while the dialogue often crackles with a realistic, ad-libbed spontaneity, some creaky plot manipulations unfortunately mar the film's denouement.

Why, for instance, has Madden's incredibly detailed investigation failed to include a routine interrogation of the staff at the dance club? Why doesn't he immediately think to question Larry when they are introduced in an upcoming scene, especially when it is apparent that the boy has problems? Likewise, a revelation involving the full-length mirror in Norah's bedroom seems forced and artificial, a device employed to speed up the pacing and quickly resolve the plot. Being so well-versed in the methods of exhibitionists and voyeurs, Madden should have caught on to the mirror the first time around. Finally, an unexpected murder relies a little too heavily on the hackneyed contrivance of mistaken identity—although to the film's credit, clever direction and elaborate, chiaroscuro cinematography manage to disguise this improbable ruse with a noirish flair. These are, however, relatively minor faults in a screenplay uniquely structured toward realistic characterizations complemented by developing/disintegrating interpersonal relationships.

Norah's overnight stay has prompted an astonishing transformation in Detective Dave Madden. Instead of pouring over his crime journals and case histories, he's actually enjoying a more or less normal morning



LEFT: Sal Mineo shakes his groove thing as busboy Larry Sherman. CENTER: The dance drives obscene-phone-caller Larry into a sexual frenzy over Norah. RIGHT: The rape scene.

with coffee, a newspaper, and the two women in his life. Norah, however, has become more aggressive. She challenges Madden's indifference toward exposing Pam to the brutal and seamy aspects of his job, while at the same time asserting a stronger position regarding his overprotective attitude toward her. "A child's life is being free, living in a world of sunshine. Maybe I'm scared now, but not when I was eight and not when I was 18. And in spite of all this, I'm not going to shut out the world. I'm not going to be forced into a corner . . . not by him, and not by you."

Norah's somewhat Pollyanna visions of a perfect childhood are temporarily realized when Madden takes Pam and her to the Central Park Zoo. The sunshine, however, is soon eclipsed when they run into Larry Sherman, who has brought Edie there as promised for her birthday. The outgoing Norah attempts some friendly introductions, which an embarrassed Larry grudgingly acknowledges, while Dave Madden awkwardly points out, "Looks like we're all night people here today." Pam and Edie, however, take an immediate liking to each other. Larry, suppressing his jealousy and anger, cuts short any potential friendship by stating that he and his sister are late for an appointment.

At home, later that afternoon, Larry vents some of his frustration on Edie when she tries to explain that Mrs. Schultz, a counselor for the handicapped, advised her to get a bigger brassiere. (She's outgrown the one she's wearing.) He rants about the shoes and cheap necklace this woman has given her, and the makeup she encourages Edie to wear. "You look like a whore! You let the other women wear it, the ones that want to tease you and lead you on and tear your guts out! But not you, Edie, not you."

During this tirade, Larry has been pacing the room wearing a muscle shirt and a pair of white chinos so tight that the outline of his tumescent penis is clearly visible in startling relief. It should be noted that, for a film containing no outright nudity—and only a few subdued cheesecake shots of Norah in a bra and half-slip—an unusual amount of attention is lavished on the male (read Mineo's) physique, from the first phone call sequence in which Larry wears briefs (at a time when men were shown on screen only in baggy, boxer shorts) through a forthcoming pool scene in which he sports a Speedo-type swim suit that leaves nothing to the imagination. By juxtaposing these near-explicit visuals with already controversial subject matter (in this case, an implied incestuous relationship), *TEDDY BEAR* brought to the screen sexually baroque images and ideas that Hollywood would refuse to acknowledge for almost another decade.

Larry consoles Edie by telling her, "It's not your fault, but the way you are . . . you can't act like that, you understand?" At once the innocent and the coquette, Edie playfully brushes her brother's hair and asks, "Like what, Lar?" Realizing that he's becoming sexually excited by his own sister, Larry storms out of the apartment.

It's been a slow night at the disco. Marian agrees to close up early and spend the night at Norah's place. After some chatty girl-talk, Norah offers Marian her robe, but Marian opts for Norah's fur coat. "I dig soft things." The conversation eventually turns to the caller as Marian berates the police for their inefficiency, and concludes, "You know, I think there's a little bit of this jerk in every guy, including the cops. Maybe they've all got a guilty conscience."

Larry, meanwhile, has sought refuge in Times Square. In a deliriously ambient montage sequence, he peruses bookstores and porno theater marquees, each packed with their own subliminal messages regarding his compulsion (*Patterns of Incest, Sex Crimes in History, The Sexually Responsive Woman*). Others stand as icons of the New Morality and mid-'60s loosening of censorship (*Naked Lunch, The Kama Sutra, Last Exit to Brooklyn*.) Having selected the movie most appropriate to his fantasy, *CALL GIRL #77* (presented in "blushing color"), he leaves the theater and calls Norah.

This time, the ringing phone is too much to bear and Norah's reserve finally collapses. "I'm going to die, Marian, I know it. I don't know what he wants, but I keep imagining all kinds of terrible things. I'm so tired of running!" Marian comforts her in a manner that Norah quickly realizes is neither motherly nor sisterly, and she promptly rejects what she interprets as a lesbian overture.

What is most surprising in this scene is Marian's reaction. Throughout the film, her comments to Norah have appeared to be steadily aggressive come-ons—from the subtle and seemingly innocuous offer that Norah spend the night at her place, through her negative comments about the police (in particular, and men in general), to the most outrageously blatant, "I dig fur, don't you?" Marian's intense denial of Norah's presumption, however, is delivered with such conviction that their entire relationship is thrown into question, along with Marian's true motives and her own self-esteem. In Broadway star Elaine Stritch's subtly nuanced performance, a myriad of emotions flash over Marian's face in a matter of seconds: surprise, confusion, shock, anger, and resentment.

Continued on page 106

JAN MURRAY

Comic Jan Murray has traveled from the concrete jungle of 1965's *WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR?* to the genuine jungle of 1967's *TARZAN AND THE GREAT RIVER*—with side trips to work with William Castle on *THE BUSY BODY* (1967) and Darren McGavin in the TV series *KOLCHAK: THE NIGHT STALKER*, among others. When *Scarlet Street* contacted Mr. Murray about his role in *TEDDY BEAR?*, his response was—to say the least—surprising . . .

Interviewed by Jessie Lilley

Jan Murray: Oh, my God! (Laughs) You're doing a whole issue on *WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR?*

Scarlet Street: Well, actually, we're doing a feature.

JM: On that movie? Why?

SS: 'Cause it's good! It's a ground-breaker, really.

JM: You know, it was a hell of a picture. It really went unnoticed, I thought.

SS: Let's start with some background. You're best known as a stand-up comic, but you've also had roles in films and TV. Did you start out as an actor?

JM: Oh, no, I started out as a comedian. Actually, that I wound up in show business is a mystery in itself. I think the wondrous part of being a comedian is that, if you interviewed 30 or 40 successful comedians, they'd all have different routes to how they got there.

SS: What was your route?

JM: Well, we never knew anyone in show business; I wasn't one of those kids who was given piano lessons, or dancing lessons, or violin lessons. I was never in a school play. But, my mother was a very sick woman. She passed away at an early age, and the last 10 years of her life the only thing that gave her any pleasure was vaudeville. We had a local theater where I was born and brought up, in the Bronx in New York, and my mother used to take me there twice a week to see the vaudeville. Sometimes, she'd be too sick to go, and I would go by myself. I'd sit through two or three shows, and then I'd go home and do the whole show for my mother.

SS: That's wonderful!

JM: I'd describe the opening act—if it was a trained seal, or a juggler, I would describe what they did. If it was a woman who sang, I would tell her about the song. Then, of course, it would come to the com-

edy. The comedy I used to do for her—the whole thing! I had my own natural sense of humor. Around the house, I was always a funny kid. Never in school; I wasn't the class clown or anything like that. But around the neighborhood, I was a kid with a sense of humor. So, when I was about 15, I was invited to a sweet 16 party with some friends. And I got a crush on the girl. I got to talk to her and she told me that

have these basement clubs in the Bronx. So there was a new club called the Cavaliers, and these guys asked me if we'd entertain the following week. We were an instant hit, and it was there that I was seen. I was offered a job in the mountains. I played a little hotel. I got three dollars a week, plus room and board. And that's how I got into show business.

SS: How did you become involved in filming *WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR?*

JM: By the time I did *WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR?*, I had appeared in all the leading theaters and nightclubs in America. I'd already been on television with my own shows. I was quite well known. Joe Cates, the director, came to me and said, "You know, you have a quality that has never been explored, Jan. I think you can be a hell of an actor. I think you have a quality almost like a Humphrey Bogart type of guy." So I started to laugh, because I had done comedy all my life! Bogart! Perfect, you know? (Laughs) Joe said, "I have a movie. I think you should be the detective, Jan. I think you would play the hell out of it." Well, I was dying to act; in fact I had started to take some acting instructions, just on the side.

SS: Really?

JM: There was a guy called Wynn Hanman; he had an acting school. I went there one night, and I see these young kids, and they're improvising. So I said, "Gee whiz, Wynn, I wanna try this." At that time, I had my own show, *TREASURE HUNT*. I created it, produced it, owned it—and I was the star of it. So I was quite a busy guy, and here I was running to a drafty loft twice a week doing scenes and being criticized. The first time I did an improvisation, Wynn took me



Jan Murray

she was miserable, she felt the party was a flop. So, to get her attention, I said, "Would you like some entertainment?" I had in mind all the material that I had seen in vaudeville, you know? Well, I took my friends into the bathroom—I'll never forget this—and we rehearsed little sketches, and then we put on this show. Everybody loved it, and there was a group of guys there who were starting a new social club. In those years, teenagers had no money to date, and we used to



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BACK ISSUE HIGHLIGHTS:

◆ Movie Club #1 (not shown), *Jurassic Park* compared to 11 great dino movies of the past; Classic Horrors on video; sneak preview of *Regenerated Man*, a new indie sci-fi film; introduction to video and aser collecting and home theaters. More than 50 photos.

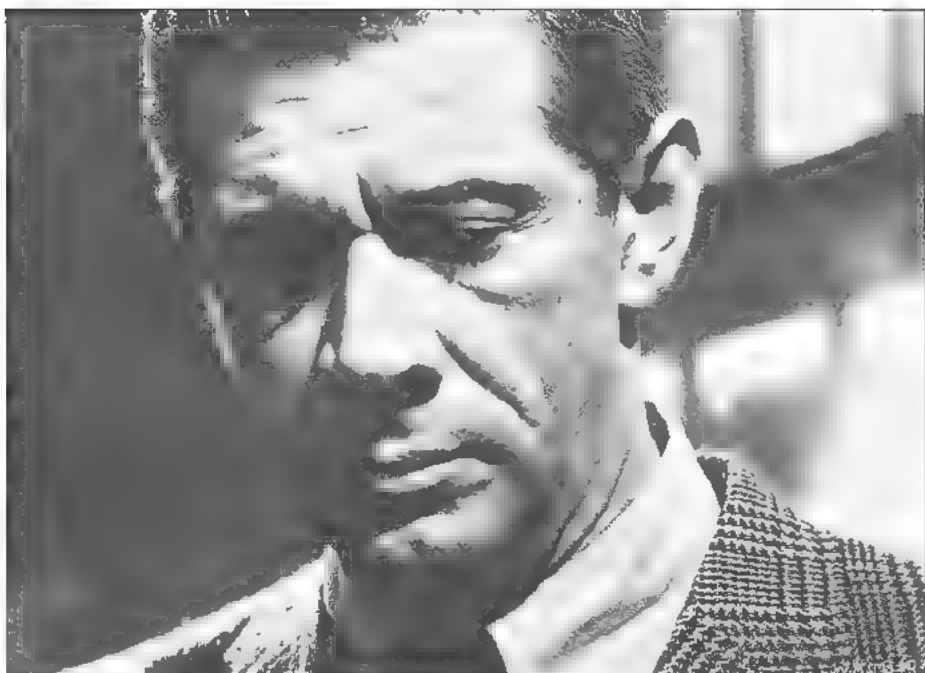
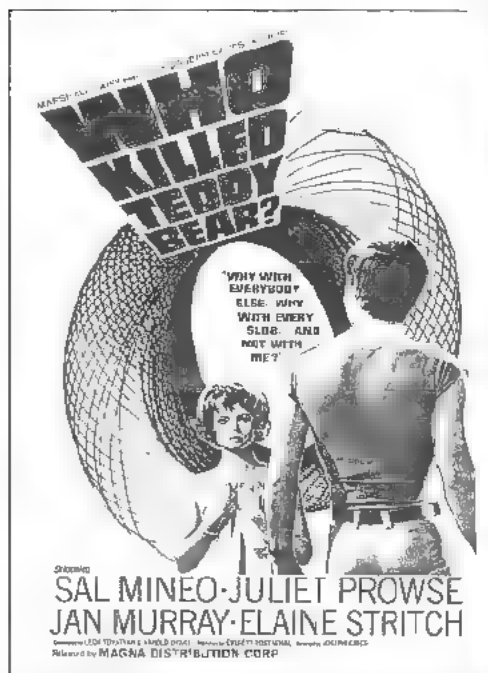
◆ Movie Club #2 (top, left): The Sci-Fi Channel—its best TV shows, movies and the channel's history; the best sassy and sexy "JD" movies; *The Fugitive* TV series and movie; tribute to Vincent Price. More than 60 photos.

◆ Movie Club #3 (left): Unsung Gems (good movies you rarely read about); the forgotten "ape woman" movies; indie director Fred Olen Ray; *The Black Scorpion*. More than 50 photos.

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ABOVE: Jan Murray made his film debut as the obsessed cop in **WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR?** (1965). NEXT PAGE: Murray traveled to the jungles of South America to make **TARZAN AND THE GREAT RIVER**, a 1967 movie with Mike Henry as the apeman and Manuel Padilla, Jr. as his annoying little self.

apart. I was so embarrassed. Here were these young actors sitting there, and I'm a guy who had just come from a meeting with the head of NBC! I'm there in a million dollar suit, standing there in these alligator shoes with this guy bawling me out! (Laughs) So, I studied acting for a few months . . .

SS: And you were ready to go to work for Joe Cates.

JM: **WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR?** was the first movie I ever did. It was the first serious thing I ever did, without any comedic overtones. **WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR?** was a landmark for me.

SS: How quickly was **TEDDY BEAR** made?

JM: I don't think it took very long at all. Three weeks. Four weeks, maybe. It was filmed in New York. Part of the shooting was done in Long Island.

SS: The script breaks a lot of ground with onscreen sexuality. Were you impressed with it for that reason?

JM: Not particularly for that reason, because you don't know how much ground you're going to break, or what you're going to be allowed to do. Even though it was daring at the time—the guy with the phone calls, the heavy breathing—I was first of all interested in the character. It was so different from anything I'd ever done. That was a big challenge to me. Secondly, I thought the movie said something. I liked the idea that, for half the

picture, I could have been the guy making the phone calls.

SS: That's true.

JM: It took half the picture before it was revealed why I had this almost maniacal dedication to get this guy. It was above and beyond what was normal, above and beyond what a normal detective would do just to catch an obscene phone caller.

SS: Your daughter has a role in the movie, hasn't she?

JM: Yes, she played my daughter. You know, Diane was the only one of my kids that understood what I did for a living. They knew that I was on television, but we tried to keep a normal household. But Diane used to say, "I'm going to be a great star. I'm going to be an actress." Just childish prattling.

SS: Until **TEDDY BEAR** came along.

JM: Here's what happened. I was telling some friends about it, and my wife said, "You're in trouble with your daughter." She said that Diane had gotten very silent, and, when she asked what was wrong, Diane said, "Daddy is going to be in a movie, and he didn't give me a part!" I told her, "Honey, I'm not the boss. You'll have to audition." So I called Joe Cates, and I told him the story, and he thought it was cute. I said, "Joe, she's not an actress. Let her off easy." He said, "Of course." And I'll be darned, but Joe called me that night and said, "I'm signing the kid." Well, when I heard that, I took Diane

aside and said, "Listen, I want to make a deal with you. After you make this picture, I don't want to hear anything more about acting until you're 16. I don't intend that Mom is going to take you around to casting offices, trying to get you a part. When you tell me, at 16, that this is what you want to do, then we'll prepare you for it."

SS: And what happened?

JM: Well, she finished the movie, and never mentioned show business again for all those years. When she was 16, I said, "You remember when you made that movie? We made a pact, and I'm so proud of you, that you kept your vow." And she said, "Now, Dad, don't give me too much credit. After I made the movie, I decided that's not what I wanted to do. Acting is too painful." (Laughs)

SS: It's surprising that you don't save the heroine from being raped at the end of the film.

JM: Yeah. That was kind of a departure. They always used to wrap it up in a neat package—every ending had to be happy, you know? And I thought that had tremendous dramatic impact. Then there's the scene where I would have killed him, all because of the thing that had happened to my wife. It made me paranoid; it made me—well, not a sinister character, but an offbeat guy who was a decent man. A man who did his job. But where these types of people were concerned, I

could have easily become a murderer. Myself, you know? I could have thrown justice out the window under those circumstances. I was that affected by the story.

SS: How did such a low-budget film acquire such a high-quality cast? You had Sal Mineo, Juliet Prowse, Elaine Stritch....

JM: None of us—outside of Sal Mineo—none of us were really motion picture artists. We weren't names in motion pictures. So we all had a chance to do what we felt was a good picture, an interesting picture. Sal was the only bona fide motion picture personality in it. He was an awfully nice guy, you know? A nice young man.

SS: The majority of your scenes are with Juliet Prowse.

JM: Juliet Prowse had one of the greatest acts on stage. Years later, I signed a deal with the Desert Inn, with the Hughes Organization in Las Vegas. I appeared there 16 weeks a year, which was a mammoth number of times in those years, and I was supposed to appear with different stars. Well, the very first one that I costarred with was Juliet Prowse, who I hadn't seen since we made *TEDDY BEAR*, and the combination was so strong that they booked us together again. Then, they booked us a third time. It wound up that, in the three years that I worked for Hughes, I never worked with another star—they kept booking Juliet and myself as a combination.

SS: Were you happy with the finished film?

JM: I loved it. I thought Joe Cates did a great job with me, because the technique in movies is so completely different than it is on the stage. He was wonderful. I thought he was going to be one of our great, great movie directors. I was really shocked that he never made it big as a director.

SS: He never did?

JM: Not as far as I know. He was a big TV producer, and I thought he was very talented. He was very clear in his direction, and I thought he was great. His daughter is Phoebe Cates.

SS: Let's move from Manhattan to a jungle of another sort. You were in *TARZAN AND THE GREAT RIVER*.

JM: (Laughs) And I loved it! I loved it! My agent said, "Sy Weintraub, the producer of *TARZAN AND THE GREAT RIVER*—he'd like you in it. They're shooting in Rio." I said, "What, are you nuts? I don't have the strength to play Jane!" "They don't want you for Tarzan!" (Laughs) When I read the script, I said, "Jesus, this is fun. It's an interesting character, this guy." He was a grizzled sea captain. He had this grubby old boat that traveled the Amazon, and his crew was a little native kid [Manuel Padilla, Jr.] and a chimp!

SS: Isn't this the film in which Mike Henry, who played Tarzan, was bitten by the chimp?

JM: Right! Oh, God! You could do a whole book on that movie! You know me, I'm afraid of a goldfish! (Laughs) When I got off the plane, they said, "Jan, relax. We're not going to shoot for a few days. The chimp bit Tarzan; bit him right on the chin. And Tarzan's in the hospital." So I was in Rio de Janeiro for eight days without shooting anything. The first day that we shot, we were out in the jungle, and the whole place was just so foreign to me. What the hell am I doing in the jungle? This Bronx boy! Broadway Jan! I'm out there, and I didn't

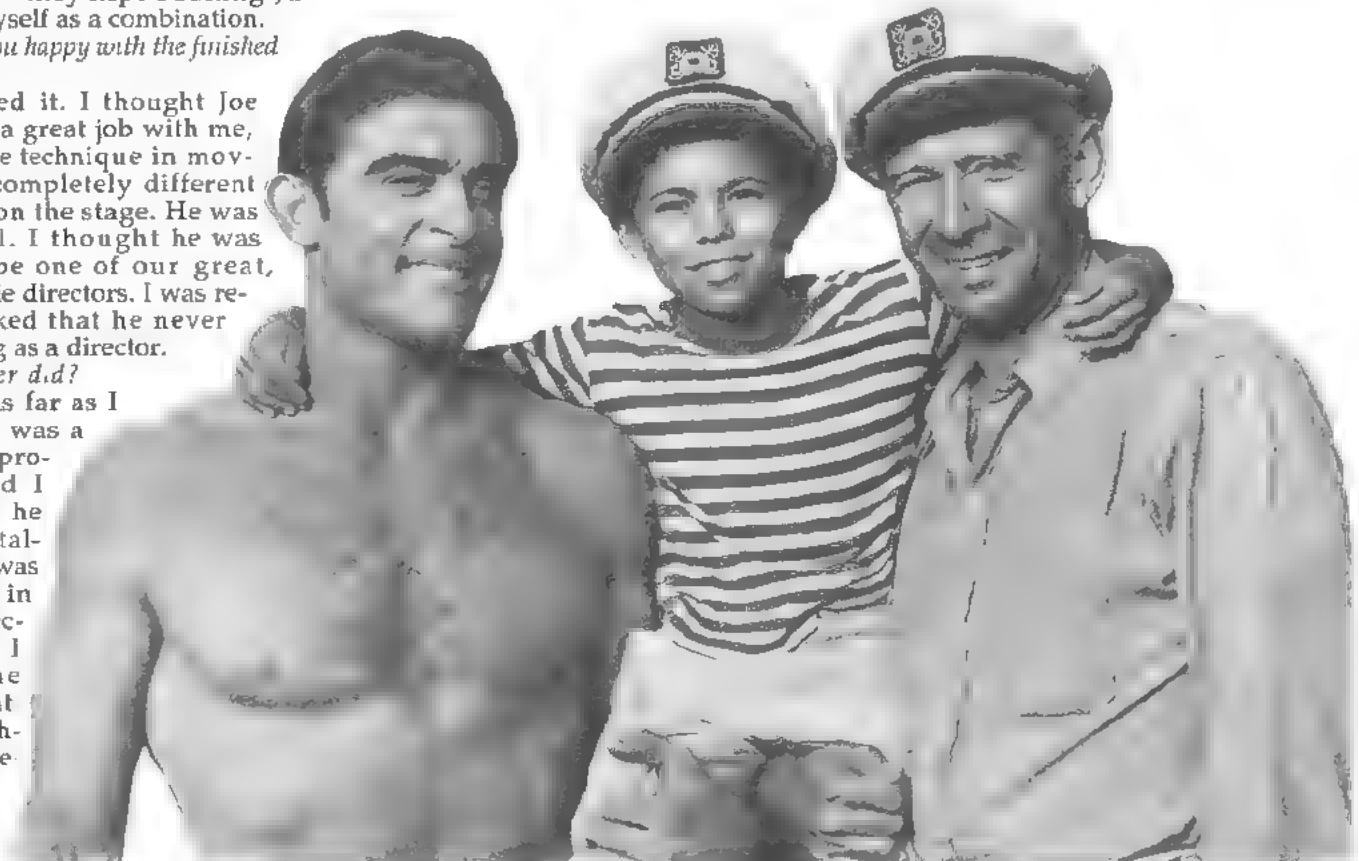
know that they had trailers—maybe a quarter of a mile away—with commodes. While they were setting up the scene, I had to go—you know, had to make a wee. So I go into the thickest part of the jungle, and I start to urinate, and all of a sudden, I see all the leaves shuddering—and up stands a lion!

SS: Oh, no!

JM: Our lion. He was sleeping there. He was completely tranquilized, but I didn't know that. Well, you want to see this scene—me running out of the jungle forgetting to zip up, running for my life! (Laughs)

SS: It sounds like it was a fun film.

JM: Tell you a great story: We're shooting. The first scene I'm shooting takes place towards the end of the picture. I'm coming in with my boat to this native village. On the boat, I have Tarzan, the chimp, the lion, the kid, and the doctor, who's played by Diana Millay. She's got this serum because a plague has broken out in the village. So, we're gonna shoot this scene in the afternoon. There's a Portuguese guy who owned the boat, and he took me out all morning showing me how to dock it, how to work it—because it was very complicated. So I'm practicing and practicing, and finally, boy, I'm coming into that dock nice and smooth. As we dock, I take a rope and tie it up to the dock. And the kid jumps out, and





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LEFT: Jan Murray learned how to dock a boat and simultaneously hang a chimpanzee while making *TARZAN AND THE GREAT RIVER* (1967) with Mike Henry. RIGHT: William Castle's *THE BUSY BODY* (1967) included such major comics as Richard Pryor and Jan Murray (pictured with Anne Baxter).

he ties up the back. And that's the scene. The director's got the mega phone; he says, "Roll 'em!" I start to come in, and I'm doing everything that I did in the morning, but everything is working in reverse, because the tide has changed. The tide is now coming at me, and I can't control the Goddamn boat! I'm yelling, "This damn thing isn't working!"—and I crash into the dock. I could just see the director, Robert Day, saying to himself, "Where did we get this guy?" This is what's going through my mind, but I don't hear, "Cut." I hear a lot of commotion. The lion is roaring, the Portuguese guy is screaming and cursing at me in Spanish—but I don't hear anything else, and I know I have to continue the scene until I

hear "Cut." So I jump off the boat, I take the rope, and I'm wrapping it around the pole. I still don't hear "Cut." All of a sudden, I'm lifted bodily in the air and thrown—and I'm a pretty tall guy. I turn around, and it's the animal trainer—a big, powerful guy; he even dwarfed Mike Henry. Everybody's running, and I say, "What? What happened?" Well, what happened was, when I hit the dock, the chimp got so nervous that he jumped off and wrapped himself around the pole, and I didn't notice it. And I run off, and I take this big rope and I'm wrapping it around the pole—and I'm hanging the Goddamn chimp!

SS: Oh, no!

JM: That was my first scene in *TARZAN*. That little chimp didn't trust me for the rest of the picture. Her name was Vicky. I tried to make friends with her, but Vicky always gave me a dirty look. That was my opening scene; I hung the chimp! (Laughs)

SS: On TV, you were in the *KOLCHAK: THE NIGHT STALKER* episode "The Vampire." You played a pimp and one of your call girls was a real creature of the night.

JM: *THE NIGHT STALKER*! It was just a small part, actually, but working with Darren McGavin was terrific—he's such a complete pro. He's really in there, you know what I mean? McGavin knows that character; he's as solid as you can get. SS: Let's mention one last movie. In 1967, you made *THE BUSY BODY*, directed by the legendary gimmick master, William Castle.

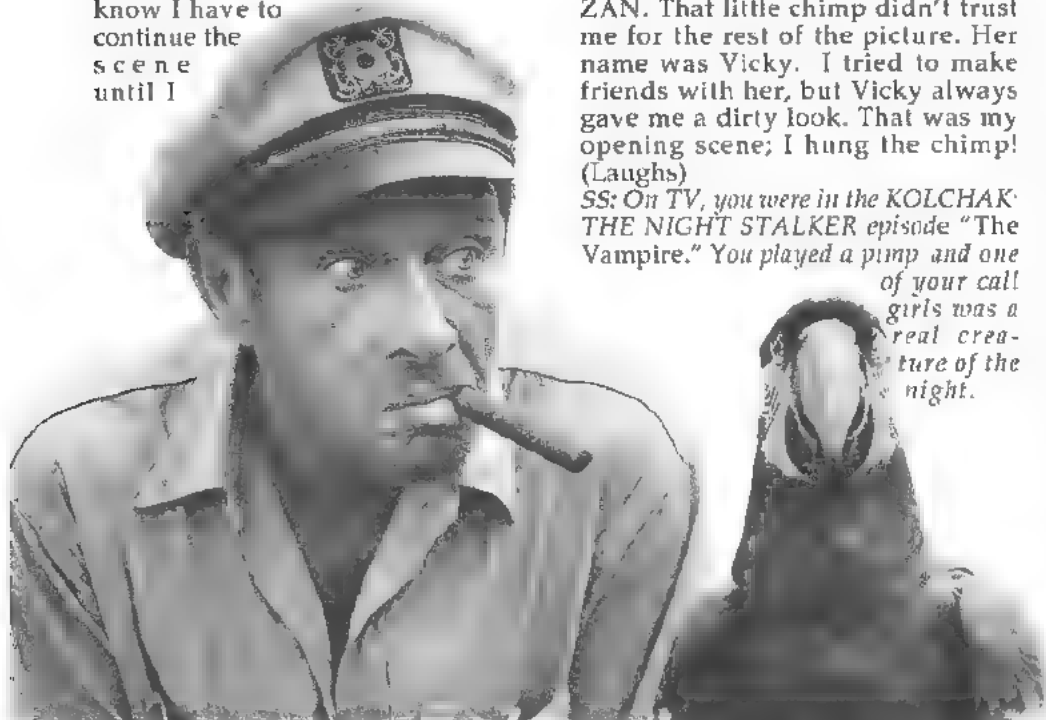
JM: Bill Castle was a sweet, darling man. A terrific guy. Again, like in *NIGHT STALKER*, there were a lot of cameos in that film. He used a lot of comedians—Dom DeLuise, Godfrey Cambridge, Marty Ingels, Sid Caesar. Bill Castle came to me and said, "Jan, I know how close you are with Sid. You gotta do it. Here's the script. Pick out the role you want, and you got it." So I read it, and Bill said, "Which one do you want?" I said, "I want to play the killer—the straight role." He looked at me and said, "God, look at all these other funny parts." I said, "Bill, I'll tell you something. These funny parts—if they don't come out funny on the screen, they wind up not in the picture. The character that I want to play, he explains all the murders, so there's no way this guy's gonna end up on the cutting room floor." And Bill Castle laughs, and he says, "You got it."

SS: Smart thinking.

JM: Did you ever see that one I did with Jerry Lewis? *WHICH WAY TO THE FRONT?*

SS: Yes, indeed

JM: Well, that's your job, right? You've got to suffer through these things. (Laughs)



Our Man on Baker Street Jeremy Brett

Interviewed by David Stuart Davies

It is now over 10 years since Jeremy Brett became involved with Sherlock Holmes. Since then, he has appeared in 41 films and has indelibly stamped his mark on this fabled character, challenging even Basil Rathbone's vise-like grip on the public consciousness. To use Brett's own phrase, his involvement with Holmes has been "a treasure hunt"—one in which he discovered many aspects and nuances about the character as well as about his own psyche.

Jeremy Brett is well and lithe again. He is taking a year out to consider offers of work and deciding which direction his career should now take. I met him recently at his London apartment to recollect and reappraise his body of work as fiction's greatest sleuth. He was insistent that Michael Cox, the original producer and begetter of the series, should be rightly acknowledged for his part in the Granada success. Indeed it was, as Brett told me, Michael whose vision it was to put the genuine Conan Doyle on the television screen, and it was Michael who had to battle with indifference and cynicism in the corridors of power to get the project off the ground. It was a case of "Oh, no, not corny old Sherlock Holmes again!" That was the point, of course. It wasn't corny old Sherlock Holmes again: This time it was to be the genuine article, a rich amalgam of the Conan Doyle genius and an animated Sidney Paget world.

From the start, Michael Cox had Brett in mind for the part. "I'd just played Robert Browning opposite Jane Lapotaire. I was trying to set up

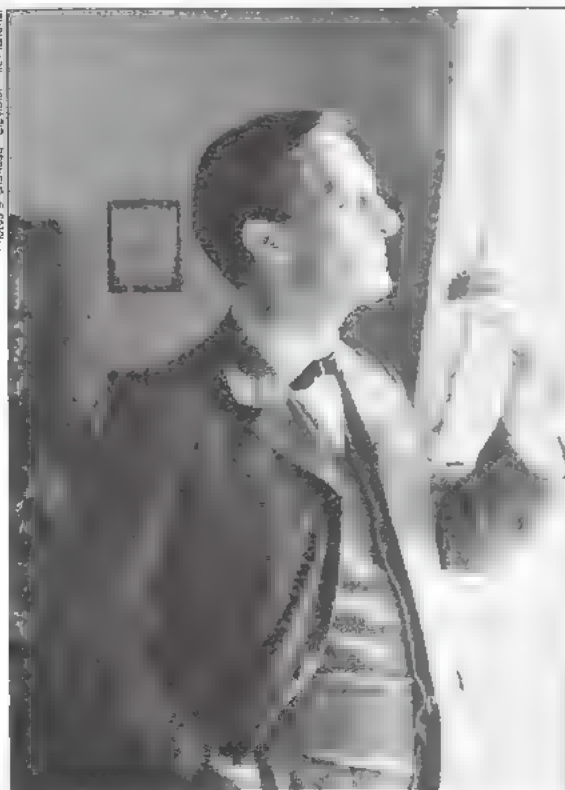
a film of *THE TEMPEST*, which I'd done in Toronto, and I was in England trying to raise the money. Not a penny could I get. So I reconsidered the role of Holmes that I'd

thought was marvellous—like an electric eel."

When the Granada series was on again, Brett took the Canon away with him to Barbados, where he was ostensibly researching locations for *THE TEMPEST*. "It was there that I became fascinated with the Doyle tales. I thought, 'Oh, yes, there are things I can do with this fellow.' I learned then that it wasn't all pipes and deerstalkers: There were different pipes, but he smoked cigarettes as well; and he wore the homburg or the topper in town and the deerstalker in the country. (Brett told me later that he wished he had untied the deerstalker in *SILVER BLAZE* and tied it under his chin. "I wish I'd done it just the once.")

As he read the stories, he began to realize that there was more to the conventional, perceived image of Holmes: "I discovered that he was much more puckish than I realized. I remember I read: 'He wriggled in his chair and roared with laughter.' I'd never thought of Holmes laughing. Actually I had rather a bad attack of that in *A SCANDAL IN BOHEMIA*—that's one of the reasons why I don't like that film."

Once he was certain he could, as an actor, do something with the part—plumb its depths, as it were—he agreed to do it and traveled north to Manchester and Granada Studios. The first director was to be Tudor Davies, but—and this is an educated guess on my part—he somehow didn't quite fit into the project. Certainly, Brett did not seem unhappy when Davies departed before



"What a lovely thing a rose is . . ."

been offered the previous year. It had been put on hold then, because Ian Richardson was filming a series."

As it turned out, the Richardson series ceased after two feature-length episodes that failed to excite potential buyers: *THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES* and *THE SIGN OF FOUR*. Nevertheless, Brett has a high regard for Richardson's portrayal. "He got a coolness which I



LEFT: Jeremy Brett poses on location with his first Dr. Watson, David Burke, as they prepare to film a scene for *THE COPPER BEACHES*. **CENTER:** Filming on the late, lamented Baker Street set before it became a cheesy tourist attraction. **RIGHT:** Barbara Wilshire is followed by John Castle, who happily remembered to don a disguise for *THE SOLITARY CYCLIST*.

filming commenced and Paul Annett was brought in.

"I remember walking onto the Baker Street set and being terribly impressed. But I also got a shock. I was with my friend Bamber Gascoigne [a British writer and TV presenter] and he said, 'Regents Park is at the wrong end!' But apart from that, the street looked terribly authentic with all the horses and their droppings and straw. Michael was only happy when it was filled with carriages, people, and horses. And he was right."

At this point, Brett paused to light a cigarette and gazed wistfully into the middle distance. "Of course," he said softly, "all that is gone now."

Somewhere in the Granada film vaults there is Jeremy Brett's film test. "It's ghastly," he told me, laughing. "It's silent. You see, I perceived Holmes as being black and white, rather like the drawings, so I proceeded to cake my face with white makeup. And, of course, if you do that your eyes and the rims around them appear red. I looked as though I was ill, had flu or something. And I had a funny walk. It was like a waddle." Once more the face breaks into a roar of laughter. "It really was awful!"

Certainly the idea of Holmes in black and white has stayed with Brett. "Colour softens the whole thing. It adds pastels and warmth to his world, and this softens and romanticizes it. Whenever possible, I

kept Holmes in black and white to retain some of the sombre quality of the stories."

The first story filmed was *THE SOLITARY CYCLIST*. Everybody was new, nervous, and feeling their way. David Burke as Watson was uneasy. He was determined not to appear a fool—the image of the good doctor which Nigel Bruce did so much to promote. Paul Annett was aware of the responsibility resting on his shoulders and perhaps, because of that, certain things were overlooked. "On the first day of location shooting, they were filming the scene where Carruthers is seen following Violet Smith on his bicycle along the woodland track. The cameras were ready to roll when it struck me that John Castle [Carruthers] didn't have a false beard on. Now, John has a very distinctive face—the girl would easily have recognized him—as would the audience. Very quickly, they scrambled 'round for a black beard and dark glasses and started again. That's how nervous we all were."

Even in those early days of the series, Brett was fighting to keep as much of Conan Doyle in the episodes as possible. At the close of another early adventure, that of *THE NAVAL TREATY*, when Percy Phelps is presented with the stolen document, the script called for him to dance with glee. Conan Doyle has it: "He caught it up, devoured it with his eyes, and then

danced wildly about the room, pressing it to his bosom and shrieking out in delight." Brett told me that "the director thought this was too much and wanted to cut it. I managed to persuade him to keep it much as it was in the script. But it was hard work. I wanted the story to be as faithful as possible. Similarly, in the same story, they wanted to cut most of the rose speech—'What a lovely thing a rose is'—I really had to fight for that."

It is clear in talking to Jeremy Brett that he has very happy memories of the Granada years, is proud to have been there and proud to be associated with the many skilled persons who contributed to the programmes. It seemed he knew them all from clapper boy to tea lady and had unstinting praise for them all. His conversation was filled with mentions of Esther Dean ("the best costume lady we have in Britain"), David Round ("a unique property buyer"), and Michael Cox ("a giant"). His big regret is that, at present, Granada has not seen fit to praise and fittingly acknowledge one of its best moneymakers.

There are more memories of the series, which I hope in time I can reveal to readers of *Scarlet Street*—but I can say that in response to my question "Will you play Sherlock again?" Jeremy Brett smiled and said sweetly: "That door is never quite closed."



Uncut and unedited! Sherlock Holmes on Video! See Page 20!

Book Ends

The Scarlet Street Review of Books

GRAVE SECRETS

Mark Dawidziak

Cinemaker Press, 1994

203 pages—\$9.95

Dreams! The combination of reading a few pages of Mark Dawidziak's riveting *The Kolchak Papers: Grave Secrets* while a TV trumpeted the news about what must surely be Carol Channing's zillionth tour in HELLO, DOLLY produced a real doozie in yours truly's subconscious: a dozen willowy waiters doing flips 'round a grand staircase, at the top of which stood a seedy reporter in tennis shoes, a seersucker suit, a battered straw hat, and a bright feather boal.

A bizarre hybrid, indeed, but as the waiters launched into the show's title tune I knew that the lyric, at least, had it right: Carl Kolchak, "It's so nice to have you back where you belong!"

Grave Secrets moves the Kolchak saga lock, stock, and Tony to La La Land, where Carl and Company now toil for the *Los Angeles Dispatch*. Naturally, it isn't long before Mrs. Kolchak's favorite son is knee deep in locked-room murders, demonic doggies, vengeful ghosts, and prophetic dreams—none of which are musical in nature, but, hey, you can't have everything.

You can come damn close, though, and Dawidziak trots out all the great old regulars from both the TV series and the Jeff Rice thrillers that inspired it. In addition to editor Tony Vincenzo, eager fans will renew friendships with Emily Cowles, Ron Updyke, Gordy the Ghoul, Janie Carlson, and Kirsten Helms. Even Janos Skorzeny (the vampiric NIGHT STALKER) and Richard Malcolm (the immortal NIGHT STRANGLER) pop up, in spirit if not in body.

Grave Secrets has a few flaws, none of them fatal. At times, particularly in the opening chapters, Kolchak is gabby enough to qualify for a spot in an Anne Rice novel, and the story suffers from never placing him in any real danger. (The ghostie actually likes the ol' inkslinger!) But overall, this is a more than welcome return of a time-honored favorite, with a startlingly original menace to

grab his and our attention, and a bloody chill or two along the way.

Mr. Kolchak, don't ever go away again!

—Drew Sullivan

MARY SHELLEY'S FRANKENSTEIN

Kenneth Branagh

Newmarket Press, 1994

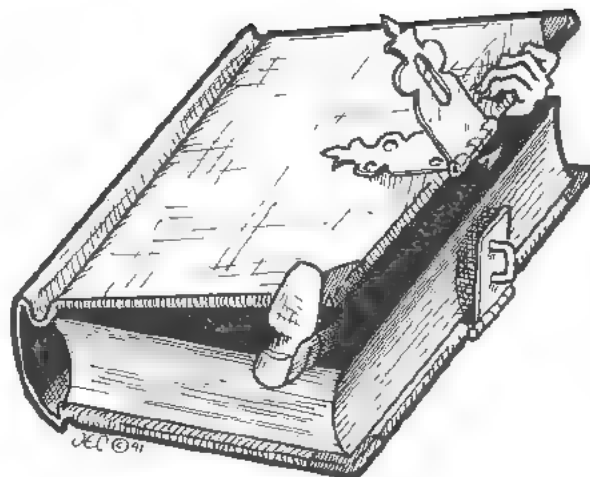
191 pages—\$17.95

Mary Shelley's Frankenstein: The Classic Tale of Terror Reborn on Film is a gorgeously illustrated, handsomely packaged filmbook. It opens with a short note by Kenneth Branagh, wherein the director/star briefly expresses his intentions behind the latest—and, at \$50 million, most expensive—cinematic interpretation of the classic novel.

The reader is then treated to a concise, highly informative biographical sketch of Frankenstein's creator herself, Mary Shelley. Multifaceted writer and literary scholar Leonard Wolf includes much worthwhile information about Shelley's eventful and rather bizarre youth, her relationship with Lord Byron and Percy Shelley, the stormy, twilight genesis of *Frankenstein*; or *The Modern Prometheus*, and the mixed critical reviews that the novel received.

Next, Branagh is heard from again in his introduction, "Frankenstein Reimagined," in which he reiterates, expands upon, and adds to the thoughts expressed in his opening director's note. Though he restates that his initial intention was to adhere closely to Shelley's novel as no other screen adaptation has before, he then quite enthusiastically discusses his bold departures from the story's spirit and letter.

Following is the actual script, complete with screen directions and selected excerpts from Shelley's novel. The script, written by Steph Lady, was rewritten by Lady under the guidance of coproducers Francis Coppola, James V. Hart, John Veitch, and Fred Fuchs. It was rewritten yet again by Frank Darabont and the ubiquitous Mr. Branagh. Finally,



Branagh collaborated with Kim Harris (uncredited) to polish the script. (In order to discuss the liberties taken with Shelley's story, one must be fairly conversant with the novel. Check Wolf's "Further Reading" list toward the end of the book.)

In the next section, "The Filmmakers and Their Creations," we are again reminded that the original premise was to make a film truer than any preceding version to the spirit and letter of Mary Shelley; then we are again told why the film doesn't adhere to that premise. (Perhaps they should have remade *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.) The section offers concise biographies of the major figures involved, from Creature Robert De Niro to those behind the camera. Production designer Tim Harvey and art director Martin Childs are responsible for some of the most breathtaking sets you are ever likely to see. The costumes by Oscar-winner James Acheson make full use of form and color to create a beautifully stylized atmosphere.

The Daniel Parker and Paul Englen makeup worn by De Niro, we learn, took nine months to create, and was influenced by input from De Niro and Kenneth ("I ain't got enough to do with this film") Branagh.

The Afterword, "The Undying Creature," also by Leonard Wolf, takes us on a trip through past cinema Frankensteins (as does his following "Selected Frankenstein Filmography") and a highly condensed version of Shelley's novel.

Lavishly illustrated by David Appleby's truly gorgeous photographs (plus a variety of engravings, woodcuts, stills, posters, drawings, and portraits), this is a must for the Frankenstein Completest.

—Michael R. Thomas

GHOSTMASTERS

Mark Walker

Cool Hand Communications, Inc.
176 pages—\$29.95

Mark Walker's *Ghostmasters* covers the giddy period in American entertainment history when moviegoers saw live magic shows—known as Ghost Shows—before the midnight screening of a "B" flick. But what separates the Ghost Show from a regular magic act is its overly theatrical emphasis on giving the audience a good scare.

This was achieved through such feats as the magician "contacting" such deceased performers as James Dean and Houdini during seances, or by having a beautiful, barely-clad woman get torn to shreds right on stage by a ferocious gorilla. But the blackout, the most anticipated fright event of a Ghost Show, was always saved for last.

As the term implies, the blackout was the carefully planned moment in the program where all of the lights in the movie theater abruptly went dark—allowing the audience to be subjected to "ghostly manifestations." Often,

these were nothing more than performers running up and down the aisles in scary costumes, manipulating various devices, such as fake bats on strings. Thrown into total darkness, the audience would per-

Ghostmasters is a loving look at the creators of these shows and the backstage tricks they used to work their "magic." Armed with plenty of photos, author Mark Walker deftly introduces the reader to this fasci-

nating subject, starting in 1929 with the father of the Midnight Ghost Show, Elwin Charles Peck—better known by his stage name of El-Wyn. By the 1940s, Ghost Shows were such a hit that such horror stars as Bela Lugosi and Glenn Strange appeared on stage as guests.

Walker, a member of the International Brotherhood of Magicians, describes the typical special effects of a blackout, as well as the audience reaction. He traces the rise and fall of the Ghost Show, providing informative biographies of notable magicians in each era. Not surprisingly, several of these performers went on to become horror hosts on local TV.

Unfortunately, Ghost Shows eventually became as extinct as 3-D and drive-ins. However, thanks to Mark Walker's well-researched book, the kids of those bygone times—as well as a new generation—can now fondly recall



ceive these otherwise silly tricks as real elements of the supernatural, and get the socks scared off of them.

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—Sean Farrell

THE AMERICAN DETECTIVE: AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY

Jeff Siegel

Taylor Publishing

168 pages—\$26.95

In this handsome, full-color book, Jeff Siegel details the history of the American detective from his origin some 150 years ago. Covering print, film, and TV, Siegel offers a comprehensive and entertaining look at how the mystery story evolved on this side of the Atlantic.

Edgar Allan Poe, best known for his works of horror, is widely regarded as the creator of the detective story with "Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Purloined Letter," and "The Mystery of Marie Roget." Siegel points out that, in "Rue Morgue" alone, Poe invented some 32 conventions of the mystery story, such as the locked-room mystery, the arrogant amateur detective and his devoted assistant, and the baffled policeman. Siegel makes a strong case—for which there is ample evidence—that Poe's detective, C. Auguste Dupin, was the model for Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes.

Moving on to the 20th century, Siegel devotes a sizable part of his study to Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler—rightfully so, since they are acknowledged masters of the genre. Before they came along, detective stories were preoccupied with "the puzzle" (i.e., the unraveling of the mystery itself); thanks to Hammett and Chandler, character became predominant. It was the detective himself, and not the mystery, who was the driving force of the modern private-eye tales.

In addition to printing a list of winners of the Mystery Writers of America's Edgar Award, *The American Detective* has an enjoyable section titled "The Ten Silliest Cop Shows in Television History." Siegel also covers such subgenres as women detectives, spies, and, in a chapter called "The Shysters," lawyers as detectives.

Die-hard mystery fans may not find anything new in *The American Detective*, but the book should serve as a fine introduction for the newcomer. The illustrations alone are worth the price of admission.

—Sean Farrell

OVER MY DEAD BODY

Lee Server

Chronicle Books, 1994

108 pages—\$16.95

During the 1940 and 1950s, American literature experienced a surge in popularity that influenced the entire entertainment industry.

Cheap labor and printing costs stimulated a flurry of new and reprinted books called pulps. In *Over My Dead Body: The Sensational Age of the American Paperback: 1945-1955*, Lee Server chronicles the history of some of the most titillating published material of all time.

Server gleefully recounts the age of pulp by exploring both the stories and their authors, wisely avoiding criticizing the oft-parodied material. Rather, he delivers a chronicle of an important period in American pop culture.

Pulps sold furiously, making a fortune for such publishers as Signet and Dell. They were manufactured to be read and discarded, but served as the launching pad for dozens of writers, including John D. MacDonald, Louis L'Amour, Jack Kerouac, William Burroughs, and Allen Ginsberg.

Server presents some of the best (and worst) dialogue to have graced the pages of pulp novels. In addition, he furnishes interesting background material on the style and lifestyle of the authors. The book includes a few (but not enough) photos of the authors and some of the films inspired by their books. There is a terrific shot of Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall with author David Goodis on the set of *DARK PASSAGE*.

One of the most memorable elements of the pulps were their daring covers, featuring seductive images of tough dames and ruthless joes. *Over My Dead Body* features a handsome collection of full-color covers. It's a terrific coffee-table book for the killer at heart.

—Buddy Scalera

HOUSE OF DRACULA

Edward T. Lowe

edited by Philip J. Riley

MagicImage Filmbooks, 1993

190 pages—\$19.95

What did Universal do when all story ideas within reason had been wrung from their once-mighty Frankenstein saga? Easy—they made another Frankenstein film! *HOUSE OF DRACULA* (1945) was the final

address for Universal's famous trio of Frankenstein's Monster, Count Dracula, and the Wolf Man. The three monsters would turn up again only to lampoon themselves with Abbott and Costello three years later.

Editor Phil Riley tracked down producer Paul Malvern and, from a 1991 interview, provides anecdotes about various cast members and stories from Malvern's early career as a stunt double. From Malvern's flippant attitude concerning casting (particularly the character of Dracula: "Lots of actors were now freelance . . . so many package deals could be made . . .") and other comments, it is plain to see that these films were looked upon as simple assembly-line money-makers. A chat with John Carradine, pieced together by Riley from several meetings and presented unfinished, contains little to satisfy any horror fan's appetite concerning the actor's Universal horror roles. Carradine never made any attempt to cloak his disdain for the genre. The remaining interview, with actress Jane "Poni" Adams (the hunchbacked nurse, Nina), is pleasant, but the material is scant.

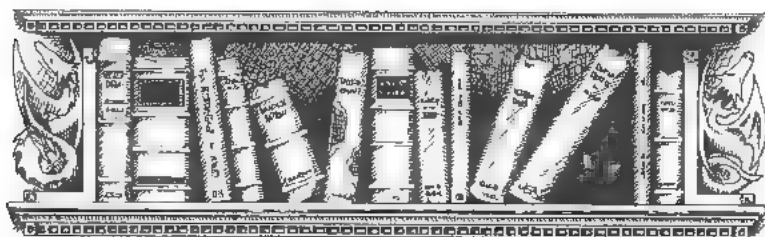
The real draw for anyone interested in genre-film history is the development of a story idea. *WOLF MAN VS. DRACULA*, a script written by Bernard Schubert, was the seed from which *HOUSE OF DRACULA* took root. Ford (NIGHT MONSTER) Beebe was in line to direct, and though the project was "bumped," the story line of *HOUSE* contains many of its elements.

The shooting script itself, by Edward T. Lowe, offers plenty of interest. A short scene involving the successful operation on a child patient of Dr. Franz Edelmann (Onslow Stevens), only referred to in the film, is intact, and the details of what was to be Edelmann's full transformation into a beast tainted by Dracula's blood makes you wish that Universal hadn't cut corners on the makeup. Imagine Onslow Stevens with talons and webbed fingers!

Greg Mank is again on board with first-rate production notes, and the usual generous layout of behind-the-scenes stills, makeup shots, and pressbook reproductions are included.

If you are a collector of the MagicImage line of books, you will not be disappointed.

—Richard Scrivani



Seems Like Old Crimes

by Jeff Siegel

The changes in Ellery Queen—both in the detective and in his world—have been as numerous as they have been fascinating. In Queen's 40 years as author and detective, he went from a snotty boy wonder to a mature statesman, from a cop's smart-aleck son to a wise and worldly private eye, and from a swell who talked like a character out of a second-rate imitation of GUYS AND DOLLS to a fellow who could discuss politics, nuclear disarmament, and psychology, with equal ease.

No other detective in the literature has shown such versatility. Of course, few have had to, for most fictional detectives come and go like airport paperbacks. Queen, on the other hand, didn't. His career was the equivalent of a leatherbound collector's edition that was built to last—which it did, from the inaugural *Roman Hat Mystery* in 1929 to the final Queen, *A Fine and Private Place*, in 1971.

There are any number of reasons why the detective lasted as long as he did, and they are all on display in the eight Queen novels that have been reprinted in paperback by HarperPerennial. The writing has held up surprisingly well, for one, and there aren't too many of Queen's contemporaries who can make that claim. The Dannay/Lee technique is far from shoddy. For another, there is Ellery himself. What's most interesting about him is not that he knows the same things that Sherlock Holmes knows—in *There Was an Old Woman* (1943), he discusses pistols as if he poured the steel himself—but that he is so damned unassuming about it. Doesn't everyone know about Peters "rustless" M. C. bullets made for .25 automatics with two-inch barrels? Queen is a wonderful example of what Raymond Chandler meant when he wrote that charac-

ter is all in the American detective novel. Take Queen away from the Queen novels, and what do you have? Not much.

The reprint series begins with *The Four of Hearts*, a 1938 Dan Turneresque look at Hollywood; includes the celebrated Wrightsville novels, *Calamity Town* (1942) and *Ten Days Wonder* (1948); and ends with *Face to Face*, a 1967 entry that includes glimpses of the Beatles, Vietnam, and pop art. This is a range that is as unprecedented as it is mind-boggling. Try to imagine Miss Marple commenting on the Cold War or Hercule Poirot setting his little gray cells to work on the proper length for miniskirts. It can't be done (and, interestingly, Agatha Christie never bothered to try it, perhaps knowing the futility of the exercise). Yet Queen is just as comfortable in *Face to Face* discussing popular music—he does not

much care for rock 'n' roll, but he isn't a prig about it as he is in *Four of Hearts* plotting a 1930s-style Hollywood publicity stunt that seems as silly today as the Hollywood mogul in *SINGIN' IN THE RAIN*.

This is something of which Queen's creators, the cousins Frederick Dannay and Manfred B. Lee, were well aware. In fact, it was part of their master plan, and this is obvious after reading the eight Harper editions. Queen changed as his readers and their society changed, something that few of his colleagues in those pre-*Black Mask* days knew was necessary, let alone possible. Queen began his career as a Philo Vance clone, but after the first few novels, he

gradually began to resemble a grown-up Andy Hardy—cheerful, well scrubbed, and a man who had a healthy appetite for girls. It's no coincidence that Vance, who didn't change, was gone within a decade, while Queen's career outlasted his creators and included movies, radio shows, a television series, more than 40 novels, and one of the few remaining mystery magazines that publishes short stories.

The key to Queen's success is this adaptability—what has, in retrospect, turned out to be an emphasis on character. The world changed, and Queen changed to meet it in a most reassuring way. When detectives wore a pince-nez, Ellery wore a pince-nez. Later, when detectives cracked wise, Ellery cracked wise. Later still, when detectives acquired a social conscience, Ellery acquired a social conscience. He always seems like a real fellow, regardless of whether he lives in Jazz Age New York, wartime Wrightsville, Cold War America, or a United States beginning to fray around the edges. Through it all, Ellery walked down the Dannay/Lee version of Chandler's mean streets.

This is surprising. Ellery Queen has always been associated with the American cosy tradition, and has often been held up as the best and the brightest of the American cosy's detectives. That's the way Jim Hutton played Queen in the 1975

Have you figured it out? It's Jim Hutton and David Wayne in the TV series ELLERY QUEEN.



television series, complete with the moment when Hutton turned to the camera and asked the audience, "Have you figured it out? Do you know who the murderer is?"

Three generations of readers were brought up to believe that what made the Queen books special were their puzzles, but the puzzles have held up least well. Some of them are badly plotted, such as *There Was an Old Woman* (when even those of us who don't care about this sort of thing can see the solution dozens of pages ahead of time). Often, especially in the Wrightsville novels, the puzzles are almost secondary. No one gets killed in *Calamity Town* until the 13th chapter, an almost Chandlerian plot development. Even more amazing, the solution to *Calamity Town* is as outrageous as that to *Murder on the Orient Express* and as untraditional as the conclusion to *The Big Sleep*.

There is even some reason to think of *Calamity Town* (and, to a lesser extent, of *Ten Days Wonder*) as Dannay's and Lee's attempt to create a cosy version of Dashiell Hammett's *Red Harvest*, to bring a hardboiled sensibility to that branch of the genre that was still wallowing in tea parties and drawing rooms while Europe was dying and the Nazis were playing undertaker. Know that the two men always rated *Calamity Town* as their best book. Notice, also, the names of the locales of each book. *Red Harvest* takes place in a town called Personville, which the Continental Op calls Poisonville. The leap from Poisonville to Wrightsville, where little goes right, is not a

leap of faith. There are dozens of other similarities, too many to be called coincidence, that start with the first page: Both the Op and Queen (in *Calamity Town*) arrive incognito, and both have their covers blown almost immediately upon their arrival.

In fact, the tone of the Wrightsville novels is harder than those that preceded them, and it wouldn't be going too far to say they even have an edge. It's not a Hammett-like edge, certainly, but it's there nonetheless. Even the solutions have an edge. There are not the neat and tidy summings up of Lord Peter Wimsey, but the ambiguous and indeterminate endings typical of such post-war detectives as Travis McGee and Lew Archer. This is especially true of the six novels written after World War II; in several of them, Ellery solves the case, but is either wrong or forced to keep silent, or both.

Dannay and Lee evidently realized that the war was changing the United States, and this change is always hovering just out of sight. In *Calamity Town*, Queen holes up with the richest family in town and then watches their lives disintegrate. In *Ten Days Wonder*, the scion of the newest rich family in town shows up at Queen's New York doorstep (after a film-noirish first chapter, complete with hallucinations and blackouts), and begs Ellery to come to Wrightsville to stop his family's life from disintegrating.

There is little reason for the traditional Great Detective (to borrow H. R. F. Keating's label) to intervene in either case. No crimes have yet

been committed, no honor has been violated, no puzzle has been discovered. Ellery goes to Wrightsville in the first instance to find a quiet place to write a book, and in the second instance as a favor to someone he had known briefly in Paris before World War II (a surprisingly sentimental gesture for the usually unsentimental Queen).

But that is the entire point. Yes, there was no reason for Vance or Poirot to intercede, but by this time Queen was not Vance or Poirot. He was Ellery Queen, who was one man in *The Four of Hearts* and a completely different one in *The King is Dead* (1952), a truly bizarre tale in which Ellery and his father are more or less kidnapped by a Howard Hughes figure and asked to protect him from what may or may not be death threats (and which includes just enough of a Wrightsville background to make the plot even stranger). As he was a different man in each of the six other books.

What remained constant was that Queen always seemed like a fellow who was no different from any other fellow walking down the street—even though he was the greatest detective in the world.

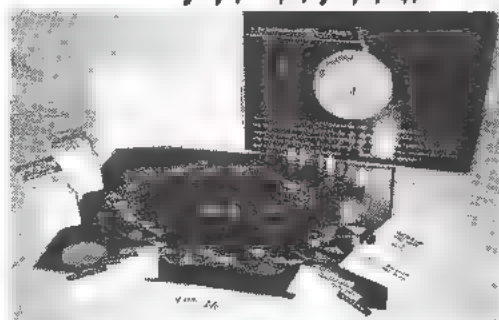


Note: Available from Otto Penzler Books are two of the earliest Ellery Queen novels, both from the amateur sleuth's "snotty boy wonder" period: *The Dutch Shoe Mystery* (1931) and *The Siamese Twin Mystery* (1933). They are essential reading for devotees of classic American detective stories.

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Fay Nuell, Jack Grinnage, Beverly Long, Frank Mazzola, and Steffi Sydney visit the James Dean monument at the Griffith Park Observatory.

JAMES DEAN

Continued from page 41

It's business as usual, as far as Paul Alexander is concerned. "That's what makes me so angry. This is 1995. David Geffen, one of the most powerful men in Hollywood, is openly gay. Why can't the people who are at a significantly lower level than Geffen—people like

Marvin Worth, who is producing Warners' biopic—understand that it's no longer trendy to be closeted? Did they not see PHILADELPHIA? Did they not understand that it's acceptable, now, to deal with gay issues?"

Alexander sees it as nothing less than the sacrifice of truth for the sake of commerce, and certainly the ongoing cottage industry that is the James Dean Legend seems to bear out his thesis.

"They're trying to protect their investment, that's all. They made millions and millions and millions of dollars over the last 40 years, and they want to make millions more. And the way they do that is to shoot a biopic that will perpetuate the image that they themselves created in the '50s."

Israel Horovitz gives the last word to the icon himself. "James Dean made a public statement about his sexuality. That statement is made in our film. And it speaks for him. It's appropriate, it's true, it's honest, and it says what has to be said."

But not, Hollywood being Hollywood, everything that can be said....

JACK GRINNAGE

Continued from page 61

JG: I know, I know. Well, he was much younger, then. (Laughs) I did a TWILIGHT ZONE called "Mind Over Matter." Shelly Berman plays a grumpy man and I'm the office boy; I spill coffee all over him. At lunch

I give him a book called *Mind Over Matter*—then I spill my lunch all over him. He takes the book home; he's trying to read and the landlady is banging on the door. He concentrates and she disappears! So he decides to get rid of everybody. And he does. And he gets bored.

Finally, he puts things back the way they were—and, of course, I almost spill everything again!

SS: What are your career highlights?

JG: My highlights! REBEL and NIGHT STALKER, and I hope to have another one coming! That'll be my third!

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LEFT: A spaceship crew (including Ann Doran, kneeling left) finds a victim of IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE (1958). RIGHT: In this riveting scene from REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE (1955), Jim (James Dean) attacks his father (Jim Backus), while his mother (Ann Doran) looks on in shock.

ANN DORAN

Continued from page 49

AD: Oh, Sam Katzman! What a wild man he was! He was absolutely marvelous; he was so intent on doing pictures. I did a serial with him, then I did THE MAN WHO TURNED TO STONE. I didn't like the director [Leslie Kardos] very much, because I didn't think he knew what the hell he was doing! (Laughs) But it was a fun picture to do, and I don't suppose anybody ever saw it.

SS: We come to IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE

AD: Which, incidentally, I've shown here, at the place where I live. I live in a retirement home. I showed it for some of my friends, and they loved it! (Laughs) I was so surprised. They're all women my age, and, after all, that was made—what?—30 years ago? You don't think that older women would be interested in a thing about outer space, but they loved it! I was so pleased. But, anyway, Edward L. Cahn was a crazy man. He knew how to make pictures, though. Second billers. And Dabbs Greer . . . Dabbs and I have been friends since the Second World War. Our mothers were friends. Dabbs was over at Pasadena Playhouse, first as a student, and then as an instructor. We did about four or five plays together. I used to go over to Pasadena about once a year and do a play, just for the fun of it. I loved Dabbs dearly, but as a friend. Now his mother's gone; my mother's gone; he's down in Pasadena. We talk on the phone.

SS: Your affection for each other comes across in IT! THE TERROR.

AD: Well, we tried. We both tried to make these people have another life, to indicate it. When we came to make the movie, I said, "After all, they are a married couple. We want to let the audience know that." So we tried to make it easy between them. We were not just colleagues, but a married couple. I guess we did it right.

SS: Yes, you did.

AD: But that's Dabbs: he's that kind of person. He thinks about it, and he finds things about the character that's not written in the script. He knows what he had for breakfast this morning. (Laughs) One thing about the script kind of got me a little bit, because I'm a rabid women's libber. Did you notice who cooked and who did the serving?

SS: The women?

AD: The women. The men just sat on their duffs. Didn't do one damn thing! If that had been made today, I would have said, "Hey! You guys get off your whatchamacallits! Do some of this work!" I look at old pictures and I see these things and—oooh, they just make me furious!

SS: They're full of subversive women

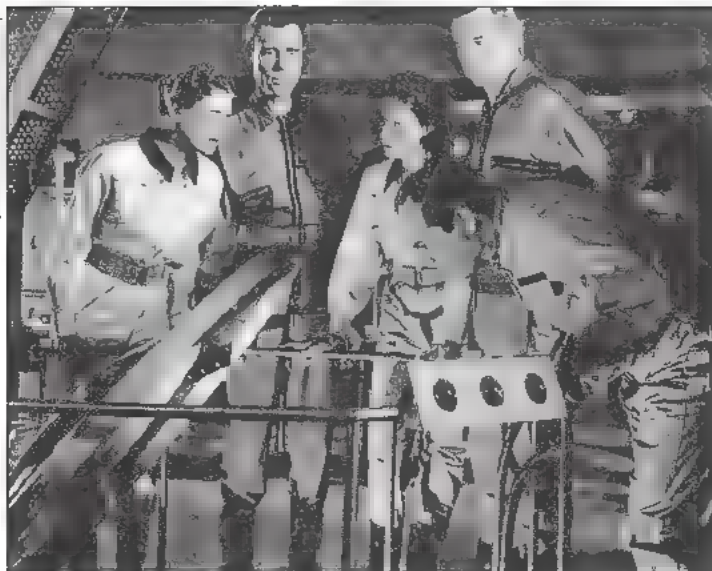
AD: Exactly! I played the mother on NATIONAL VELVET, the TV show, and all I did was cook and iron! One time I had to milk the cows, because papa was off someplace, and they made me such a dolt about it; I didn't know how to handle a milking machine, all that kind of stuff. And they just thought it was lovely! Oooh!

SS: Back to IT! THE TERROR. Ray Corrigan played the alien . . .

AD: We all had great sympathy for him. That damn suit he had on was so tight, and we made it in hot weather—oh, Jesus, it was hot! It was in the middle of summer that we shot it, and he was running around. So we worked as long as he could work—and then we would do something else, so he could get out of that suit for a while and breathe! I know he screamed and hollered and yelped about it, but I could understand. Still, he was not the nicest man in the world. He had a string of curse words that made even my hair stand on end! (Laughs) Believe me, I was raised around my father, who was in the cavalry, in the army, and I learned to cuss with the mule skinnners in the army. So I knew the words! I knew what he saying! He was very—colorful. (Laughs)

SS: Let's cover a few of your other television credits.

AD: I worked on SUPERMAN, with George Reeves. I think I did about three of them. Of course, I'd known George for a number of years. He was over at Pasadena Playhouse, too; that was where I first met him. I also worked with him on SO PROUDLY WE HAIL, so I knew George very well. He would always make fun about playing Superman. He'd say, "Okay, build me up!" (Laughs) You know, they put padding here, padding there—and he said, "If they shoot me exactly right, and put small people around me, I'm fine!" (Laughs) He was a great guy; he really was. It was



LEFT: IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE lurks on the deck below, while Mary Royce (Ann Doran) and the rest of the crew plot their survival strategy. **RIGHT: Ann Doran** takes notes while Victor Jory tries to make Frederick Ledebur smile in **THE MAN WHO TURNED TO STONE** (1957).



heartwrenching to all of us when he committed suicide.

SS: You also did *PERRY MASON*.

AD: Gail Patrick was the producer on that. I'd do one at the beginning of the year and another one at the end, and I'd hope they never showed them at the same time. Usually, on a series like that, you'd only do one a year—but Gail didn't mind, so I did an awful lot of *PERRY MASON*. I also did one *ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS*.

SS: Was it one of the episodes that Hitchcock himself directed?

AD: No. I worked with Hitchcock on a picture called *TOPAZ*, which I consider one of the low points in my career. No actor could speak to Mr. Hitchcock. He was the director. The assistant director stood right by him, and you talked with the assistant director, and then the assistant director told you what Mr. Hitchcock said—which I felt was pretentious and shabby. I didn't like the man. He didn't like the lead in the picture, and he made this man's life absolutely miserable. We shot all of this stuff just outside of Washington, D.C., then we came back here and shot it all over again—because Mr. Hitchcock didn't like it! I never did find out what he didn't like. He was a very unpleasant man.

SS: Unlike Frank Capra.

AD: Oh! Absolutely no comparison! One time, I was told by the assistant director to go out the door and turn to the right, and I said, "Oh, no, Mr. Hitchcock. If I do that, you can't cut this scene in." And he looked at me, and if eyes could burn you,

those eyes did. But I didn't care. It was wrong; they couldn't use it, and I wanted them to use it. Finally, the assistant director called the cameraman over. The cameraman looked at it and said, "That's right. She'll have to go left." And I just looked at Hitchcock and thought, "Well..." (Laughs.) Hitchcock was a man I simply didn't like.

SS: What can you tell us about working with Dan Curtis on the TV movie *DEAD OF NIGHT*?

AD: Oh, Dan Curtis was a nice man. He was gruff; he was rather uneducated, but we got along fine. I was upset that he didn't call me again, because it was a very pleasant experience; I didn't find him unpleasant in any way. He was a good director. He knew what he wanted, he told you, and you did your damndest to do it that way.

SS: So you didn't have any assistant director

AD: No, none of that "assistant director interpreting for him" stuff. Oh! That made me furious! That pompous little ass! (Laughs) Now, have you got any spare questions?

SS: Any spare questions? Well, we'd like to know what you're doing now.

AD: Well, I retired. I had a small stroke, four years ago, and it did things to my memory. I couldn't speak for awhile. I realized, too, that the picture business had kind of left me behind, because I was getting old. The people who do pictures today are about 28. They figure they're never going to die, they're never going to get old, they don't look at old age as something that

will happen to them—so they don't do much for old people. I was getting along in years. I'm all alone. My mother's dead. My father's dead. I didn't have any brothers or sisters, and I never married. I never had children—which was rather wise of me, as I never married. (Laughs) But, I have relatives. My cousin's daughter lives here in Sacramento. She and her husband are now retired, and I figured it was a good idea to live close to relatives. So I found this absolutely marvelous place, which is just for older people. It's a big, pink place, and it's wonderful. However, I have kept my seat on the Screen Actors Guild Producers Pension and Health Plan because I've been on that since it was formed in 1960. I was on the board that helped in the negotiations to get it. It's been very dear to me. I still go, at least every three months, to our board meetings. It keeps me in touch with my friends, and it's good for me, because it keeps my brain working.

SS: So you're happy.

AD: Oh, I'm very happy with my life. It's a very busy time, and it's a wonderful way to end out your life. I know a lot of people who rail against the fact that they are getting old, that they can't do things. Well, they can if they try—but they have to do a little bit at a time. But that's been my life, always; I've had to get in and do it for myself.

SS: That's good, though

AD: It's just the way I am. I'm a long, tall, Texas gal, and I've got a lot of energy!



WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR?

Continued from page 89

Ultimately shattered by the rejection, Marian flees the apartment in Norah's coat. It's a fatal move. Larry has been waiting outside and, thinking it's Norah, pursues Marian through the city's sidestreets. In the film's most noirish and starkly-photographed sequence, he catches her amid the warped angles and distorted shadows of a literal "nightmare alley" and, realizing his mistake, strangles her.

Still searching for clues to the caller's (now killer's) identity, Madden has pushed his investigation to the fringes of the sexual subculture, including among his suspects a man partial to "silk dresses and big, fruity hats"

Shot in Times Square, Larry imagines himself romping idyllically in Central Park.

and a truly creepy stocking fetishist named Adler, whose attitude is so infuriating that Madden decides to book both of them on a technicality: "New York Penal Law, Article 16, Section 197: No dangerous animal permitted to roam the city streets." The chief of detectives advises him that the police brass have been submitting weekly reports on his activities. He asks if all the tapes and records in Madden's apartment are of any real use—or do they just help his 10-year-old girl talk like a vice squad detective. "Dave, you've gone over the line. You've joined them." "What do you mean? Who? The animals?" asks Madden. "We're all animals, Dave. The line I mean divides the sick from the well."

Predating TAXI DRIVER's Travis Bickell by some 10 years, Larry devotes himself to the sexual substitute of an intense physical workout at the Hudson Health Club; then, wearing a skimpy and incredibly revealing bathing brief, he joins Norah at the pool downstairs. She comments on his "nice body," asks about his sister, his job at the disco—but her words fade as Larry entertains an intense sexual fantasy replete with the inevitable water imagery. He is jolted to reality when she asks him to join her in the pool for a swim. It's his dream come true, but the gym is too public a place to consummate his plan.

They return to the disco, which has been temporarily closed to the public due to Marian's death, and prepare for what they both hope will be its eventual reopening. Larry admits that he likes working there, though he feels that the women dance much too suggestively, "and their faces are cold, without any emotion." Norah playfully

DON JOHNSON

REMEMBERS

SAL MINEO

Interview by Marvin Jones

In 1968, 18-year-old Don Johnson skyrocketed to prominence in the Los Angeles area for his performance in Sal Mineo's production of FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES. The play, detailing the brutalization of a young convict played by Johnson, had been performed elsewhere, but Mineo's production was a departure in that a previously offstage scene, in which the young man is raped by a hardened cellmate, was played onstage. FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES ran for over a year, and Johnson established himself as an actor of considerable range and power.

This interview, conducted in 1973, shows the future MIAMI

VICE star taking his first step on the road to stardom . . .

Don Johnson: Oh, I was always a star. In my own mind, I never thought I wasn't a star. So, when I started getting star billing, I just said, "Far out; somebody else realizes it, too!"

Scarlet Street: You dropped out of the University of Kansas to act in San Francisco. How long did it take to get an acting job?

DJ: Well, I got to San Francisco, and two weeks later, a rock musical, YOUR OWN THING, comes into town. I'd never heard of it, but I went up to the musical director and asked him if I could audition, and they hired me to play the lead. Sal Mineo heard about me, and he needed my type for FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES, so he saw me

and asked me to fly down to L. A. to read for him.

SS: Were you apprehensive?

DJ: Hell, yes! I'd heard of Sal's reputation. And I was super-naive at the time. I mean, I wasn't so much turned off by the thought of homosexuality—after all, back in the Midwest, on the farms, it's more or less taken for granted that boys will be boys, and while they're growing up they're going to start checking out each other's weewees. That didn't turn me off as much as the lecherous way everybody looks at it out here. So I got down to L. A., and I played it really super-but, you know? I told him, "Look now, if you think I'm letting anybody fuck me for this role, you're out of your bean!" I really brought down the law to him. I said, "Forget it. I'll just forget my career and the whole damn thing, because I'm not getting involved in that shit." And that just put him on the floor. Rolling on the floor, laughing. He said, "You don't have to do any of that. No legitimate producer is going to make that sort of a thing a prerequisite for a part." Sal was great—he was really

asks him what he looks like when he dances, and what goes through his mind. "I don't dance," he says. "Not like that." Norah puts a record on the turntable and lures Larry out onto the dance floor.

Madden is again at home listening to his tapes when Pam, in the next room, says, "Look, Daddy, I can see you in the mirror!" Recognizing his earlier oversight, he races to Norah's home, where he aligns her full-length mirror with the windows of another apartment in a building across the street. There, he breaks down the door, discovers the incriminating binoculars, and a frightened Edie hiding in the closet. Madden gently coaxes her into revealing Larry's whereabouts.

Norah's wildly uninhibited dancing has provoked Larry into a frenzied Frug of his own. He shamelessly reciprocates her every lewd move. Gradually, he perceives in Norah's face all the emotion that he felt was lacking in others, and blurts out, "Norah, I . . . I love you. I've waited so long to touch you. Show me, Norah . . . show me . . ." She bolts for the door, but Larry catches and brutally rapes her.

Stunned by what he's just done, Larry attempts a pointless apology, but is interrupted by Madden, who arrives noticeably after the fact and beats Larry into submission, venting years of anger and frustration on this prime example of the kind of "animal" that has been the source of his obsession. Madden turns his attention to Norah, who is in a grimly realistic, post-rape daze, trying to blot out the details of the attack by looking for her shoes. Larry manages to escape.

Running down Broadway, Larry hallucinates an idyllic scene of himself chasing Norah over the snow covered lawns of Central Park. Madden has enlisted the aid of two

policemen and pursues Larry into Times Square, where one of the cops shoots him in the back. The scene fades to Larry lying dead on one of those snowy lawns.

What fascinates about this underworld of "exploitation" pictures . . . is the amount of sheer non-conformist defiance. These films are smarter than they act, often ridiculing the conventions as they observe them.

—Ethan Morden, *Medium Cool*:

The Movies of the 1960's

Perhaps the most atypical of exploitation films, *WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR?* eschewed the more commercial indulgences of nudity, blatant sexuality, and splattery set pieces, favoring instead unique and perceptive allusions to deviation, cannily integrated into a clever narrative strategy. It was, no doubt, this radical concept that eventually relegated the film to a kind of cinematic limbo, in that the subject matter was deemed too overwhelming for mass consumption, while its oblique and tempered presentation ultimately disappointed the hardcore aficionado primed for a few vicarious thrills.

Nevertheless, this ingenious application of provocative and unusual story material, intelligently crafted within the constraints of an extremely low budget, surely qualifies the film for cult consideration. And the movie's inherent momentum, twisted logic, and the star turn by Sal Mineo in one of his best, but least remembered, performances make for riveting viewing.

George Hatch is the editor of *Guignol and Other Furies*, *Souls in Pawn*, *Sinistre*, which has been nominated for a 1994 World Fantasy Award for Best Anthology, and the forthcoming *Eclipse of the Senses*.

great. Of course, there were some wild stories that went down about us, which is fine, because they helped sell a lot of tickets. And there have been some outrageous stories about us! God, God, God!

SS: Were you concerned about the nudity?

DJ: I never really thought about it at the time, frankly.

SS: And this wasn't just nudity, either. This was an explicit rape scene.

DJ: It was a heavy, heavy number to go through, especially when you're 18 and fresh out of the sticks. I didn't stop to think about it. I felt this is right, what I'm doing and so I just forged right on. Basically, I guess, I'm an exhibitionist. I'm very proud of my body. I'm pleased with the way I look and the way I carry myself. I feel that it's all there to be used—the looks and everything. Some people have great minds, and they were given them for a reason. I've never been accused of having that great a mind, but I do have my looks. Anyway I never thought much about it, and then when the play opened and got rave reviews, shit, it was easy, then. I had proved my

point—that I could do something with style and class and meaning to it, and not be put down for the way I made that statement. That was a big thing in my life. It turned my whole life around. I mean, if you believe in what you're doing, and if you commit to it, then there's almost nobody that can put you down. If somebody walks up to me and says, "You're doing this all wrong; everybody's groovy except you," I figure that he can't be too much together—'cause I can more or less accept everybody's trip. The lowest junkie—I can understand his trip, not because I'm a junkie, which I'm not, but because I can relate it to other things that I am a junkie for. I can understand that need—that desire for something, because I've got the most flipped-out desire pattern of anybody I know. I've got so many vices, sometimes I feel like



I'm working my ass off just to keep me in my vices.

SS: What kind of vices do you have?

DJ: Oh, we won't go into that!

HERMAN COHEN

Continued from page 71

There were no hard feelings. I could have made him do it, because I had him under contract. But *HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER* was a small part, which he would have shared with the Teenage Frankenstein.

JL: Did you continue to socialize?

HC: A lot of us used to meet for breakfast at the Cock 'n' Bull on the Sunset Strip. There was Connie Stevens and Edd "Kookie" Byrnes, Robert Wagner and Natalie Wood. There were new young producers and directors. It was a fun place.

JL: Your early films all have the same basic structure. An older man—or in the case of *BLOOD OF DRACULA*, an older woman—controls a teenager and compels him or her to do his bidding. For instance, there's the psychiatrist and troubled teen in *TEENAGE WEREWOLF*. Did you ever notice that formula?

HC: Did I? It was my formula.

JL: Yes, but . . .

HC: And it was my life. Of course, I did.

JL: But what about the formula appealed to you?

HC: I don't want to go into a psych thing, but I believe that teenagers are misunderstood by adults, whether they be teachers or parents or what have you. I knew that teenagers would like that kind of story. With *TEENAGE WEREWOLF*, the kids in the theater were crying when he was killed. The same thing with *TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN*. Somebody wants love, somebody is ugly, somebody doesn't fit in, somebody is an introvert, somebody has a father and mother divorced. I speak in front of colleges and universities at times, different cinema departments, and that comment is made quite often. "Gee, Mr. Cohen, we noticed that the kid is always being turned bad by doubt." Let's face it, if you look at my teenage horror films, none of my teenagers ever smoked, ever took drugs. They were not alcoholics. They were good kids. So that was the formula I used in *WEREWOLF* and *FRANKENSTEIN* and *BLOOD OF DRACULA*. *HORRORS OF THE BLACK MUSEUM* was a completely different picture, of course. It was not a teenage picture.

JL: Nevertheless, you had the crazed author and his teen assistant in a sort of master/slave relationship.

HC: Well, I always try to put in the young teen, so the teenagers can identify with someone in the film.

And they certainly did with Graham Curnow. He was a good kid, turned bad by Michael Gough. *HORRORS OF THE BLACK MUSEUM*, I'll let you know, was one of the biggest hits I had.

JL: Herbert L. Strock directed *TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN*, *BLOOD OF DRACULA*, and *HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER*. In an interview with Tom Weaver, Strock said that he didn't get along with you. He said you were always fighting.

HC: Let me tell you about Herbert Strock. At that time, my offices were at a studio called Ziv Studios, which is no longer around. It was right next to the old Sam Goldwyn Studios on Santa Monica. At Ziv, they were primarily TV; one of their shows was *HIGHWAY PATROL* with Broderick Crawford, and they had a West Point show and a couple of other series. I was told by the head of Ziv that they had a sharp director who knew editing and cutting, and who was never behind schedule. I went down on the stage to watch him work, and I liked his speed. So I signed Herb Strock to do *TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN*, because Aben and I wrote that in four weeks and we had to get it into production immediately. I had a seven-day shooting schedule and that followed back-to-back with *BLOOD OF DRACULA*. The great thing about Herb Strock, he was a technician. He wasn't gonna work with a Joan Crawford or Barbara Stanwyck. I didn't need an excellent director. I needed a technician, I needed somebody with a cutting mind, because we had to do these pictures very fast. We only had a limited amount of money, and we had to move, move, move, and that's why I hired him. We had an opening on Thanksgiving in 500 theaters! (Laughs) And this was September! My recollection is that Herb Strock and I got along great, although Herb resented me because maybe he thought that I thought I was still in the Marine Corps. A few months ago I got a phone call, and who was it? Herb Strock! (Laughs) He'd read a story about me and said, "Oh, let's have lunch! It would be so great to see you." And I had just finished reading what he had said about me in Tom Weaver's book, which I didn't mention to him, but I told him, "I'm very busy, Herb. Nice talking to you." And that's Herb Strock.

JL: *BLOOD OF DRACULA* was originally written for a teenage boy.

HC: Yeah.

JL: What prompted the sudden gender change?

HC: Well, we were having trouble with Jimmy Carreras, the head of Hammer Films, who was a very close friend of mine. Even though Jimmy stole *DRACULA* from Universal, and it was not copyrighted, when he heard that I was doing a *Dracula* movie, he was so unhappy. "Herman, how can you do this? I got a couple more planned to do in London with Christopher Lee." So I said, "Well, I'll tell you what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna turn it into a girl at a girls' school, and it will have nothing to do with the pictures you're doing in London." I just thought that it would be a good gimmick to put it in a girls' school. It was something different. It went out as a second half with *TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN*.

JL: *HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER* was supposed to take place at American International Studios, but AIP didn't have an actual studio. Where was it filmed?

HC: That was at Ziv Studios. I had a sign made: American International Studios. Jim Nicholson and Sam Arkoff were very excited that they finally had a studio on film! (Laughs)

JL: *HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER* starred Robert H. Harris as a crazed makeup expert.

HC: He was wonderful. I signed him because I had seen him play a mad killer in *THE BIG CAPER*. I always had his performance in mind, and I signed him for the lead.

JL: The climactic fire scene got a little out of hand, didn't it?

HC: Well, you mean as far as burning everything up?

JL: Yes. (Laughs)

HC: It did at that—but I kept them shooting because we couldn't afford to rebuild! (Laughs) We kept shooting, and we almost burned down the damned stage!

JL: *TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN* and *HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER* both had color sequences.

HC: At the end of the picture. I put color in as a gimmick, because at the time I couldn't afford color. Color came later . . .

**Next Issue:
Cohen in
Color!**

AL FELDSTEIN

Continued from page 23

which they did. Well, they cleaned that all up, you know. Juvenile delinquency and drug addiction and everything went away! (Laughs)

SS: Do you have any creative input into television's *TALES FROM THE CRYPT*?

AF: No, I don't, and I don't understand why. I've watched the HBO productions and I've had some ideas of where things are missing. I remember, when the very first *TALES FROM THE CRYPT* film was made for TV, they sent me a release in which I saw that I would get my credit for writing the stories, and writing that particular story, which was about the guy who took the cat's nine lives. On the bottom of this release, it said that I would not hold them responsible for any plagiarism or any suits that would be brought as far as the material was concerned. And I called Bill Gaines and said, "Bill, I can't sign this. You own this material; I don't want to take responsibility." And he said, "Oh, sure, just cross it out." So I crossed it out. When it appeared on TV, I said, "Where's my credit, Bill?"—and he said, "Well you didn't sign that thing." It turned out he never gave credit to any writer!

SS: After so many years as friends and coworkers, was there a strained relationship between the two of you?

AF: We kind of drifted apart. We weren't the buddies that we had been. I retired in '84 from *Mad* because I really thought that we had business differences. I felt the magazine was not going to go anywhere, and I was kind of tired of it the way it was, so I let it go. And I think when the HBO thing came up

he just figured, "Why should I give him any credit?" I say that Bill and I had a cash-and-credit arrangement: He paid me cash and he took the credit. But if you go back to the old movies, the two that were done in Great Britain (1972's *TALES FROM THE CRYPT* and 1973's *THE VAULT OF HORROR*), my credit is there along with his.

SS: What is your opinion of the HBO show?

AF: Pretty good, pretty good. I'm personally a little bit turned off by the puppet host. My concept of the *Crypt Keeper* was a little bit different: An ancient human being, rather serious, with kind of a sardonic sense of humor, but not as inane as this guy's become. It's a very well-articulated dummy, but I find his voice almost unintelligible. I find it irritating, and occasionally it gets a little wild. But when he's down and serious, that's more like what I had conceived.

SS: It's certainly a far cry from Sir Ralph Richardson, who starred as the *Crypt Keeper* in the Amicus *TALES FROM THE CRYPT*.

AF: Well, I was upset about Ralph Richardson; he was too straight! He was too Shakespearean for me! (Laughs) He was more like the *Vault Keeper* than the *Crypt Keeper*. But those were successful movies for their time. I was a little upset with some of the adaptations, but there were problems with censorship in those days. That great vampire story—they had to limit the denouement, and you could hardly tell what was happening. [Note: The story, "Midnight Mess" from *The Vault of Horror*, involves a man hanging upside-down, a spigot tapped into his neck, in a restaurant filled with vampires.] Oh, I have a story

for you: George Romero showed up in our office one day with Richard Rubenstein, and he wanted to make another anthology movie of our horror stories. I think Bill gave him a hard time, because they went away and we never heard from them. And the next thing I know, they'd hired Stephen King and done *CREEPSHOW*!

SS: King is a big fan of *E. C. Comics*.

AF: I did a radio show with Stephen King once when I was editor of *Mad*. It was about horror, and he said over the air how much we had influenced his early thinking with our horror comics. It was nice for him to say that. The other guy, I understand, who was also affected by our science fiction comics was George Lucas. He told Mort Drucker, one of *Mad*'s artists, that he based a lot of those aliens in his barroom scene in the first *STAR WARS* on the BEMs we used to do—BEMs meaning Bug-Eyed Monsters. So we've had our influences.

SS: And the surviving original magazines are once again hot items.

AF: I went down to the San Diego Convention [ComiCon] and was absolutely amazed by the amount of people that are collecting this old stuff. One 10-cent comic, of which we printed 450,000 copies, draws more now at a convention than I got paid to do the cover, the lead story, and write all the rest of the stories! (Laughs) I was talking to young people who were probably gleams in their father's eye when we were publishing this stuff, and they know everything, every story, every page! I never thought they would reach such a fantastic level. It's a phenomenon that I'm amazed at.

THE SKULL

Continued from page 31

shots in which the continuity does not quite match. This excessive claim was made so often and with such confidence that Subotsky truly seemed to have convinced himself of its truth. However, although some revisions may have been made during editing—a fairly common postproduction procedure—the film itself suggests that one should approach Subotsky's assertions with considerable skepticism.

Overall, *THE SKULL* can be faulted only in a few minor details, and perhaps in the fact that it does not go beyond entertainment to make an implied statement about

human nature, to function simultaneously as event and as metaphor. True, Marco once describes de Sade as a "symbol of the cruelty and savagery that is in all of us," and Maitland asks his friend, "How can a mere skull be dangerous, unless your mind makes it so?" But these hints stand alone and undeveloped. Ultimately, *THE SKULL*'s merit lies in its creation of a very real sense of terror at losing control of the body and the mind, with Francis' visuals gripping the viewer in a manner quite beyond the power of simple synopsis. One of the best screen adaptations of a Robert Bloch story, *THE SKULL* is a key work in the directorial career of Freddie Francis and a high point in the history of horror films.

Cushing and Lee on Video! See Page 20!

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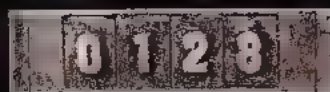
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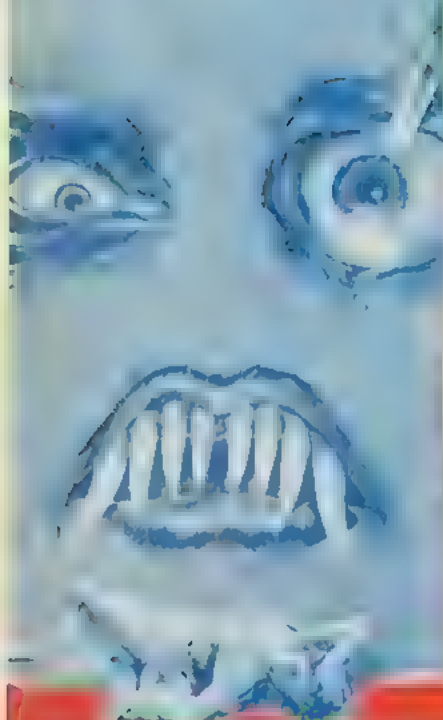
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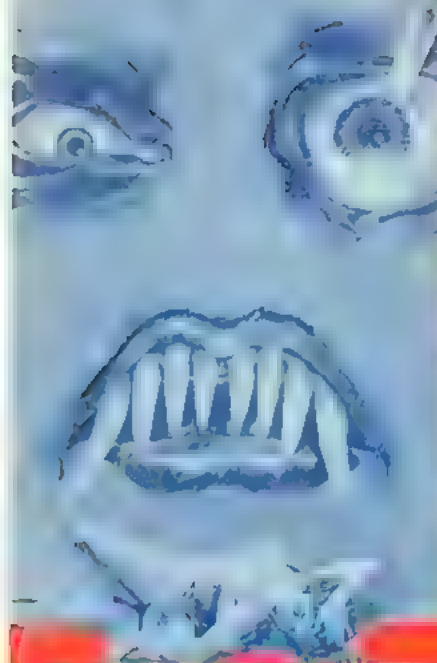
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CAST
THE MONSTER - FRANKENSTEIN
DIRECTOR - ROBERT ROSS
CAST

BODY OF A BOY!

MIND OF A MONSTER!

SOUL

OF AN

UNEARTHLY

THING!



I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN

WRITTEN BY
WHIT RUSSELL - PHYLIS COATES
ROBERT BURTON - GARY CONWAY

Produced by
WILLIAM GARY

CAST BY
JIMMY J. JONES - 1978

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IN ASSOCIATION WITH VCA





IWTF-1









Cast and Crew

I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF

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DE KLAUWEN VAN DE WEERWOLF

IN PRIME EN AF-NOEM

EDICOLOR Bruxelles





"I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF!"

CERT. 'X' ADULTS ONLY

ANOLC ANALGAMATED FILM DIST. LTD.



*To Stephen,
With
good wishes.*

*Yours
Love*

I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF
 starring MICHAEL LANDON, FIONA LINE and PORT HANKS
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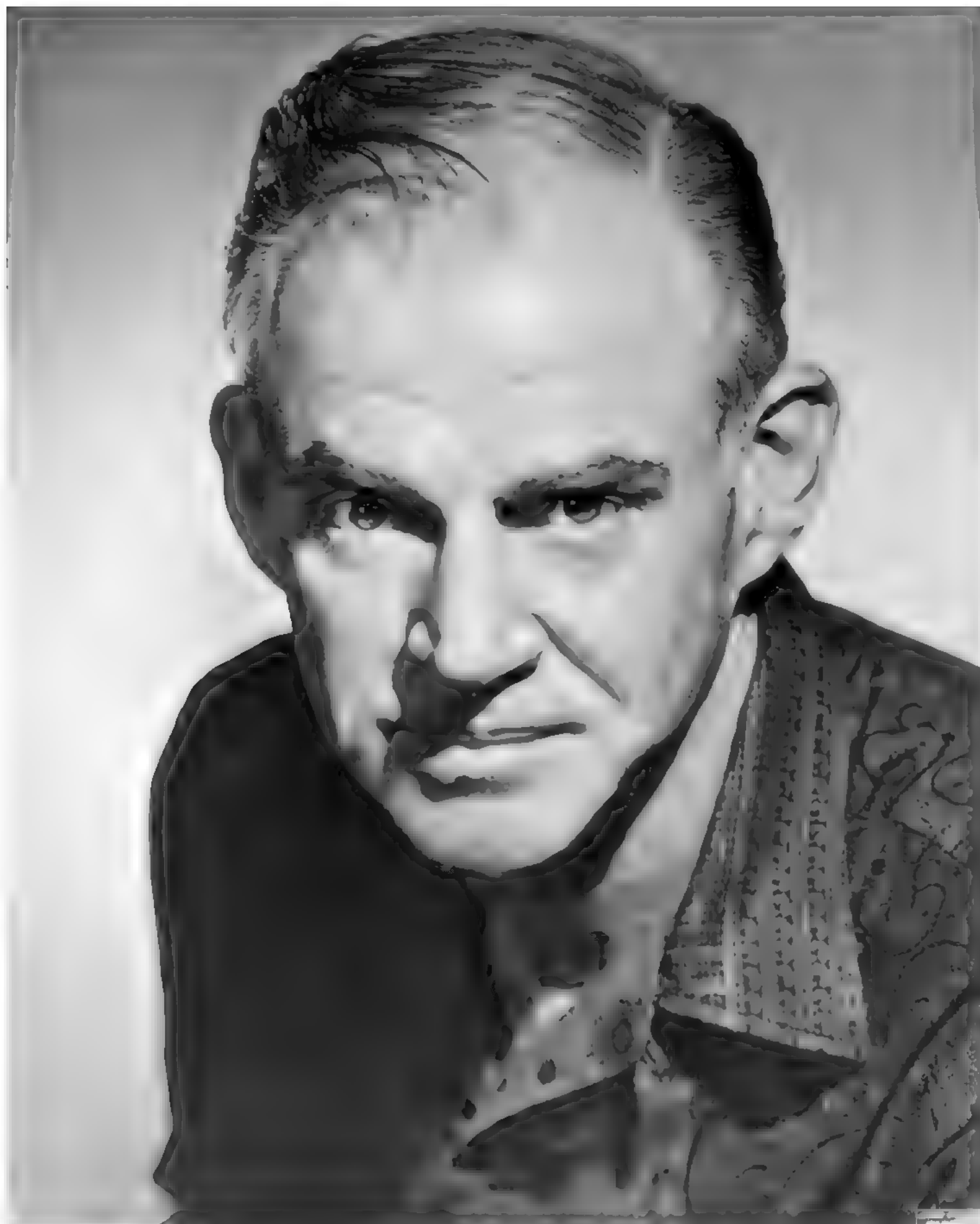
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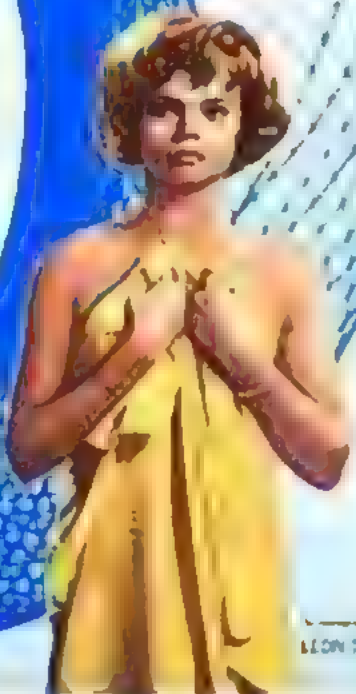




MARSHALL NAIFY PRESENTS
A JOSEPH CATES PRODUCTION

WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR?

"WHY WITH
EVERYBODY
ELSE- WHY
WITH EVERY
SLOB...AND
NOT WITH
ME?"



STARRING
SAL MINEO
JULIET PROWSE
JAN MURRAY
ELAINE STRITCH

Screenplay by LEON TROSTMAN & ARTHUR CARRA Produced by EVERETT PFEIFFER Directed by JOSEPH CATES
Released by MAGNA DISTRIBUTION CORP.













WACB-3

MARSHALL HAIFY presents A JOSEPH CATES production

WHO KILLED TEDDY BEAR?

Starring SAL MINO • JULIET PROWSE • JAN MURRAY • ELAINE STRITCH

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